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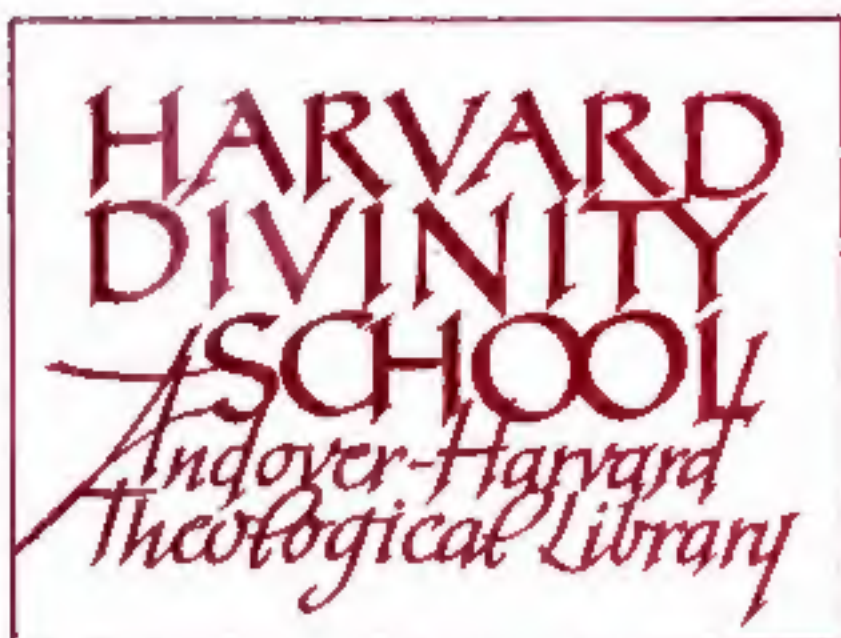
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FROM THE ESTATE OF

Rev. Charles Hutchins

OF CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

Received June 6, 1939

M

Gerorum Filii

HYMN BOOK

FOR THE USE OF

WELLINGTON COLLEGE



Wellington College

THOMAS HUNT

1902

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REV. CHARLES HUTCHINS
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Master) is sold only to those connected with
Wellington College.

PREFACE

THE first edition of this Hymn Book was published in 1860, and both plan and selection were entirely Archbishop Benson's own. His idea was, to quote his own words, to have 'nothing but what was (1) good poetry or good English, or (2) a rendering (the best available) of really great Latin hymns.' He drew largely upon the earlier service books of the Church, and contributed himself several translations, together with a few versions of Psalms and one or two original hymns, composed either in his Rugby days or amid the associations of his life at Wellington College. The originals of some of his hymns, in his own handwriting, are now in the School Library.

In this new edition the editors have made considerable additions to the book, following in all cases what they believe to have been its original plan. Wherever Latin hymns appear, an English version has been printed upon the opposite page; wherever a hymn is a translation from the Latin, and the Latin is not itself included in the book, the first line is printed at the head of the English translation. Where the connexion between a hymn and the day or season for which it is appointed needs no explanation, a heading from the Scriptures of the day has not always been given. For the Sundays after Trinity in this, as in previous editions, metrical versions of Psalms have been appropriated to the morning services.

The original text of hymns has, as a general rule, been restored. When it has seemed desirable to deviate from it, the fact has been mentioned either at the foot of the page or in the notes: but attention has not always been called to the omission of verses. At the foot of each hymn is given the date of its composition, or, failing that, of its

first publication. Where neither of those could be discovered, the date of the author's life has been given.

The editors wish to express their acknowledgements to the Chairman of the Committee of Hymns Ancient and Modern, for leave to print several of their copyright hymns; to Messrs. Novello, for two hymns by Mr. A. C. Benson; and to all those authors and owners of copyright, who have given their courteous permission for the use of those copyright hymns which are now for the first time included in this book.

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EDWARD WHITE BENSON, first Master of Wellington College, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was born on July 14, 1829, in Birmingham, where, at the age of eleven, he entered King Edward's School, under Dr. Prince Lee. In 1848 he was elected to a Subsizarship at Trinity College, Cambridge, and to a full Sizarship in the next year; he was Eighth Classic in the Tripos of 1852, and Senior Chancellor's Medallist. In the same year he went to Rugby as an Assistant Master, where he took part in the teaching of the Sixth form; in 1853 he was elected a Fellow of Trinity, and in 1854 he was ordained. In 1858 he was offered and accepted the Mastership of Wellington College, a post he held from the opening of the College in January, 1859, till 1873, when on the invitation of Bishop Wordsworth, whose examining chaplain he had been for some years, he went to reside at Lincoln as Chancellor of the Cathedral. In December, 1876, on the nomination of Lord Beaconsfield, he was offered the newly formed Bishopric of Truro, and was consecrated Bishop on St. Mark's Day, 1877. This See he held for less than six years; for on the death of Archbishop Tait, in December, 1882, Dr. Benson was, on the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone, appointed as his successor, and was enthroned at Canterbury on March 29, 1883. He died suddenly on Sunday, October 11, 1896, while the Confession was being said at Morning Service in the Church at Hawarden, where he was staying with Mr. Gladstone, and was buried on October 16 in Canterbury Cathedral.

Archbishop Benson was essentially a creative genius, and his life's work falls into four distinct divisions. As first Master of Wellington College, 1859-1873, he built up a great public school, with all its organization and its traditions, in the midst of what was then a wilderness of pines and heather. As Chancellor of Lincoln Cathedral, 1873-1877, he established a Theological College, the *Scholae Cancellarii*, for the training of students for the ministry. As first Bishop of Truro, 1877-1883, he organized a remote and difficult diocese, where he revived the activities of the Church, and 'treated Nonconformity as an enthusiastic friend'; and to his energies was due the building of the first new Cathedral (except the rebuilt St. Paul's) which had been raised in England since the Reformation. His Primacy, 1883-1896, after a brief truce between the contending parties in the Church, due mainly to his personal influence, was marked by a re-opening of the Ritualistic controversy, and its settlement in the famous Lincoln Judgment, his 'most important contribution to Ecclesiastical History'; while 'his firm but gentle government had endeared him to the whole Anglican communion both at home and abroad.' But his enormous energy and his constructive power were nowhere more distinctively brought out than in the creation and organization of Wellington College, its system and its traditions, of which this book, as he originated its main lines, has become a part.

USUS WELLINGTONENSIS

COLLECT OF THE FOUNDATION

said after the Third Collect of Morning and Evening Prayer.

WE give Thee humble and hearty thanks, O most merciful Father, for the Memory and Good Example of ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON, and for all our Governors and Benefactors, by whose benefit this whole College is brought up to godliness and good learning: And we beseech Thee to give us grace to use these Thy blessings to the glory of Thy Holy Name, that we may answer the good intent of our religious Founders, and become profitable members of the Church and Commonwealth, and at last be partakers of the immortal glory of the Resurrection, through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

WEEKDAY MORNINGS

other than Fridays or days for which Special Services are appointed.

‘Let us pray.’

The Lord’s Prayer and Versicles.

Psalm according to Table.

Lesson.

Creed.

‘The Lord be with you.’

‘And with thy spirit.’

‘Let us pray.’

Suffrages. 'O Lord, shew thy mercy,' &c.

Collect for the day.

Third Collect, for Grace.

Collect of the Foundation.

Hymn †.

'The grace of our Lord,' &c.

†After the Hymn is used

a. In Ember Weeks one of the Ember Collects.

b. When the prayers of the Congregation have been desired, part of the 'Prayer for all Conditions of men,' viz. :

'O God, the Creator and Preserver of all mankind, we commend to thy fatherly goodness all those,' &c., inserting the appointed words.

c. On the Anniversary of the King's Birth and Coronation, the 'Prayer for the King's Majesty.' (On these days also, instead of the Hymn, 'God save the King' is sung.)

d. On the day when Parliament meets after a recess, the Prayer for Parliament.

ON FRIDAY MORNING.

Hymn and Litany.

WEEKDAY EVENINGS.

The same as the Mornings, except that the Confession is said before the Lord's Prayer, that there is one Canticle, and that after the Creed the Service is read continuously as in the Prayer Book to the end of the third Collect, for Aid against all Perils.

On Saturday Evening the Service is sung.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

HOLY DAYS.

Morning Service—Hymn. Ante-Communion.

On the Evenings of Holy Days, and the Evenings before, the Service is sung.

ASH WEDNESDAY.

At Morning Service—Hymn and Litany.

At Midday Service—Hymn. Communion Service.

Hymn. Ante-Communion.

Evening Service—The usual Service, but all the Proper Psalms and both Lessons and Canticles.

ON FRIDAY EVENING IN LENT.

The Communion Service, beginning at the Miserere (sung). A Hymn before the Blessing.

ROGATION DAYS.

The usual Service with the Proper Hymn, except Wednesday, when the Hymn and Litany are used.

ASCENSION DAY.

Morning Service—Confession, Lord's Prayer, and Versicles (said).

The Proper Psalms (sung).

Both Lessons; Te Deum and Jubilate.

The Apostles' Creed, with all that follows to the end of the third Collect (said).

Collect of the Foundation. Grace.

Hymn. Ante-Communion. Sermon.

Hymn. Blessing.

Evening Service—As on Saints' Days, but all the Psalms and both Lessons and Canticles.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

Morning Service—As on Ascension Day, with one Proper Psalm, Ps. xv,

Evening Service—As on Ascension Day.

When All Saints' Day falls on a Sunday, the ordinary Sunday Services are used, with the Lessons, Epistle, and Gospel for All Saints' Day.

COMMEMORATIONS OF
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BIRTHDAY, *First of May*, A. D. 1769.

DEATH, *Fourteenth of September*, A. D. 1852.

PUBLIC FUNERAL, *Eighteenth of November*, A. D. 1852.

*Special Collect, used on these days instead of the
Collect of the Foundation.*

O Lord God, the Resurrection and the Life of them that believe; who art always to be praised as well in the living as the departed; We give Thee thanks for the Memory and Good Example of ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON, for our FOUNDERS, and all other our BENEFACTORS, by whose benefits we are here brought up to godliness and good learning: And we beseech Thee that we, well using to Thy glory these their gifts, may, with all the dead in Christ, be brought unto the immortal glory of the Resurrection, through Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

May 1 (St Philip and St James).

Morning Service—As on Saints' Days, with the Special Collect.

Evening Service—The usual Weekday Service, with Proper Psalm, Ps. cxlv ; and Proper Lesson, Judges v.

September 14.

Evening Service—The usual Weekday Service, with Proper Psalm, Ps. cxlvii ; and Proper Lesson, Eccus. xlv to v. 16.

November 18.

Morning Service—The usual Weekday Service, with Proper Psalm, Ps. cxlvi ; and Proper Lesson, Eccus. xlv to v. 16.

If any of these days falls on a Sunday, at the Morning Service there are three Proper Psalms, Pss. cxlv, cxlvi, cxlvii, and a Proper First Lesson as herein appointed for the day.

DEDICATION OF THE CHAPEL.

July 16.

Morning Service—The usual Morning Service, but one Proper Psalm, Ps. lxxxiv ; Proper Lesson, Gen. xxviii. 10-18.

After the Collect for the day is said, at Morning and Evening Service,

The Collect of the Dedication.

O God, who honouredst the Feast of Dedication by the presence of Thy beloved Son, who Himself hath

also promised to have His habitation with the sons of men, and to dwell in the assembly of the saints: Bless Thou the hallowing of this place unto Thy worship in the Name of THE HOLY SPIRIT; sanctify them that love the beauty of Thy house, and shew kindness unto the offices thereof; receive the prayers of all Thy children who now or ever enter here to call upon Thy Name; and grant that we with them may be very temples undefiled of the Holy Ghost; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the same Spirit, one God world without end. *Amen.*

Evening Service—The usual Evening Service, but one Proper Psalm, Ps. cxxii; and Proper Lesson, 2 Chron. v. 11-14.

If this day falls on a Sunday, the following Proper Psalms and Lessons are used:—

Morning Service—Proper Psalms, Pss. lxxxiv, cxxii, cxxxii.

First Lesson, Gen. xxviii. 10-18.

Second Lesson, Heb. x. 19-25.

Evening Service—Proper Psalms, Pss. xxiv, xliii.

First Lesson, 2 Chron. v. 11-14.

Second Lesson, Eph. ii. 13.

THE KING'S ACCESSION.

Morning Service—The Third Form of Service as given in the Prayer Book ; and, before the Blessing,

God save our gracious King !

Long live our noble King !

God save the King !

Send him victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us,

God save the King !

O Lord, our God, arise !

Scatter our enemies,

And make them fall.

Confound their politics ;

Frustrate their knavish tricks ;

On Thee our hopes we fix !

God save us all !

Thy choicest gifts in store

On him be pleased to pour ;

Long may he reign !

May he defend our laws,

And ever give us cause

With heart and voice to sing,

God save the King !

Evening Service—Instead of the Hymn, 'God save the King' is sung.

SPEECH DAY.

June 18.

Morning.

Hymn on p. 318, 'Now thank we all our God.'

'Let us pray.'

Confession, Absolution, Lord's Prayer, Versicles.

Proper Psalms, Pss. cxv, cxliv.

First Lesson, Deut. viii.

Te Deum.

Second Lesson, Eph. vi. 10-21.

Jubilate.

The Apostles' Creed, with all that follows to the end of the third Collect.

Hymn on p. 217, 'O God, our help in ages past.'

Collects for the King and the Royal Family.

Collect of the Foundation.

General Thanksgiving.

Blessing.

LAST EVENING OF TERM.

The usual Evening Service to the end of the third Collect, with Proper Psalms (chanted), Pss. cxxi and cxxxiii, Proper Lesson, Eph. iv, and Nunc Dimittis.

Hymn. General Thanksgiving. Collect of the Foundation. Blessing.

TABLE OF PSALMS FOR MORNING SERVICE.

<i>Day</i>	Jan., Apr., July, Oct.		Feb., May, Aug., Nov.		Mar., June, Sept., Dec.	
	<i>Psalm</i>		<i>Psalm</i>		<i>Psalm</i>	
1	...	1, 2	...	3, 4	...	5
2	...	9	...	10	...	11
3	...	15	...	16	...	17
4	...	19	...	20	...	21
5	...	24	...	25	...	26
6	...	30	...	31	...	30
7	...	35	...	36	...	36
8	...	38	...	39	...	40
9	...	44	...	45	...	46
10	...	50	...	51	...	52
11	...	56	...	57	...	58
12	...	62	...	63	...	64
13	...	68	...	68	...	68
14	...	71	...	72	...	72
15	...	75	...	76	...	77
16	...	79	...	80	...	81
17	...	86	...	87	...	88
18	...	90	...	91	...	92
19	...	95	...	96	...	97
20	...	102	...	103	...	103
21	...	105	...	105	...	105
22	...	107	...	107	...	107
23	...	110, 111	...	112	...	113
24	...	116	...	117	...	118
25	...	119, <i>Legem.</i> <i>Et veniat.</i>	...	119, <i>Memor.</i> <i>Portio.</i>	...	119, <i>Bonitatem.</i>
26	...	119, <i>Lucerna.</i> <i>Iniquos.</i>	...	119, <i>Feci.</i> <i>Mirabilia.</i>	...	119, <i>Justus es.</i>
27	...	120, 121	...	122, 123	...	124, 125
28	...	132	...	133, 134	...	135
29	...	139	...	140	...	141
30	...	144	...	145	...	146
31	...	145	...	146	...	144

TABLE OF PSALMS FOR EVENING SERVICE.

		Jan., Apr., July, Oct.	Feb., May, Aug., Nov.	Mar., June, Sept., Dec.
<i>Day</i>	<i>Psalm</i>		<i>Psalm</i>	<i>Psalm</i>
1	...	6	...	7
2	...	12	...	13
3	...	18	...	18
4	...	22	...	23
5	...	27	...	28
6	...	32	...	33
7	...	37	...	37
8	...	41	...	42
9	...	47	...	48
10	...	53	...	54
11	...	59	...	60
12	...	65	...	66
13	...	69	...	70
14	...	78	...	74
15	...	78	...	78
16	...	82, 83	...	84
17	...	89	...	89
18	...	93	...	94
19	...	98	...	99
20	...	104	...	104
21	...	106	...	106
22	...	108	...	109
23	...	114	...	115
24	...	119, <i>Beati.</i> <i>In quo.</i>	119, <i>Retribue.</i>	119, <i>Adhaesit.</i>
25	...	119, <i>Manus.</i> <i>Defecit.</i>	119, <i>In aeternum.</i>	119, <i>Quomodo.</i>
26	...	119, <i>Clamavi.</i> <i>Vide.</i>	119, <i>Principes.</i>	119, <i>Appropinquet.</i>
27	...	126, 127	...	128, 129
28	...	136	...	137
29	...	142	...	143
30	...	147	...	148
31	...	148	...	149, 150
				130, 131
				138
				149, 150
				147

HYMNS



SUNDAY.

MORNING.

‘Die dierum principe.’

Morn of morns, and day of days,
Silent as the morning’s rays
From the sepulchre’s dark prison
Christ the light of lights hath risen.

He commanded, and His word
Death and the dread chaos heard:
We, O shame, more deaf than they,
In the chains of darkness stay.

Nature ’neath the shadow lies;
Let the sons of light arise,
All throughout the stillness deep
Holy symphonies to keep.

Thus to hearts in slumber weak
Let the heavenly trumpet speak;
And, like streaks of early morn,
New ways mark the newly born.

Grant us this and with us be,
Fountain of all charity,
Thou who dost the Spirit give,
Bidding the dead letters live.

Equal praise to Father, Son,
And to Thee, the Holy One,
By whose quickening breath divine
Our dull spirits burn and shine.

1736.
1837.

CHARLES COFFIN (*Paris Breviary*).
tr. by ISAAC WILLIAMS.

MID DAY.

Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And He accepts the punctual hymn,
Sung as the light of day grows dim:

Nor will He turn His ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide:
Then here reposing let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

Look up to heaven! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord, since his rising in the east
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.

Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

EVENING.

All praise to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

MONDAY MORNING

MONDAY.

MORNING.

In Summer.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run :
 Shake off dull sloth and joyful rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

In conversation be sincere,
 Keep conscience as the noontide clear :
 Think how all seeing God thy ways
 And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part,
 Who all night long unwearied sing
 High praise to the eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir ;
 May your devotion me inspire
 That I like you my age may spend,
 Like you may on my God attend.

May I like you in God delight,
 Have all day long my God in sight,
 Perform like you my Maker's will,
 O may I never more do ill !

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him, all creatures here below,
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

In Winter.

All praise to Thee who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me while I slept :
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart :
One ray of Thy all quickening light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THOMAS KEN,
Bishop.

EVENING.

In Summer.

‘O quam iuvat fratres, Deus.’

How sweet the days, O Lord, are sped,
When brethren, owning Christ their Head,
From whom they live, on whom they feed,
Are one in spirit and in deed.

How sweet to Thee in purest lays
High lauds beneath one roof to raise;
With banded prayers like valiant men
To storm heaven-gate, and entrance win.

O love we this fair home, nor cease
To work her weal in busy peace!
‘O woe to him that will not fear
To scatter seeds of discord here!’

Yet every loss to gain shall turn
For hearts that Christ in all discern;
Who fiercer fights is fairer crowned,
And foes deal honour with the wound.

More fell by far the flattering tongue
That saps the breast with secret wrong,
And sliding in unheeded slays
The soul with sweets of poisoned praise.

Grant us to live, blest Trinity,
In sweet exchange of charity,
And lighten each his brother's load,
Treading the heavenward, homeward road.

1736.
1860.

CHARLES COFFIN (*Paris Breviary*).
tr. by EDWARD WHITE BENSON,
Archbishop.

In Winter.

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest ;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord ; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away ;
Thy kingdom stands and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

TUESDAY.

MORNING.

In Summer.

'Lux ecce surgit aurea.'

Lo! the golden light is peering,
Let the dimness fleet away
Which so long hath kept us veering
From the narrow path astray.

May the morn, sweet calmness breathing,
Keep us, mornlike, chaste and pure;
In our lips no falsehood sheathing,
In our hearts no sin obscure.

So the day, all smoothly gliding,
May preserve our tongue from guile,
Eyes from wandering, feet from sliding,
Hands from aught that can defile.

All day long an eye is o'er us
Which our every secret knows,
Sees our every step before us
From first morn till evening's close.

To the Father lauds unending,
To the Son and Spirit blest,
Still from age to age ascending,
Be throughout all worlds addrest.

In Winter.

Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night ;
Dayspring from on high, be near ;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see ;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill me, Radiancy divine,
Scatter all my unbelief ;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

WEDNESDAY.

MORNING.

In Summer.

'Nox et tenebrae et nubila.'

Swift as shadows of the night
Haste before the morning light,
Powers of darkness quickly fly,
See the dayspring from on high.

To Thy light, O heavenly King,
Undivided hearts we bring;
Seek in praise and prayer Thy grace;
Hide not, Lord, from us Thy face.

Many stains our souls defile;
Many snares to sin beguile;
Much we need Thy light divine—
Light of angels, on us shine.

Glory be to God on high,
Father, Thee we magnify;
Equally the Son adore,
And the Spirit, evermore.

348-413?
1850.

AURELIUS CLEMENS PRUDENTIUS.
tr. by ROBERT CAMPBELL.

In Winter.

'Consorts Paterni Luminis.'

O God from God, and Light from Light,
Who art Thyself the day,
Our chants shall break the clouds of night;
Be with us while we pray.

Chase Thou the gloom that haunts the mind,
The thronging shades of hell,
The sloth and drowsiness that bind
The senses with a spell.

Lord, to their sins indulgent be,
Who, in this hour forlorn,
By faith in what they do not see,
With songs prevent the morn.

Grant this, O Father, only Son,
And Spirit, God of grace,
To whom all worship shall be done
In every time and place.

340-397.
1865.

ST. AMBROSE.
tr. by JOHN HENRY NEWMAN,
Cardinal.

EVENING.

In Summer.

Sun of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near :
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store :
Be every mourner's sleep to night
Like infant's slumbers pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

In Winter.

The day is done ; its hours have run ;
Thou, Lord, hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumph grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O holy Jesu, be our light.

And grant us, Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release ;
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O holy Jesu, be our light.

Thou sweetenest toil, for Thou hast toiled,
Thou lightenest care, for Thou hast cared ;
Let not our works with self be soiled
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O holy Jesu, be our light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call ;
O let Thy mercy make us glad ;
Thou art our Saviour and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

THURSDAY.

MORNING.

In Summer.

O timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view
Which evermore makes all things new!

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this and every day
To live more nearly as we pray.

In Winter.

Most glorious Lord of life, that on this day
Didst make Thy triumph over death and sin ;
And having harrowed hell didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win :

This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin ;
And grant that we, for whom Thou diddest die,
Being with Thy dear blood clean washed from sin,
May live for ever in felicity.

1552-1599.

EDMUND SPENSER.

EVENING.

In Summer.

'*Rerum Deus tenax vigor.*'

God, of all the strength and stay,
Who unmoved dost motion sway,
Dost the daylight hours divide,
And in due succession guide;

Give at eve Thy sunshine bright,
Shed o'er death Thine holy light;
So our day may ne'er go down,
So our life may glory crown.

Gracious Father, grant this boon;
Grant it, sole coequal Son,
With the Spirit, throned on high,
God through all eternity.

Not later than 8th cent.
1848.

Author uncertain.
tr. by WILLIAM JOHN COPELAND.

In Winter.

'Iam sol recedit igneus.'

The fiery sun is gone ;
O never waning Light,
All holy Three, thrice blessed One,
Shed forth Thy presence bright.

To Thee our lauds at morn,
Our vespers rise at even,
O grant us, hence by angels borne,
To join the chant of heaven.

To the great Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit blest,
As in old time, while ages run,
All glory be addrest.

340-397.
1632.
1848.

ST. AMBROSE.
. revised in *Roman Breviary*.
tr. by WILLIAM JOHN COPELAND.

FRIDAY.

M O R N I N G.

In Summer.

‘Summi Parentis Filio.’

To Christ, the Prince of Peace,
And Son of God most high,
The Father of the world to come,
Sing we with holy joy.

Deep in His heart for us
The wound of love He bore;
That love wherewith He still inflames
The hearts that Him adore.

O Jesu! victim blest!
What else but love divine
Could Thee constrain to open thus
That sacred heart of Thine?

Hide me in Thy dear heart,
For thither do I fly,
There seek Thy grace through life, in death
Thine immortality.

18th cent.?
1849.

Author unknown (*Roman Breviary*).
tr. by EDWARD CASWALL.

In Winter.

Let all our tongues be one
To praise our God on high,
Who from His bosom sent His Son
To fetch us strangers nigh.

Let not our voices cease
To sing our Saviour's name ;
Jesu ! our hope, our strength, our peace
From age to age the same.

From out His piercèd side
Poured forth a double flood ;
By water we are purified,
And pardoned by the blood.

Look up, my soul, to Him,
Whose death was thy desert ;
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from His piercèd heart !

Jesu ! all praise to Thee,
Our joy and endless rest !
Be Thou our guide while pilgrims here,
Our crown amid the blest.

EVENING.

In Summer.

‘Labente iam solis rota.’

As now the sun’s declining rays
At eventide descend,
So life’s brief day is sinking down
To its appointed end.

Lord, on the cross Thine arms were stretched
To draw Thy people nigh;
O grant us then that cross to love
And in those arms to die.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee
While endless ages run.

1736.
1837.

CHARLES COFFIN (*Paris Breviary*).
tr. by JOHN CHANDLER.

In Winter.

O God, that madest earth and sky,
The darkness and the day,
Give ear to this Thy family,
And help us when we pray.

The cross our Master bore for us
For Him we fain would bear ;
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair :

Then mercy on our failings, Lord !
Our sinking faith renew,
And when Thy sorrows visit us
O send Thy patience too.

1816.

REGINALD HEBER,
Bishop.

SATURDAY.

MORNING.

In Summer.

‘Splendor Paternae gloriae.’

O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father’s face,
Thou fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night :

Come, ‘holy sun of heavenly love,’
Shower down Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit’s cloudless ray.

May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
The flesh subdue, the mind control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

O hallowed be the approaching day!
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright !

O Christ, with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee !

In Winter.

‘Rector potens, verax Deus.’

O God, who canst not change nor fail,
Guiding the hours as they roll by,
Brightening with beams the morning pale,
And burning in the midday sky :

Quench Thou the fires of hate and strife,
The wasting fever of the heart ;
From perils guard our feeble life,
And to our souls Thy peace impart.

Grant this, O Father, only Son,
And Holy Spirit, God of grace,
To whom all glory, Three in One,
Be given in every time and place.

MS. of 8th cent.
1836, revised 1853.

Author unknown.
tr. by JOHN HENRY NEWMAN,
Cardinal.

EVENING.

'O luce qui mortalibus.'

The splendours of Thy glory, Lord,
Hath no man seen nor known ;
And highest angels veil their eyes
Before Thy shining throne.

Here we in darkness sit forlorn,
Death's shade upon us lies ;
But night will wane and o'er our heads
The eternal dayspring rise.

So bright a day for us prepared
For us Thou hast in store,
That this all glorious sun shall fade .
Its sevenfold light before.

But ah ! too long thou lingerest,
Thou long expected day,
And ere we see thee, we must cast
This mortal coil away.

But when her bonds are rent, my God,
My soul to Thee shall soar,
And see Thy face and praise Thee well,
And love Thee evermore.

Grant us Thy peace, blest Trinity,
Fair love and saintly might ;
And for this dim and fleeting day
Give us immortal light.

1736.
1860.

CHARLES COFFIN (*Paris Breviary*).
tr. by EDWARD WHITE BENSON,
Archbishop.

TWILIGHT HYMN.

'When Aaron lighteth the lamps at even, he shall burn incense upon it, a perpetual incense before the Lord throughout your generations.'

Now the stars are lit in heaven
We must light our lamps on earth;
Every star a signal given
From the God of our new birth;
Every lamp an answer faint,
Like the prayer of mortal saint.

Mark the hour and turn this way,
Sons of Israel, far and near;
Wearied with the world's dim day,
Turn to Him whose eyes are here,
Open, watching day and night,
Beaming unapproachèd light.

Watchers of the sacred flame,
Sons of Aaron, serve in fear;
Deadly is the Avenger's aim,
Should the unhallowed enter here;
Keen His fires, should recreants dare
Breathe the pure and fragrant air.

There is One will bless your toil,
He who comes in heaven's attire,
Morn by morn, with holy oil,
Eve by eve, with holy fire.
Pray! your prayer will be allowed
Mingling with His incense cloud.

TWILIGHT HYMN,

OR, 'CANDLE-HYMN OF THE ANCIENT CHRISTIANS.'

Φῶς ἱλαρὸν ἀγίας δόξης,
 ἀθανάτου Πατρὸς οὐρανίου,
 ἀγίου, μάκαρος,
 Ἰησοῦ Χριστέ,

ἐλθόντες ἐπὶ τὴν ἡλίου δύσιν,
 ἰδόντες φῶς ἑσπερινόν,
 ὑμνοῦμεν Πατέρα, καὶ Υἱόν,
 καὶ ἅγιον Πνεῦμα Θεόν.

Ἀξιόν σε ἐν πᾶσι
 καιροῖς ὑμνεῖσθαι φωναῖς
 ὁσίοις, Υἱὲ Θεοῦ,
 ζωὴν ὃ διδούς, διὸ
 ὁ κόσμος σε δοξάζει.

Before 4th cent.

Author unknown.

O goodly Light of the holy glory
 Of the immortal Father of heaven,
 Holy and blessed,
 O Jesu Christ:

We are come to the sunset,
 We have seen the evening light,
 And we praise the Father and Son
 And Holy Spirit of God:

Worthy art Thou at all times
 To be praised by pure voices,
 Son of God, that givest life:
 Therefore the world glorifieth Thee.

1860.

tr. by EDWARD WHITE BENSON,
 Archbishop.

FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

EVENING *before and* EVENING *of the First*
Sunday in Advent.

Great God! what do I see and hear?

The end of things created!

The Judge of mankind doth appear.

On clouds of glory seated!

The trumpet sounds, the graves restore

The dead which they contained before;—

Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

The dead in Christ shall first arise,

At the last trumpet's sounding,

Caught up to meet Him in the skies,

With joy their Lord surrounding:

No gloomy fears their souls dismay,

His presence sheds eternal day

On those prepared to meet Him.

But sinners, filled with guilty fears,

Behold His wrath prevailing;

For they shall rise and find their tears

And sighs are unavailing:

The day of grace is passed and gone;

Trembling they stand before the throne,

All unprepared to meet Him.

Great God! what do I see and hear?

The end of things created!

The Judge of mankind doth appear,

On clouds of glory seated!

Beneath His cross I view the day

When heaven and earth shall pass away,

And thus prepare to meet Him.

MORNING.

‘En clara vox redarguit.’

Hark! an awful voice is sounding,
‘Christ is nigh!’ it seems to say;
Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day.

Startled at the solemn warning
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven,
Let us haste with tears of sorrow
One and all to be forgiven.

So, when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May He then, as our defender,
On the clouds of heaven appear.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the Father and the Son,
With the coeternal Spirit,
While eternal ages run!

MS. of 11th cent.
1632.
1849.

Author unknown.
recast in the *Roman Breviary*.
tr. by EDWARD CASWALL.

MORNING.

Dies Irae.

- I. Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saeculum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Iudex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

- II. 1. Mors stupebit et natura
Cum resurget creatura
Iudicanti responsura.
2. Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus iudicetur.
3. Iudex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.
4. Quid sum miser tum dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus
Cum vix iustus sit securus?

Dies Irae.

- I. Day of doom, the last and greatest,
Which the waning world awaitest,
Sung by earliest seers and latest.

How shall all men faint for fearing,
When the judgment sign appearing
Bids the world to that great hearing :

When, the grave's long silence breaking,
Peals the trump the nations waking,
Round the throne to muster quaking.

- II. 1. Earth herself and death affrighted
Open fast their dens benighted,
That the souls may be requited.
2. Forth are borne the heavy pages
Of the records of all ages,
All men's deeds and all men's wages.
3. Then the Judge in solemn session
Drags to day each dark confession,
Dooms each vainly veiled transgression.
4. Woe is me, for who shall hear me?
What kind saint from judgment bear me,
While the just stand trembling near me?

5. Rex tremendae maiestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.
6. Recordare, Iesu pie,
Quod sum causa Tuæ viae;
Ne me perdas illa die!
7. Quaerens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus.
8. Iuste iudex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis,
Ante diem rationis.
9. Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus,
Supplici parce, Deus.
10. Qui Mariam absolvisti
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.
11. Preces meae non sunt dignae,
Sed Tu bonus fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne.

5. Thou, the King of that dread splendour,
Art the sinner's sole defender :
Save Thou me, Thou King most tender.
6. Wrought for me and my salvation
Was Thy lowliest incarnation :
Canst Thou speak my condemnation ?
7. Thou hast sought me weary, sighing ;
Thou hast bought me by Thy dying ;
Save me, on Thy pains relying.
8. Righteous Judge to save or slay me,
Free of my offences make me
Ere the reck'ning day o'ertake me.
9. Sin and shame upon me turning
Brand my brow with guilty burning ;
Pity me for pity yearning.
10. By the Magdalene forgiven,
By the dying robber shriven,
E'en to me a hope is given.
11. Judgment halteth not for weeping ;
Yet, Thy death's dear merits reaping,
Save me from the fire unsleeping.

12. Inter oves locum praesta
Et ab haedis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

13. Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.

III. Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis :
Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrimosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla
Iudicandus homo reus :
Huic ergo parce, Deus.
Pie Iesu Domine :
Dona eis requiem.

13th cent.

THOMAS OF CELANO.

NOTE.—Of this hymn (Latin or English) Parts I. and III. are always sung ; and, between them, one of the following selections from Part II. :—

- (i) verses 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
- (ii) verses 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.
- (iii) verses 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.
- (iv) verses 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.

12. From the goats Thy suppliant sever;
With Thy sheep my soul deliver,
Safe at Thy right hand for ever.

13. When Thy face from them is hidden,
When the accurst to flames are chidden,
Let me to Thy house be bidden.

III. With sharp pangs my heart is wounded,
And with rising fears surrounded:
Leave me not at last confounded.

Day of tears and bitter mourning,
When mankind from this world's burning
Rise to sorrow or salvation!
Lord, receive my supplication—
Jesu, Saviour of the world,
Grant us everlasting rest.

1860.

tr. by EDWARD WHITE BENSON,
Archbishop.

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT¹.

MORNING.

Lo ! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train.
Alleluia !
Christ is come to earth again.

Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

The dear tokens of His passion
Still His dazzling body bears ;
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransomed worshippers ;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars !

Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away ;
All who hate Him must confounded
Hear the summons of that day.
Come to judgment !
Come to judgment ! Come away !

¹ Weekdays, verses 1, 2, 3, 6.

Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All His saints, by man rejected,
Rise to meet Him in the air:
Alleluia!
Angels, martyrs, all are there.

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own!
O come quickly!
Everlasting God, come down!

1752.
1758.
1760.

JOHN CENNICK, vv. 4, 5.
CHARLES WESLEY, vv. 1, 2, 3, 6.
altered by MARTIN MADAN.



MORNING.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

EVENING.

Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd name.

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

MORNING.

When Christ the Lord would come on earth
His messenger before Him went;
The greatest born of mortal birth,
And charged with words of deep intent.

The least of all that here attend
Hath honour greater far than he;
He was the Bridegroom's joyful friend,
His body and His spouse are we.

A higher race, the sons of light,
Of water and the Spirit born;
He the last star of parting night,
And we the children of the morn.

And as he boldly spake Thy word
And joyed to hear the Bridegroom's voice,
Thus may Thy pastors teach, O Lord,
And thus Thy hearing Church rejoice.

MORNING.

When Christ came down on earth of old,
He took our nature, poor and low ;
He wore no form of angel mould,
But shared our weakness and our woe.

But when He cometh back once more,
Then shall be set the great white throne ;
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of Him that sits thereon.

O Son of God, in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead ;
O Son of man, so pitying found
For all the tears Thy people shed ;

Be with us in that awful hour,
And by Thy cross, and by Thy grave,
By all Thy love and all Thy power
In that great day of judgment save.

1852.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

EVENING.

‘Veni, veni, Emmanuel.’

O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.

Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Dayspring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Key of David, come
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

From the Seven Greater Antiphons.
Author unknown.

1851, revised 1852.

tr. by JOHN MASON NEALE.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

MORNING.

The Lord will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind!

Can this be He who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway;
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
O God! is this the Crucified?

Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain!
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—'The Lord is come!'

MORNING.

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light :
'Tis finished ! all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin ;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

What rush of Alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky !
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh !
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made !
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousandfold repaid !

O, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more !
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late ;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign :
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home ;
Shew in the heavens Thy promised sign ;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

1867

HENRY ALFORD.



EVENING.

O quickly come, dread Judge of all :
For, awful though Thine advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee :
O quickly come : for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

O quickly come, great King of all ;
Reign all around us, and within ;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin :
O quickly come : for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

O quickly come, true Life of all ;
For death is mighty all around ;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found :
O quickly come : for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

O quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way ;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day :
O quickly come : for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

CHRISTMAS EVE,

and EVENING *of* CHRISTMAS DAY.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around:

‘Fear not,’ said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
‘Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind;

‘To you in David’s town this day
Is born of David’s line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

‘The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands
And in a manger laid.’

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

‘All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!’

CHRISTMAS DAY.

MORNING.

Adeste fideles.

Adeste fideles,
Laeti triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem :
Natum videte
Regem angelorum ;
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Deum de Deo,
Lumen de Lumine,
Gestant puellae viscera ;
Deum verum,
Genitum, non factum,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Cantet nunc io
Chorus angelorum,
Cantet nunc aula caelestium,
Gloria in excelsis
In excelsis Deo,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Ergo qui natus
Die hodierna
Iesu, Tibi sit gloria :
Patris aeterni
Verbum caro factum ;
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Author unknown.

Adeste fideles.

Ye faithful, approach ye
Joyfully triumphing ;
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem ;
Come and behold Him
Born the King of angels :
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo ! He abhors not the Virgin's womb ;
Very God,
Begotten not created ;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God
In the highest ;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee
Born this happy morning ;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given,
Word of the Father
Late in flesh appearing :
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

MORNING.

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the newborn King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies:
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the newborn King!

Christ by highest heaven adored,
Christ the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb!
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with man appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the newborn King!

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings:
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the newborn King!

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

'Heri mundus exultavit.'

Yesterday, with exultation,
Joined the world in celebration
Of her promised Saviour's birth ;
Yesterday the angel nation
Poured the strains of jubilation
O'er the Monarch born on earth ;

But to day o'er death victorious,
By his faith and actions glorious,
By his miracles renown'd,
See the deacon triumph gaining,
'Midst the faithless faith sustaining,
First of holy martyrs found.

Forward, champion, in thy quarrel,
Certain of a certain laurel,
Holy Stephen, persevere ;
Perjured witnesses confounding,
Satan's synagogue astounding
By thy doctrine true and clear.

Lo, in heaven thy witness liveth,
Bright and faithful proof He giveth
Of His martyr's blamelessness :
Thou by name a crown impliest,
Meetly then in pangs thou diest
For the crown of righteousness.

For a crown that fadeth never
Bear the torturer's brief endeavour;
Victory waits to end the strife:
Death shall be thy birth's beginning,
And life's losing be the winning
Of the true and better life.

Whom the Holy Ghost endueth,
Whom celestial sight embueth,
Stephen penetrates the skies:
There God's fullest glory viewing,
There his victor-strength renewing,
For his near reward he sighs.

See, as Jewish foes invade thee,
See how Jesus stands to aid thee,
Stands to guard His champion's death:
Cry that opened heaven is shown thee,
Cry that Jesus waits to own thee,
Cry it with thy latest breath.

As the dying martyr kneeleth.
For his murderers he appealeth,
For their madness grieving sore;
Then in Christ he sleepeth sweetly,
And with Christ he reigneth meetly,
Martyr firstfruits, evermore.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S DAY.

'Iussu tyranni pro fide.'

An exile for the faith
Of thy incarnate Lord,
Beyond the stars, beyond all space
Thy soul unprisoned soared :

There saw in glory Him
Who liveth and was dead ;
There Judah's Lion, and the Lamb
That for our ransom bled :

There of the kingdom learnt
The mysteries sublime ;—
How, sown in martyrs' blood, the faith
Should spread from clime to clime.

There the new city, bathed
In her dear Spouse's light,
Pure seat of bliss, thy spirit saw
And gloried in the sight.

Now to the Lamb's clear fount,
To drink of life their fill,
Thou callest all ;—O Lord, in me
This blessed thirst instil.

To Jesus, virgin-born,
Praise with the Father be ;
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,
Through all eternity.

HOLY INNOCENTS' DAY.

'Salvete flores martyrum.'

Sweet flowrets of the martyr band,
 So early plucked by cruel hand,
 Like rosebuds by the tempest torn,
 As breaks the light of summer morn :

First victims offered for the Lord,
 Ye little knew your high reward,
 As at the very altar gay
 With palms and crowns ye seemed to play.

Ah, what availed King Herod's wrath?
 He could not stay your Saviour's path :
 The child he sought alone went free ;
 That child is King eternally.

348-413?
 1875.

AURELIUS CLEMENS PRUDENTIUS.
 tr. by SIR HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER.

THE SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS DAY.

The Hymns as on Christmas Day.

THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST.

EVENING BEFORE.

The year begins with Thee,
And 'Thou beginn'st with woe,
To let the world of sinners see
That blood for sin must flow.

Thine infant cries, O Lord,
Thy tears upon the breast,
Are not enough—the legal sword
Must do its stern behest.

Art thou a child of tears
Cradled in care and woe?
And seems it hard, thy vernal years
Few vernal joys can show?

And fall the sounds of mirth
Sad on thy lonely heart,
From all the hopes and charms of earth
Untimely called to part?

Look here, and hold thy peace:
The giver of all good
Even from the womb takes no release
From suffering, tears, and blood.

If thou wouldst reap in love
First sow in holy fear:
So life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year.

THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST.

‘Felix dies, quam proprio.’

Blest day, when from the Saviour flowed
The precious drops of infant blood ;
Blest day, on which began the doom
That leads Him to the cross and tomb.

Behold, He hastens to fulfil
His heavenly Father’s holy will ;
The law’s own Lord the law obeys,
The sinless blood for sinners pays.

The law that made the Saviour bleed
Must pass, and love’s own law succeed ;
O Saviour, in our conscience write
Thy law, and stamp Thine image bright.

Jesu, the virgin-born, Thy praise
Be sung through never ending days ;
The Father and the Spirit be
Adored alike, O Lord, with Thee.

1736.
1850.

ABBÉ BESNAULT (*Paris Breviary*).
tr. by ROBERT CAMPBELL.

THE EPIPHANY.

MORNING.

'O sola magnarum urbium.'

Earth has many a noble city :
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel ;
Out of thee the Lord from heaven
Came to rule His Israel.

Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth ;
To the lands their God announcing,
Hid beneath a form of earth.

By its radiant beauty guided,
See the eastern kings appear ;
See them bend their gifts to offer,
Gifts of incense, gold and myrrh.

Offerings of mystic meaning—
Incense doth the God disclose ;
Gold a royal child proclaimeth ;
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.

Holy Jesu, in Thy brightness
To the Gentile world displayed,
With the Father and the Spirit,
Endless praise to Thee be paid !

MORNING.

Psalm xlv.

O fairest of all men,
Thy speech is pleasant pure,
For God hath blessèd Thee with gifts
For ever to endure.

Thy royal seat, O Lord,
For ever shall remain,
Because the sceptre of Thy realm
Doth righteousness maintain.

Because Thou lovest the right
And dost the ill detest,
Therefore hath God anointed Thee
With joy above the rest.

With myrrh and savours sweet
Thy clothes are all bespread,
When Thou dost from Thy palace pass,
Therein to make Thee glad.

The daughter of the King
Is glorious to behold ;
Within her closet she doth sit,
All decked in beaten gold.

O daughter, take good heed,
Incline, and give good ear;
Thou must forget thy kindred all
And father's house most dear.

Instead of parents left,
O Queen, the chance so stands,
Thou shalt have sons whom thou may'st set
As princes in all lands.

Wherefore Thy holy name
All ages shall record;
The people shall give thanks to Thee
For evermore, O Lord.

1562.

JOHN HOPKINS
(Old Version).



EVENING.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid !
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion
Odours of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid !
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

MORNING.

The race that long in darkness sat
Have seen a glorious light ;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come ;
They joy as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

For Thou their burden dost remove,
And break the tyrant's rod,
As in the day when Midian fell
Before the sword of God.

For unto us a child is born,
To us a Son is given ;
And on His shoulder ever rests
All power in earth and heaven.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
The God by all adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know ;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.

EVENING.

'Divine crescebas Puer.'

In stature grows the heavenly child
 With death before His eyes;
 A Lamb unblemished, meek and mild,
 Prepared for sacrifice.

The Son of God His glory hides
 With parents mean and poor:
 And He who made the heavens abides
 In dwelling place obscure.

Those mighty hands that stay the sky
 No earthly toil refuse,
 And He who set the stars on high
 An humble trade pursues.

He whom the choirs of angels praise,
 At whose command they fly,
 His earthly parents now obeys
 And lays His glory by.

For this Thy lowliness revealed,
 Jesu, we Thee adore,
 And praise to God the Father yield
 And Spirit evermore.

1689.
 1837.

JEAN BAPTISTE DE SANTEUIL.
 tr. by JOHN CHANDLER.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

MORNING.

Sons of men, behold from far,
Hail the long expected Star!
Jacob's Star, that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered nature right.

Fear not hence that there should flow
Wars or pestilence below:
Wars it bids and tumults cease,
Ushering in the Prince of Peace.

Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death,
Scattering error's wide spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear!
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there!

There behold the dayspring rise,
Pouring light upon your eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day!

Sing, ye morning stars, again!
God descends on earth to reign;
Deigns for man His life to employ;
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy!

EVENING.

Iesu, dulcis memoria.

Iesu, dulcis memoria,
 Dans vera cordi gaudia,
 Sed super mel et omnia
 Eius dulcis praesentia.

Nil canitur suävius,
 Nil auditur iucundius,
 Nil cogitatur dulcius,
 Quam Iesus Dei Filius.

Iesu, spes poenitentibus,
 Quam pius es petentibus,
 Quam bonus Te quaerentibus!
 Sed quid invenientibus?

Iesu, dulcedo cordium,
 Fons veri, lumen mentium,
 Excedens omne gaudium
 Et omne desiderium.

Nec lingua valet dicere
 Nec litera exprimere,
 Expertus potest credere,
 Quid sit Iesum diligere.

Iesu, dulcis memoria.

Jesu! the very thought of Thee
 With sweetness fills my breast;
 But sweeter far Thy face to see
 And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
 O Saviour of mankind!

O hope of every contrite heart,
 O joy of all the meek,
 To those who fall how kind Thou art!
 How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show:
 The love of Jesus, what it is,
 None but His loved ones know.

Jesu! our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our prize wilt be;
 Jesu! be Thou our glory now,
 And through eternity!

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

MORNING.

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee, whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light ;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down ;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

EVENING.

Iesu, dulcis memoria.

Jesu! the very thought is sweet;
 In that dear name all heart-joys meet:
 But O, than honey sweeter far
 The glimpses of His presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this,
 No sound is heard more full of bliss,
 No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
 Than Jesus, Son of God most High.

Jesu, the hope of souls forlorn,
 How good to them for sin that mourn!
 To them that seek Thee, O how kind!
 But what art Thou to them that find?

No tongue of mortal can express,
 No pen can write the blessedness,
 He only who hath proved it knows
 What bliss from love of Jesus flows.

O Jesu, King of wondrous might!
 O victor, glorious from the fight!
 Sweetness that may not be expressed,
 And altogether loveliest.

Abide with us, O Lord, to day,
 Fulfil us with Thy grace, we pray;
 And with Thine own true sweetness feed
 Our souls from sin and darkness freed.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

MORNING.

Psalm lxxii.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

EVENING.

Psalm lxxii.

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son !
Hail in the time appointed
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free,
To take away transgression
And rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth ;
And love, joy, hope like flowers
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace the herald go ;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee ;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see :
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing.
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

To Him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend,
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end.
 The mountain dews shall nourish
 A seed in weakness sown
 Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
 And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious
 He on His throne shall rest,
 From age to age more glorious,
 All blessing and all blest.
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His name shall stand for ever,
 That name to us is Love.



FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

MORNING.

Psalm cxlviii.

Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height:
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light!
Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed:
Laws that never shall be broken
For their guidance He has made.

Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail:
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name!

About 1800.

(?) JOHN KEMPTHORNE.

EVENING.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.

Dear name, the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding place,
 My never failing treasury, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 And may the music of Thy name
 Refresh my soul in death!

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY

MORNING.

Psalm civ.

My soul, praise the Lord, speak good of His name ;
O Lord our great God, how dost Thou appear !
So passing in glory that great is Thy fame ;
Honour and majesty in Thee shine most clear.

With light as a robe Thou hast Thee beclad,
Whereby all the earth Thy greatness may see ;
The heavens in such sort Thou also hast spread
That they to a curtain compared may be.

His chamber-beams lie in the clouds full sure,
Which as His chariôts are made Him to bear ;
And there with much swiftness His course doth endure
Upon the wings riding of winds in the air.

How sundry, O Lord, are all Thy works found !
With wisdom full great they are indeed wrought :
So that the whole world of Thy praise doth sound :
And as for Thy riches, they pass all men's thought.

EVENING.

Songs of thankfulness and praise,
Jesu, Lord, to Thee we raise,
Manifested by the star
To the sages from afar;
Branch of royal David's stem
In Thy birth at Bethlehem;
Anthems be to Thee address,
God in man made manifest.

Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme;
And at Cana wedding-guest
In Thy Godhead manifest;
Manifest in power divine,
Changing water into wine;
Anthems be to Thee address,
God in man made manifest.

Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all the devil's might;
Manifest in gracious will,
Ever bringing good from ill;
Anthems be to Thee address,
God in man made manifest.

Sun and moon shall darkened be,
Stars shall fall, the heavens shall flee ;
Christ will then like lightning shine,
All will see His glorious sign ;
All will then the trumpet hear,
All will see the Judge appear ;
Thou by all wilt be confest,
God in man made manifest.

Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
Present in Thy holy word ;
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou ;
That we like to Thee may be
At Thy great Epiphany ;
And may praise Thee, ever blest,
God in man made manifest.

1862.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH,
Bishop.

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

WEEK BEFORE.

'Alleluia, dulce carmen.'

Alleluia, song of sweetness,
Voice of joyance, holiest lay,
Alleluia is the glory
Of the choirs in heavenly day,
Which the angels sing, abiding
In the house of God alway.

Alleluia, joyous mother,
Salem, of the saints on high,
Alleluia one to other
All thy citizens reply ;
Exiles we by Babel's waters
Join not yet their melody.

Alleluia we deserve not
Here to chant for evermore ;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while give o'er.
For the holy time is coming
Bidding us our sins deplore.

But Thy Godhead meekly praising,
Pray we, blessed Trinity,
We at last may keep our Easter
In Thy home beyond the sky ;
There to Thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly.

MORNING.

There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts ;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky embracing all
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed great and small
In peace and order move.

The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run ;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns His holy hill ;
The saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.

The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down ;
But where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

One name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display :
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours ; 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

1819.

JOHN KEBLE.



MORNING.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

EVENING.

O bona patria, lumina sobria te speculantur ;
Ad tua nomina, sobria lumina collacrimantur.

Tu locus unicus, illeque caelicus es paradisus ;
Non ibi lacrima, sed placidissima gaudia, risus.

Sunt radiantia iaspide moenia, clara pyropo.

Hinc tibi sardius, inde topazius, hinc amethystus :
Est tua fabrica contio caelica, gemmaque Christus.

Lux tua, mors crucis, atque caro ducis est crucifixi :
Laus, benedictio, coniubilatio personat ipsi.

Tu sine littore, tu sine tempore, fons, modo rivus,
Dulce bonis sapis, estque tibi lapis undique vivus.

Ipse tuus Deus est lapis aureus, est tibi murus
Inviolabilis, insuperabilis, haud ruiturus.

Est tibi laurea, dos datur aurea, sponsa decora :

Ars tua plaudere, munera vivere iam sine morte.

‘That great city, the holy Jerusalem.’—*Lesson.*

For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;

With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;

Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the corner stone is Christ.

The cross is all thy splendour;
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away !

Upon the Rock of ages
They raise thy holy tower ;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

The only art thou needest,
Thanksgiving for thy lot :
The only joy thou seekest,
The life where death is not.

1145?
1851.

BERNARD OF MORLAIX OR CLUNY
tr. by JOHN MASON NEALE.



SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

MORNING.

I praised the earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green ;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield :
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
'Our beauties are but for a day !' •

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold ;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky :
And moon and sun in answer said,
'Our days of light are numbered !'

O God ! O good beyond compare !
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee !

MORNING.

'In journeying often ; in perils of waters.'—*Epistle.*

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
• Their help, omnipotence.

From all my griefs and fears, O Lord,
Thy mercy sets me free ;
While in the confidence of prayer
My heart takes hold of Thee.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
Still praise Thee for Thy mercies past
And humbly hope for more.

My life, while Thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And O, may death, when death shall come,
Unite my soul to Thee.

EVENING.

'Te laeta mundi conditor.'

Thou, great Creator, art possessed,
And Thou alone, of endless rest,
To angels only it belongs
To lift to Thee their ceaseless songs.

But we must toil and toil again
With ceaseless woe and endless pain;
How then can we in exile drear
Raise the glad song of glory here?

O Thou, who wilt forgiving be
To all who truly turn to Thee,
Grant us to mourn the heavy cause
Of all our woe, Thy broken laws.

Then to the sharp and wholesome grief
Let faith and hope bring due relief,
And we too shall be soon possessed
Of ceaseless songs and endless rest.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Let equal praise to each be given
By men and angels, earth and heaven.

1736.
1837.

CHARLES COFFIN (*Paris Breviary*).
tr. by JOHN CHANDLER.

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

MORNING.

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

Faith that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge—all things—empty prove,
Without heavenly love.

Though I as a martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
All is vain if love I need ;
Therefore, give me love.

Love is kind and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong ;
Therefore, give us love.

Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree ;
But the greatest of the three
And the best is love.

From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing
Shed on us who to Thee sing
Holy, heavenly love.

MORNING.

Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

EVENING.

The Patriarchs.

'Get thee out of thy country . . . unto a land
that I will show thee.'—*Lesson.*

'Vos ante Christi tempora.'

O ye who followed Christ in love,
While yet He dwelt in realms above;
First children of almighty grace,
First fathers of the faithful race!

O how can words of equal worth
The wonders of your faith set forth!
Or tell of all your panting sighs
Which hope uplifted to the skies!

In dreary exile here below
Ye found the world an empty show,
And rested on the promise high
Of blissful homes beyond the sky.

The heart, O God, that loves Thee well
Still longs with Thee in peace to dwell:
Forbid, O Lord, our souls to roam
And fix them on our future home.

Praise to the Father and the Son
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
Eternal praise to each be given
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

ASH WEDNESDAY.

MORNING.

'Solemne nos ieiunii.'

The solemn season calls us now
A holy fast to keep;
And see within the temple how
Both priest and people weep.

But come not thou with tears alone
Or outward form of prayer;
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

Thy breast to beat, thy clothes to rend
God asketh not of thee;
Thy stubborn soul He bids thee bend
In true humility.

O let us then with heartfelt grief
Draw near unto our God
And pray to Him to grant relief
And stay the uplifted rod.

O righteous Judge, if Thou wilt deign
To grant us all we need,
We pray for time to turn again
And grace to turn indeed.

Blest Three in One, with grief sincere
To Thee we humbly pray,
Let fruits of penitence appear
To bless this fasting day.

MORNING.

Lord, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

Supplication on us pour,
Let us now knock at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die ;

By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

EVENING.

Come, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return ;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

His voice commands the tempest forth
And stills the stormy wave ;
And though his arm be strong to smite
'Tis also strong to save.

Long hath the night of sorrow reigned ;
The dawn shall bring us light ;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice ;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round ;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground :

So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light :
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

Weekdays in Lent till Passion Sunday.

MONDAY IN LENT.

MORNING.

Iam lucis.

Iam lucis orto sidere
Deum precemur supplices,
Ut in diurnis actibus
Nos servet a nocentibus.

Linguam refraenans temperet,
Ne litis horror insonet;
Visum fovendo contegat,
Ne vanitates hauriat.

Sint pura cordis intima,
Absistat et vecordia;
Carnis terat superbiam
Potus cibique parcitas:

Ut cum dies abscesserit,
Noctemque sors reduxerit,
Mundi per abstinentiam
Ipsi canamus gloriam.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Eiusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc et per omne saeculum.

Iam lucis.

Now that the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high,
That He, in all we do or say,
Would keep us free from harm to day,—

Would guard our hearts and tongues from strife,
From anger's din would hide our life,
From all ill sights would turn our eyes,
Would close our ears from vanities,

Would keep our inmost conscience pure,
Our souls from folly would secure,
Would bid us check the pride of sense
With due and holy abstinence.

So we, when this new day is gone
And night in turn is drawing on,
With conscience by the world unstained
Shall praise His name for victory gained.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore
For ever and for evermore.

EVENING.

Be Thou my guardian and my guide,
And hear me when I call ;
Let not my slippery footsteps slide,
And hold me lest I fall.

The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell
Around the path I tread ;
O save me from the snares of hell,
Thou quickener of the dead.

And if I tempted am to sin,
And outward things are strong,
Do Thou, O Lord, keep watch within,
And save my soul from wrong.

Still let me ever watch and pray,
And feel that I am frail ;
That if the tempter cross my way,
Yet he may not prevail.

TUESDAY IN LENT.

MORNING.

Psalm li.

Have mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind ;
Let me, opprest with loads of guilt
Thy wonted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offence
And cleanse me from my sin ;
For I confess my crime and see
How great my guilt hath been.

Against Thee, Lord, alone
And only in Thy sight
Have I transgressed, and though condemned
Must own Thy judgment right.

Withdraw not Thou Thy help
Nor cast me from Thy sight ;
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

The joy Thy favour gives
Let me again obtain ;
And Thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

EVENING.

Saviour, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee ;
When repentant to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;
O by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want, and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread, mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power,
Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn litany !

By Thy conflict with despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany !

WEDNESDAY IN LENT.

MORNING.

Take up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My disciple be ;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.

Take up thy cross ; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm ;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame ;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel ;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured
To save thy soul from death and hell.

Take up thy cross then in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave ;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down ;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

EVENING.

In the hour of trial,
Jesu, pray for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee.
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.

With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or in darker semblance
Cross-crowned Calvary.

If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice:
Then upon Thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me dying,
To eternal life.

1834

JAMES MONTGOMERY.



THURSDAY IN LENT.

MORNING.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways!

Woe to thee, man! for man was found
A recreant in the fight;
And lost his heritage of heaven
And fellowship with light.

But to the younger race there rose
A hope upon its fall;
And slowly, surely, gracefully,
The morning dawned on all.

And quickened by the Almighty's breath,
And chastened by His rod,
And taught by angel visitings,
Man sought at length his God.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways!

1865.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN,
Cardinal.

EVENING.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways!

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence and His very self
And essence all divine.

O generous love! that He, who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways!

FRIDAY IN LENT, AND ON GOOD FRIDAY.

MORNING of *Second and Fifth Fridays.**Stabat Mater.*

1. Stabat mater dolorosa
Iuxta crucem lacrimosa
Dum pendebat Filius,
Cuius animam gementem,
Contristantem et dolentem
Pertransivit gladius.
2. O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater unigeniti,
Quam moerebat et dolebat
Et tremebat, dum videbat
Nati poenas incliti.
3. Quis est homo, qui non fleret
Christi matrem si videret,
In tanto supplicio?
Quis non posset contristari,
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?
4. Pro peccatis suae gentis
Vidit Iesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum,
Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Moriendo desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

MORNING of *First, Third, and Fourth Fridays* *.*Stabat Mater.*

1. By the cross sad vigil keeping
Stood the mother, doleful, weeping,
Where her Son extended hung:
And the piercing sword deep driven
Hath aghast and sorrow-riven
All her soul with anguish wrung.
2. O how sad and sore distressed
Now was she, that mother blessed
Of the sole begotten One!
Woe-begone, with heart's prostration,
Mother meek, the bitter passion
Saw she of her glorious Son.
3. Who, on Christ's fond mother looking,
Such extreme affliction brooking,
Born of woman would not weep?
Who, upon the grief amazing
Of that Son and mother gazing,
Would not share the sorrow deep?
4. For the offences of His nation
Christ she saw in tribulation,
Saw with thorns, with scourges rent:
Her sweet Son from judgment taken,
Dying, and of all forsaken,
While His spirit forth He sent.

* First Friday, verses 1, 2, 3, 8.
Third Friday, verses 1, 4, 5, 8.
Fourth Friday, verses 1, 6, 7, 8.

5. With Thy mother's deep devotion
 Make me feel her strong emotion,
 Fount of love, Redeemer kind :
 That my heart fresh ardour proving,
 Thee, my God and Saviour, loving,
 May with Thee acceptance find.
6. Make me weep beside Thee ever,
 From Thy cross may nought dissever
 Me, so long as I shall live ;
 Near it let me stand and sorrow,
 Hallowing many a mournful morrow
 With the tears that Thou shalt give.
7. There, by Thy blest mother bending,
 Tears with tears so holy blending,
 Let me in her anguish share :
 Let me every lust denying
 Feel within my Saviour's dying,
 Of Thy wounds some impress bear.
8. Jesu, may Thy cross defend me,
 Through Thy death salvation send me,
 Shield me with Thy grace and love !
 When death severs flesh and spirit
 May my soul through Thee inherit
 Thy bright Paradise above !

1833.

vv. 1-5 tr. by RICHARD MANT,
Bishop.

1850.

vv. 7, 8 tr. in the Rugby School
Hymn Book.

EVENING.

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God!
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

SATURDAY IN LENT.

MORNING.

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be !
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not, if I might ;
Choose Thou for me, my God !
So shall I walk aright.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health ;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small :
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all !

EVENING.

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

MORNING.

‘In the day of salvation have I succoured thee.’—*Epistle.*

When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain ;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom’s narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, who felt temptation’s power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

And O when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death—for Thou hast died :
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

MORNING.

'Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness.'—*Gospel.*

Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

EVENING.

'God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering.'—*Lesson.*

Father of love, our guide and friend,
O lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won:
We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our Father and our God.

What though, like Abraham's child, we climb
The hill of sacrifice?
Some angel may be there in time—
Deliverance shall arise;
Or if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude
That makes the spirit pure.

Christ by no flowery pathway came,
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will and praise Thy name
In love, and hope, and fear;
And till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise.

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

MORNING.

'Keep us both outwardly in our bodies, and inwardly in our souls.'—*Collect.*

Lord of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling;
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy rock nor death nor hell prevaieth;
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

1644.
1840

MATTHÄUS APELLES VON LÖWENSTERN.
tr. from the German by PHILIP PUSEY.

MORNING.

‘Lord, help me.’—*Gospel.*

O help us, Lord! each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more!

O help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe:
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

O help us, Saviour, from on high!
We know no help but Thee:
O help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be!

1827.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

EVENING.

‘And he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows. . . And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven.’—*Lesson.*

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E’en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song would be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven :
All that Thou sendest me,
 In mercy given :
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

MORNING.

'Walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us, an offering.'—*Epistle*.

Thou friend of sinners, who hast bought
Our freedom with Thy precious blood ;
Whose grace our wandering feet hath sought
To bring us to the fold of God ;
Our sins forgive, our fears remove,
And fill our grateful hearts with love.

Thee let our loving souls pursue,
To Thee with fervent love aspire :
O may Thy Spirit still renew
Within our hearts that heavenly fire ;
And ever prompt our jealous care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

In suffering be Thy love our peace ;
In weakness be Thy love our power ;
And when this mortal life shall cease,
Bless with Thy love its latest hour :
Our strength in life, that Thou dost guide ;
Our hope in death, that Thou hast died.

1653.
1739.
1836.

PAULUS GERHARDT.
tr. from the German by JOHN WESLEY,
and rewritten by EDWARD OSLER.

MORNING.

'Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.'—*Epistle*.

Wake, awake! for night is flying;
The watchmen on the heights are crying:
 'Awake, Jerusalem, at last!'
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices:
 Come forth, ye virgins! night is past;
 The Bridegroom comes; awake,
 Your lamps with gladness take;
 Hallelujah!
And for His marriage feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet Him there.

Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing;
 She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Lord comes down all glorious,
The strong in grace, by truth victorious;
 Her star is risen, her light is come:
 Come, Jesu, blessèd Lord,
 God's own incarnate Word,
 Hallelujah!

We follow till the halls we see,
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

1597.
1858.

PHILIPP NICOLAI.
tr. from the German by CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

EVENING.

'Look upon the hearty desires of thy humble servants, and stretch forth the right hand of thy Majesty, to be our defence.'—*Collect.*

O Thou who hast at Thy command
The hearts of all men in Thy hand,
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To know no other will but Thine.

Our wishes, our designs control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and Thee.

Twice blest will all our blessings be
When we can look through them to Thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love and gratitude and praise.

Yet may we, feeble, weak, and frail,
Against our mightiest foes prevail;
Thy word our safety from alarm,
Our strength Thine everlasting arm.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

MORNING.

'Grant . . . that we, who for our evil deeds do worthily deserve to be punished, by the comfort of thy grace may mercifully be relieved.'—*Collect.*

O Lord, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry.
Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin ;
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell ;
What we have done and what we are
Thou knowest very well ;
Wherefore to beg and to entreat
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have ?
Mercy, O Lord, mercy we seek,
This is the total sum ;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer ;
O let Thy mercy come.

MORNING.

'Jerusalem which is above is free.'—*Epistle.*

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

1801.
16th cent.

Probably by JAMES MONTGOMERY.
based on a hymn by F. B. P.

EVENING.

‘So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God.’—
Lesson.

Put thou thy trust in God,
In duty’s path go on;
Walk in His strength with faith and hope,
So shall thy work be done.

Commit thy ways to Him,
Thy works into His hands,
And rest on His unchanging word,
Who heaven and earth commands.

Though years on years roll on,
His covenant shall endure;
Though clouds and darkness hide His path,
The promised grace is sure.

Through waves and clouds and storms
His power will clear thy way:
In God’s own time the darkest night
Will end in brightest day.

1656.
1739.
1836.

PAULUS GERHARDT.
tr. from the German by JOHN WESLEY,
and altered.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

(PASSION SUNDAY.)

EVENING *before and* EVENING *of Passion Sunday.**Vexilla Regis.*

Vexilla Regis prodeunt,
Fulget crucis mysterium,
Quo carne carnis conditor
Suspensus est patibulo :

Quo vulneratus insuper
Mucrone diro lanceae,
Ut nos lavaret crimine,
Manavit unda et sanguine.

Impleta sunt quae concinit
David fideli carmine
Dicens : 'in nationibus
Regnavit a ligno Deus.'

Salve ara, salve victima
De passionis gloria
Qua vita mortem pertulit
Et morte vitam reddidit.

Te summa Deus Trinitas
Collaudet omnis spiritus,
Quos per crucis mysterium
Salvas, rege per saecula.

Vexilla Regis.

The royal banners forward go ;
The cross shines forth in mystic glow,
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

Where deep for us the spear was dyed,
Life's torrent rushing from His side,
To wash us in that precious flood
Where mingled water flowed and blood.

Fulfilled is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old :
'Amid the nations God,' saith he,
'Hath reigned and triumphed from the tree.'

Hail, wondrous altar ! victim, hail !
Thy glorious passion shall avail,
Where very life the death endured,
Yet life by that same death procured.

To Thee, eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done :
Whom by the cross Thou dost restore,
Preserve and govern evermore !

MORNING.

Pange, lingua.

Pange, lingua, gloriosi
Proelium certaminis,
Et super crucis tropaeo
Dic triumphum nobilem,
Qualiter Redemptor orbis
Immolatus vicerit.

Lustra sex qui iam peracta
Tempus implens corporis,
Se volente, natus ad hoc
Passioni deditus,
Agnus in crucis levatur
Immolandus stipite.

Hic acetum, fel, harundo,
Sputa, clavi, lancea ;
Mite corpus perforatur,
Sanguis, unda profluit ;
Terra, pontus, astra, mundus
Quo lavantur flumine.

Gloria et honor Deo
Usque quo altissimo
Una Patri Filioque,
Inclito Paraclito,
Cui laus est et potestas
Per aeterna saecula.

Pange, lingua.

Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,
Tell His triumph far and wide ;
Tell aloud the famous story
Of His body crucified ;
How upon the cross a victim,
Vanquishing in death, He died.

Thirty years among us dwelling,
His appointed time fulfilled,
Born for this, He meets His passion,
For that this He freely willed ;
On the cross the Lamb is lifted,
Where His life-blood shall be spilled.

He endured the nails, the spitting,
Vinegar and spear and reed ;
From that holy body broken
Blood and water forth proceed :
Earth, and stars, and sky, and ocean,
By that flood from stain are freed.

To the Trinity be glory
Everlasting, as is meet :
Equal to the Father, equal
To the Son and Paraclete :
Trinal Unity, whose praises
All created things repeat.

1849.
1851.

tr. by EDWARD CASWALL, v. 1,
and JOHN MASON NEALE, vv. 2-4.

MORNING.

'Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it, and was glad.'—*Gospel.*

The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love :
Jehovah ! Great I AM !
By earth and heaven confest,
I bow, and bless the sacred name
For ever blest.

The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise and seek the joys
At His right hand :
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend ;
I shall on eagle wings upborne
To heaven ascend.
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high :
'Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,'
They ever cry :
Hail, Abraham's God and mine ;
I join the heavenly lays ;
All might and majesty are Thine
And endless praise.

1770.
12th cent. (?) Paraphrased from the Hebrew Song of Praise.



*Weekdays between the Fifth and Sixth
Sundays in Lent.*

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne ;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

'Salve caput cruentatum.'

O sacred head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn !
O bleeding head, so wounded,
Reviled, and put to scorn !
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet angel hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

I see Thy strength and vigour
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigour
Bereaving Thee of life ;
O agony and dying !
O love to sinners free !
Jesu, all grace supplying,
O turn Thy face on me.

In this Thy bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be :
Beneath Thy cross abiding
For ever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest.

'Summe Pater, O Creator.'

Jesu ! who saw'st on that sad night
Thine own, Thy chosen, take their flight,
And leave their Lord by stealth,
O may we learn in grief and care
Those harder trials still to bear,
Prosperity and wealth.

Jesu ! who meekly silent stood
Before the accusing multitude,
Do Thou my tongue control ;
Set on my busy lips Thy seal
Of silence, which can often heal
The sickness of the soul.

Jesu ! whom Peter then denied,
Thou with one gentle look didst chide
The weak disciple's fears ;
If ever I deny Thy name,
Thy cross, O send me speedy shame,
O give me bitter tears.

Jesu ! with crown of ruddy thorn
Thy foes Thy tortured brow adorn,
And scornful hail Thee King ;
May I, O Lord ! with heart sincere,
My humble zeal, my love, my fear,
And real homage bring.

Jesu ! what direst agony
Was Thine upon the bitter tree,
 With healing virtues rife !
O may I count all things but loss,
All for the glory of the cross,
 The sinner's tree of life.

First printed in 1644.
1852.

Author unknown.
tr. by FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

SUNDAY BEFORE EASTER.

(PALM SUNDAY.)

MORNING, *and on Monday and Tuesday.*

‘Gloria, laus et honor.’

All glory, laud, and honour to Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children made sweet Hosannas
 ring.

Thou art the King of Israel, Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest, the King and Blessèd
 One.

All glory, laud, and honour to Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children made sweet Hosannas
 ring.

The company of angels are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things created make reply.

All glory, laud, and honour to Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children made sweet Hosannas
ring.

The people of the Hebrews with palms before Thee went,
Our praise and prayer and anthems before Thee we
present.

All glory, laud, and honour to Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children made sweet Hosannas
ring.

To Thee before Thy passion they raised their hymns
of praise,

To Thee in glory reigning our melody we raise.

All glory, laud, and honour to Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children made sweet Hosannas
ring.

Thou didst accept their praises, accept the prayers we
bring,

Who in all good delightest, Thou good and gracious
King.

All glory, laud, and honour to Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children made sweet Hosannas
ring.

Receive instead of palm boughs our victory o'er the foe,
That in the Conqueror's triumph this strain may ever
flow.

All glory, laud, and honour to Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children made sweet Hosannas
ring.

MORNING.

O Thou, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

When on my aching burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, Thy peace impart;
In love remember me.

When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good remember me.

If worn with pain, disease, and grief
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Hear and remember me.

If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.

And O, when in the hour of death
I bow to Thy decree,
Jesu, receive my parting breath;
Dear Lord, remember me.

1791.
1819.

THOMAS HAWEIS.
altered by JAMES MONTGOMERY (?).

EVENING.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;
Thine humble beast pursues his road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain;
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

WEDNESDAY BEFORE EASTER.

Lord of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher infinite!

Jesus, hear and save!

Who, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,
Jesus, hear and save!

Mighty Monarch, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save!

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save!

Who shalt yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us, help us when we cry!
Jesus, hear and save!

THURSDAY BEFORE EASTER.

MORNING.

'Pange, lingua, gloriosi corporis mysterium.'

Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,
Of His flesh the mystery sing ;
Of the blood all price exceeding
Shed by our immortal King,
Destined for the world's redemption
From a noble womb to spring.

Of a pure and spotless virgin
Born for us on earth below,
He, as man with man conversing,
Stayed the seeds of truth to sow ;
Then He closed in solemn order
Wondrously His life of woe.

On the night of that last supper,
Seated with His chosen band,
He, the paschal victim eating,
First fulfils the law's command ;
Then He gives the food celestial
To His own with His own hand.

'Tis His word to our receiving
Makes the bread His flesh to be ;
And the wine our sins relieving
Blood that flowed upon the tree ;
Though not seeing yet believing
Take we the great mystery.

To the everlasting Father,
 And the Son who reigns on high,
 With the Holy Ghost proceeding
 Forth from each eternally,
 Honour, glory, virtue, blessing,
 Praise, and might, and majesty.

1263.
 1849.

ST. THOMAS OF AQUINO.
 tr. by EDWARD CASWALL,
 altered.

MORNING.

‘Verbum supernum prodiens.’

The heavenly Word proceeding forth,
 Yet leaving not the Father’s side,
 Accomplishing His work on earth
 Had reached at length life’s eventide.

By false disciple to be given
 To foemen for His life athirst,
 Himself, the very Bread of heaven,
 He gave to His disciples first.

By birth their fellow man was He ;
 Their meat, when sitting at the board ;
 He died, their ransom to be ;
 He ever reigns, their great reward.

1263.
 1854.

ST. THOMAS OF AQUINO
 tr. by JOHN MASON NEALE,
 and altered.

EVENING.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
'It is finished!' hear the cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

GOOD FRIDAY.

MORNING.

O come and mourn with me awhile,
O come we to the Saviour's side ;
O come, together let us mourn,
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Have we no hearts to grieve for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?
Ah, look how patiently He hangs ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Seven times He spake, seven words of love,
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears
Ask, and they will not be denied ;
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since Thou for us art crucified.

1849.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

MORNING.

*STABAT MATER.**(Pages 106-108.)*

EVENING.

When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls,
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own ;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

EASTER EVEN.

MORNING.

Resting from His work to day
In the tomb the Saviour lay,
Once again from head to feet
Swathed, but in the winding sheet ;
Lying in the rock alone,
Hid behind the sealed stone.

All that seventh day long, I ween,
Mournful watched the Magdalene,
Rising early, resting late,
By the sepulchre to wait,
In the holy garden glade
Where her buried Lord was laid.

So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend :
Let me, Lord, prepare a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmèd cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.

Myrrh and spices I will bring,
True affection's offering ;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around ;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

Then, the new creation done,
The endless rest shall be begun.
Jesu! keep me safe from sin,
With Thee may I enter in,
And, all fear and toil at end,
To Thy resting place ascend!

1842.

THOMAS WHYTEHEAD.

EVENING.

All is over;—in the tomb
Sleeps He, 'mid its silent gloom,
Till the dawn of Easter come.

All is over; fought the fight;
Heaviness is for a night,
Joy comes with the morning light.

Leave we in the grave with Him
Sins that shame and doubts that dim,
If our souls would rise with Him.

Glory to the Lord, who gave
His pure body to the grave,
Us from sin and death to save.

1855.

WILLIAM STERNE RAYMOND.

EASTER DAY.

MORNING AND EVENING.

‘Surrexit Christus hodie.’

Jesus Christ is risen to day, Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!
Who did once upon the cross, Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss, Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia!
Unto Christ our heavenly King, Alleluia!
Who endured the cross and grave, Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save, Alleluia!

But the pain which He endured, Alleluia!
Our salvation hath procured, Alleluia!
Now above the sky He's King, Alleluia!
Where the angels ever sing, Alleluia!

1708-1749.
14th cent.

Adapted by unknown authors
from the Latin ; author also unknown.

MORNING.

'O filii et filiae.'

Alleluia. Alleluia. Alleluia.

Ye sons and daughters of the King
Whom heavenly hosts in glory sing,
To day the grave hath lost its sting.

Alleluia !

On that first morning of the week,
Before the day began to break,
They went their buried Lord to seek.

Alleluia !

The holy women, faithful three,
Soon as the sabbath set them free,
To embalm their Lord came lovingly.

Alleluia !

An angel clad in white was he
That sat and spake unto the three,
'Your Lord is gone to Galilee.'

Alleluia !

When John the apostle heard the fame
He to the tomb with Peter came ;
But in the way outran the same.

Alleluia !

That night the apostles met in fear ;
Amidst them came their Lord most dear
And said, 'Peace be unto all here !'

Alleluia !

But Thomas, who had later heard
That Jesus had fulfilled His word,
Still doubted if it were the Lord.

Alleluia !

‘Thomas, behold My side,’ said He ;
‘My hands, My feet, My body see,
‘And doubt not, but believe in Me.’

Alleluia !

No longer Thomas then denied ;
He saw the hands, the feet, the side :
‘Thou art my Lord and God,’ he cried.

Alleluia !

Blessèd are they that have not seen
And yet whose faith hath constant been :
In life eternal they shall reign.

Alleluia !

On this most holy day of days
To God both hearts and voices raise
In laud and jubilee and praise !

Alleluia !

Whose mercy ever runneth o’er,
Whom men and angel hosts adore,
To Him be glory evermore.

Alleluia. Alleluia. Alleluia.

EVENING *before and* EVENING *of Easter Day.*

Ad cenam Agni providi.

Ad cenam Agni providi
Et stolis albis candidi
Post transitum maris rubri
Christo canamus principi :

Cuius corpus sanctissimum
In ara crucis torridum ;
Cruore Eius roseo
Gustando, vivimus Deo ;

Protecti paschae vespere
A devastante angelo ;
Erepti de durissimo
Pharaonis imperio.

Iam pascha nostrum Christus est,
Qui immolatus Agnus est :
Sinceritatis azyma
Caro Eius oblata est.

O vere digna hostia
Per quam fracta sunt tartara,
Redempta plebs captivata
Reddita vitae praemia.

Ad regias Agni dapes.

At the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed our robes from stain,
Brought us through the Egyptian main.

Praise we Him whose love divine
Gives His guests His blood for wine,
Gives His body for the feast,
Christ the victim, Christ the priest.

Where the paschal blood is poured
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword ;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.

Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
Paschal victim, paschal bread ;
With sincerity and love
Eat the manna from above.

Mighty victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie ;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light ;

Consurgit Christus tumulo,
Victor redit de barathro,
Tyrannum trudens vinculo
Et reserans Paradisum.

Quaesumus, Auctor omnium,
In hoc paschali gaudio,
Ab omni mortis impetu
Tuum defende populum.

Gloria Tibi, Domine,
Qui surrexisti a mortuis,
Cum Patre et Sancto Spiritu
In sempiterna saecula.

MS. of 8th cent.

Author unknown.



Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthal ;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And Thy saints in Thee shall rise.

Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy :
From the power of sin set free
Souls new born, O Lord, in Thee.

Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise ;
Risen Lord, all praise to Thee
With the Spirit ever be.

1632.

Revision of 'Ad cenam Agni
providi' in *Roman Breviary*.

1849.

tr. by ROBERT CAMPBELL, altered.



FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.
(LOW SUNDAY.)

The Hymns as on Easter Day.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

MORNING.

‘Aurora caelum purpurat.’

The dawn was purpling o’er the sky;
With alleluias rang the air;
Earth held a glorious jubilee;
Hell wailed aghast in fierce despair,
When He, whom stone and seal and guard
Had safely to the tomb consigned,
Triumphant rose and buried death
Deep in the grave He left behind.

‘Calm all your grief and still your tears,’
Hark, the descending angel cries,
‘For Christ is risen from the dead
And death is slain no more to rise.’

O Jesu! from the death of sin
Keep us, we pray; so shalt Thou be
The everlasting paschal joy
Of all the souls new born in Thee.

Now to the Father, and the Son
Who rose from death, be glory given,
With Thee, O holy Comforter,
Henceforth by all in earth and heaven.

MS. of 8th cent.

1632.

1849.

Author unknown.

revised in *Roman Breviary*.

tr. by EDWARD CASWALL.

MORNING.

Christ the Lord is risen to day,
Sons of men and angels say ;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ has burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids His rise ;
Christ has opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King ;
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Dying once, He all doth save ;
Where thy victory, O grave ?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like Him, like Him we rise ;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven !
Praise to Thee by both be given !
Thee we greet triumphant now ;
Hail, the Resurrection Thou.

EVENING.

Christ the Lord is risen again ;
Christ hath broken every chain ;
Hark ! angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high, Alleluia !

He, who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our paschal Lamb to day ;
We too sing for joy, and say, Alleluia !

He, who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry ; Alleluia !

He, who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save ;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings. Alleluia !

Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven. Alleluia !

Thou, our paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, to day Thy people feed ;
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye, Alleluia !

1531.
1858.

MICHAEL WEISSE.
tr. from the German by CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

MORNING.

'Chorus novae Hierusalem.'

Ye choirs of new Jerusalem,
Your sweetest notes employ,
The paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy ;

How Judah's Lion burst His chains
And crush'd the serpent's head,
And brought with Him from death's domains
The long imprisoned dead.

From hell's devouring jaws the prey
Alone our leader bore ;
His ransomed hosts pursue their way
Where He hath gone before.

Triumphant in His glory now
His sceptre ruleth all ;
Earth, heaven, and hell before Him bow
And at His footstool fall.

While joyful thus His praise we sing,
His mercy we implore,
Into His palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee
While endless ages run.

MORNING.

'Finita iam sunt proelia.'

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

The strife is o'er, the battle done :

The victory of life is won ;

The song of triumph has begun,

Alleluia.

The powers of death have done their worst,

But Christ their legions hath dispersed ;

Let shouts of holy joy outburst,

Alleluia.

The three sad days have quickly sped ;

He rises glorious from the dead ;

All glory to our risen Head !

Alleluia.

He brake the fast bound chains of hell ;

The bars from heaven's high portals fell ;

Let hymns of praise His triumph tell,

Alleluia.

Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,

From death's dread sting Thy servants free,

That we may live, and sing to Thee,

Alleluia.

Author and date unknown.
tr. by FRANCIS POTT.

EVENING.

Jesus lives ! no longer now
Can thy terrors, death, appal us ;
Jesus lives ! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! for us He died :
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever ;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given :
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia !

1757.
1841.
1852.

CHRISTIAN FÜRCHTEGOTT GELLERT.
tr. from the German by FRANCES ELIZABETH COX,
and altered in *Murray's Hymnal*.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

MORNING.

'Rex sempiternæ cœlitum.'

O Thou, the heaven's eternal King,
Lord of the starry spheres!
Who with the Father equal art
From everlasting years.

All praise to Thy most holy name,
Who, when the world began,
Yoking the soul with clay, didst form
In Thine own image man.

And praise to Thee, who, when the foe
Had marred Thy work sublime,
Clothing Thyself in flesh didst mould
Our race a second time;

When from the tomb new born, as from
A virgin born before,
Thou raising us from death with Thee
Didst us in Thee restore.

Eternal Shepherd, who Thy flock
In Thy pure font dost lave,
Where souls are cleansed and all their guilt
Buried as in a grave;

Jesu, who to the cross wast nailed,
Our hopeless debt to pay ;
Jesu, who lavishly didst pour
Thy blood for us away ;

O from the wretched death of sin
Keep us, so shalt Thou be
The everlasting paschal joy
Of all new born in Thee.

To God the Father, with the Son
Who from the grave arose,
And Thee, O Paraclete, be praise
While age on ages flows.

Before 550.
1632.
1849.

Author unknown.
revised in *Roman Breviary*.
tr. by EDWARD CASWALL.

MORNING.

'Victimae paschali.'

Christ the Lord is risen to day :
Christians, haste your vows to pay ;
Offer ye your praises meet
At the paschal victim's feet.
For the sheep the Lamb hath bled,
Sinless in the sinner's stead ;
'Christ is risen,' to day we cry ;
Now He lives no more to die.

Christ, the victim undefiled,
Man to God hath reconciled ;
Whilst in strange and awful strife
Met together death and life :
Christians, on this happy day
Haste with joy your vows to pay ;
'Christ is risen,' to day we cry ;
Now He lives no more to die.

Christ, who once for sinners bled,
Now the firstborn from the dead,
Throned in endless might and power,
Lives and reigns for evermore.
Hail, eternal hope on high !
Hail, Thou King of victory !
Hail, Thou Prince of life adored !
Help and save us, gracious Lord.

EVENING.

As even the lifeless stone was dear
For thoughts of Him who late lay there,
So the base world, now Christ hath died,
Ennobled is and glorified.

'Tis now a place where angels use
To come and go with heavenly news,
And in the ears of mourners say,
'Come, see the place where Jesus lay.'

'Tis now a fane where love can find
Christ everywhere embalmed and shrined ;
Aye gathering up memorials sweet
Where'er she sets her duteous feet.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

(ROGATION SUNDAY.)

MORNING

*and on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday
(Rogation Days).*

O throned, O crowned with all renown,
Since Thou the earth hast trod,
Thou reignest, and by Thee come down
Henceforth the gifts of God.
By Thee the suns of space, that burn
Unspent, their watches hold;
The hosts that turn and still return
Are swayed and poised and rolled.

The powers of earth, for all her ills,
An endless treasure yield;
The precious things of the ancient hills,
Forest, and fruitful field.
Thine is the health and Thine the wealth
That in our halls abound;
And Thine the beauty and the joy
With which the years are crowned.

And as, when ebb'd the flood, our sires
Kneel'd on the mountain sod,
While o'er the new world's altar fires
Shone out the bow of God;
And sweetly fell the peaceful spell,
Word that shall aye avail:
'Summer and winter shall not cease,
Seedtime nor harvest fail;'

Thus in their change let frost and heat
And winds and dews be given :
All fostering power, all influence sweet,
Breathe from the bounteous heaven.
Attemper fair with gentle air
The sunshine and the rain,
That kindly earth with timely birth
May yield her fruits again.

That we may feed Thy poor aright
And, gathering round Thy throne,
Here in the holy angels' sight
Repay Thee of Thine own.
For so our sires in olden time
Spared neither gold nor gear,
Nor precious wood, nor hewen stone,
Thy sacred shrines to rear.

For there to give the second birth
In mysteries and signs,
The face of Christ o'er all the earth
On kneeling myriads shines.
And if so fair beyond compare
Thine earthly houses be,
In how great grace shall we Thy face
In Thine own palace see.

MORNING.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Hearts to heaven and voices raise ;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise ;
He who on the cross a victim
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

Christ is risen, Christ the firstfruits
Of the holy harvest field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield ;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

Christ is risen, we are risen ;
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face ;
That we, with our hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Glory be to God on high ;

Alleluia to the Saviour,

Who has gained the victory ;

Alleluia to the Spirit,

Fount of love and sanctity ;

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

To the Triune Majesty.

1807-1885.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH,
Bishop.

EVENING.

"Αἰσωμεν πάντες λαοί.

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain

Of triumphant gladness ;

God hath brought His Israel

Into joy from sadness ;

Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke

Jacob's sons and daughters ;

Led them with unmoistened foot

Through the Red Sea waters.

'Tis the spring of souls to day;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendour,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesu's resurrection.

Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal
Hold Thee as a mortal;
But to day amidst the twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

d. 780 ?
1859.

ST. JOHN OF DAMASCUS.
tr. by JOHN MASON NEALE.

ASCENSION DAY.

EVENING *before and* MORNING of
Ascension Day.

Hail the day that sees Him rise, Alleluia!
Glorious to His native skies, Alleluia!
Christ, awhile to mortals given, Alleluia!
Enters now the highest heaven. Alleluia!

There the glorious triumph waits, Alleluia!
Lift your heads, eternal gates! Alleluia!
Christ has vanquished death and sin, Alleluia!
Take the King of glory in. Alleluia!

See, the heaven its Lord receives, Alleluia!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves; Alleluia!
Though returning to His throne, Alleluia!
Still He calls mankind His own. Alleluia!

See, He lifts His hands above; Alleluia!
See, He shows the prints of love; Alleluia!
Hark! His gracious lips bestow, Alleluia!
Blessings on His Church below. Alleluia!

O though parted from our sight, Alleluia!
Far above yon azure height, Alleluia!
Grant our hearts may thither rise, Alleluia!
Seeking Thee above the skies. Alleluia!

MORNING.

'Aeterne Rex altissime.'

Christ above all glory seated !
King triumphant, strong to save !
Dying, Thou hast death defeated,
Buried, Thou hast spoiled the grave.

Thou art gone where now is given
What no mortal might could gain,
On the eternal throne of heaven
In Thy Father's power to reign.

There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heaven above and earth below ;
While the depths of hell before Thee
Trembling and defeated bow.

We, O Lord, with hearts adoring
Follow Thee above the sky :
Hear our prayers, Thy grace imploring ;
Lift our souls to Thee on high.

So, when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We, Thy flock, may stand before Thee,
Owned for evermore as Thine.

MS. of 11th cent.
1852.

Author unknown.
tr. by JAMES RUSSELL WOODFORD,
Bishop.

EVENING.

He is gone—a cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight:
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor angels' ken;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone—we heard Him say,
'Good that I should go away':
Gone is that dear form and face,
But not gone His present grace;
Though Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be,
For His Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all the powers.

He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold Him as before;
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us will He prepare:
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

He is gone—but, not in vain,
Wait, until He comes again;
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere;
Evermore in heart and mind,
Where our peace in Him we find,
To our own eternal friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

1862, revised 1870.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY.

*The Hymns as on Ascension Day.**Weekdays between Ascension Day and the
Evening before Whitsunday.*

The high priest once a year
Went in the holy place
With garments white and clear,
It was the day of grace.

Without the people stood,
While unseen and alone
With incense and with blood
He did for them atone.

So we without abide
A few short passing years,
While Christ, who for us died,
Before our God appears.

Before His Father there
His sacrifice He pleads,
And with unceasing prayer
For us He intercedes.

1842.

ISAAC WILLIAMS

Thou art gone up on high,
 To mansions in the skies;
 And round Thy throne unceasingly
 The songs of praise arise;
 But we are lingering here,
 With sin and care oppressed;
 Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
 And lead us to our rest.

Thou art gone up on high;
 But Thou didst first come down,
 Through earth's most bitter agony
 To pass unto Thy crown;
 And girt with griefs and fears
 Our onward course must be;
 But only let this path of tears
 Lead us at last to Thee.

Thou art gone up on high;
 But Thou shalt come again,
 With all the bright ones of the sky
 Attendant in Thy train.
 O, by Thy saving power,
 So make us live and die,
 That we may stand in that dread hour
 At Thy right hand on high.

Where high the heavenly temple stands,
 The house of God not made with hands,
 A great high-priest our nature wears,
 The guardian of mankind appears.

He who for men their surety stood,
 And poured on earth His precious blood,
 Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
 The Saviour and the friend of man.

Though now ascended up on high,
 He bends on earth a brother's eye ;
 Partaker of the human name,
 He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our fellow sufferer yet retains
 A fellow feeling of our pains,
 And still remembers in the skies
 His tears, His agonies and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart
 The Man of sorrows had a part ;
 He sympathizes with our grief
 And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness therefore at the throne
 Let us make all our sorrows known,
 And seek the aid of heavenly power
 To help us in the evil hour.

WHITSUNDAY.

EVENING BEFORE.

‘Supreme Rector caelitem.’

Ruler of the hosts of light,
Death hath yielded to Thy might,
And Thy blood hath marked a road
Which will lead us back to God.

From Thy dwelling place above,
From Thy Father's home of love,
Guard us still with watchful eye
Through this vale of misery.

Seated on that glorious throne
Which Thy mortal travail won,
Now fulfil Thy promise given,
Send the Holy Ghost from heaven.

Praise the Son who reigns on high
With the Father in the sky,
And the Holy Ghost adore,
One true God for evermore.

Before 1686.
1837.

Author unknown.
tr. by JOHN CHANDLER.

MORNING.

Veni, Creator.

Veni, Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple superna gratia
Quae Tu creasti pectora.

Qui Paraclitus diceris
Donum Dei altissimi,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Et spiritalis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere,
Dextrae Dei Tu digitus,
Tu rite promisso Patris
Sermone ditans guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus,
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longius
Pacemque dones protinus,
Ductore sic Te praevio
Vitemus omne noxium.

Per Te sciamus, da, Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Te utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

Veni, Creator.

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes, give peace at home :
Where Thou art guide no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One,
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song ;

Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

MORNING.

Veni, Creator.

Come, Holy Ghost, eternal God,
 Proceeding from above,
 Both from the Father and the Son,
 The God of peace and love ;

Visit our minds, into our hearts
 Thy heavenly grace inspire ;
 That truth and godliness we may
 Pursue with full desire.

Thou art the very Comforter
 In grief and all distress ;
 The heavenly gift of God most High,
 No tongue can it express.

O Holy Ghost, into our minds
 Send down Thy heavenly light ;
 Kindle our hearts with fervent zeal,
 To serve God day and night.

Our weakness strengthen and confirm,
 (For, Lord, Thou knowest us frail,)
 That neither devil, world, nor flesh
 Against us may prevail.

To God the Father laud and praise,
 And to His blessèd Son,
 And to the Holy Spirit of grace,
 Coequal Three in One !

MS. of 10th cent.

1552.

1662.

Author unknown.
 tr. in the Prayer Book,
 and altered.

EVENING.

When God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came ;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His holy Dove.

The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

Like arrows went those lightnings forth
Winged with the sinner's doom,
But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth
Proclaiming life to come :

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep dark cloud.

So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

It fills the Church of God ; it fills
The sinful world around :
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear ;
Let us not miss the accepted hour ;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

1827.

JOHN KEBLE.



TRINITY SUNDAY.

MORNING.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!

Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky
and sea.
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

MORNING.

O God of life, whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.

O Father, uncreated Lord,
Be Thou in every land adored,
Be Thou with faith by all implored.

O Son of God, for sinners slain,
We bless Thee, Lord, whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.

O Holy Ghost, whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in Thy communion share.

O holy, blessed Trinity,
With faith we sinners bow to Thee;
In us, O God, exalted be!

EVENING.

Creator, Saviour, strengthening Guide,
Now on Thy mercy's ocean wide
Far out of sight we seem to glide.

Eternal One, Almighty Trine!
Since Thou art ours and we are Thine,
By all Thy love did once resign,

By all the grace Thy heavens still hide,
We pray Thee, keep us at Thy side,
Creator, Saviour, strengthening Guide!

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MORNING.

Psalm i.

Blest is the man who walks with God,
Of worldly counsels ware,
Stands not in sinner's devious road,
Nor sits in scorner's chair.

But in the Lord's own word and way
Is ever his delight ;
The cloud that guides him day by day,
The pillared fire by night.

His works shall prosper like the tree
By living waters fed,
Which bears aloft unfadingly
Its fair and fruitful head.

No state like this the ungodly know,
Their joy may never last ;
Like to the chaff which to and fro
Is scattered by the blast.

The sinner's way must end in wrath ;
But God hath seen and known
In life and death His people's path,
And He will save His own.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One mighty God of heaven,
All glory by the angel host
And saints on earth be given.

EVENING.

'We love him, because he first loved us.'—*Epistle.*

'O Deus, ego amo Te.'

My God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor because they who love Thee not
Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesu, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear
And manifold disgrace,

And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
E'en death itself, and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well,
Not for the sake of winning heaven
Or of escaping hell:

Not with the hope of gaining ought,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever loving Lord?

E'en so I love Thee and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Solely because Thou art my God
And my eternal King.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MORNING.

Psalm viii.

O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou!
How glorious is Thy name!

In heaven Thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckoned there;
And yet Thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

Through Thee the weak confound the strong
And crush their haughty foes;
And so Thou quell'st the wicked throng
That Thee and Thine oppose.

O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou!
How glorious is Thy name!

EVENING.

'Hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit
which he hath given us.'—*Epistle.*

O Thou, who on Thy sainted choir
Didst light in cloven tongues of fire,
Spirit of power, on us come down,
With light and life our heads to crown.

Come like a dove upon its nest,
O'er this Thy gathered household rest,
Till each one's inmost soul be stirred
With Thy still voice, Thy mighty word.

So shall this roof Thy praise prolong,
Nor ever from our lips the song
Of 'Peace on earth to men of peace'
And 'Glory to our God' shall cease.

Praise to the Father and the Son
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Eternal praise to each be given
By all on earth and all in heaven.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MORNING.

Psalm lxxxiv.

O God of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of Thy face!

My longing soul faints with desire
To view Thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living God.

O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they
Who in Thy temple always dwell,
And there Thy praise display!

Thrice happy they, whose choice has Thee
Their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to Thy dwelling lead!

For God, who is our sun and shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will He withhold
From them that justly live.

EVENING.

‘Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth.’—*Lesson.*

Hushed was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple child,
The little Levite, kept:
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word:
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates,
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death :
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

1856.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS.



FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MORNING.

Psalm xviii.

O God, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity:

My God, my rock in whom I trust,
The worker of my wealth,
My refuge, buckler, and my shield,
The horn of all my health.

Full sore beset with pain and grief
I prayed to God for grace,
And He forthwith did hear my plaint
Out of His holy place.

The Lord descended from above
And bowed the heavens high,
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky:

On Cherubim and Seraphim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad.

Now blessèd be the living Lord,
Most worthy of all praise,
That is my rock and saving health,
Blessèd be He always.

EVENING.

'Thou being our ruler and guide.'—*Collect.*

O Thou, to whose all searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee ;
O burst these bands and set it free.

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way ;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesu, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee ;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day,
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

1721.
1738.

NICOLAUS LUDWIG, COUNT VON ZINZENDORF.
tr. from the German by JOHN WESLEY.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MORNING.

Psalm xciii.

The Lord is King, and weareth
A robe of glory bright ;
He clothed with strength appeareth,
And girt with powerful might.

The earth He so hath grounded
That moved it cannot be ;
His throne long since was founded :
More old than time is He.

The waters highly flowèd,
And raised their voices, Lord ;
The seas their fury showèd,
And loud their billows roared.

But God in strength excelleth
Strong seas and powerful deeps :
With Him still pureness dwelleth,
And firm His truth He keeps.

EVENING.

Ein' feste Burg.

Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott,
 Ein' gute Wehr und Waffen;
 Er hilft uns frei aus aller Noth,
 Die uns jetzt hat betroffen.
 Der alt' böse Feind
 Mit Ernst er's jetzt meint;
 Groß' Macht und viel List
 Sein grausam Rüstung ist;
 Auf Erd' ist nicht sein's gleichen.

Mit unsrer Macht ist nichts gethan,
 Wir sind gar bald verloren;
 Es streit't für uns der rechte Mann,
 Den Gott selbst hat erkoren.
 Fragst du, wer der ist?
 Er heißt Jesus Christ,
 Der Herr Sebaoth,
 Und ist kein andrer Gott:
 Das Feld muß er behalten.

'Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield : but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts.'—*Lesson.*

Gin' feste Burg.

A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon ;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell ;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour ;
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon we were downriden ;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye who is this same ?
Christ Jesus is His name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son ;
He and no other one
Shall conquer in the battle.

Und wenn die Welt voll Teufel wär'
 Und wollt' uns gar verschlingen,
 So fürchten wir uns nicht so sehr,
 Es soll uns doch gelingen!
 Der Fürst dieser Welt,
 Wie sauer er sich stellt,
 Thut er uns doch nichts;
 Das macht, er ist gericht't;
 Ein Wörtlein kann ihn fällen.

Das Wort sie sollen lassen stahn
 Und kein'n Dank dazu haben!
 Er ist bei uns wohl auf dem Plan
 Mit seinem Geist und Gaben.
 Nehm'n sie uns den Leib,
 Gut, Ehr, Kind und Weib,
 Laß fahren dahin:
 Sie haben's kein'n Gewinn!
 Das Reich muß uns doch bleiben.



And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not one whit:
For why? His doom is writ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger;
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth!

1831.

tr. by THOMAS CARLYLE.



SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MORNING.

Psalm xxiii.

My shepherd is the living Lord,
Nothing therefore I need ;
In pastures fair by waters calm
He sets me forth to feed.

He shall convert and glad my soul
And bring my mind in frame
To walk in paths of righteousness
For His most holy name.

Yea, though I walk in vale of death,
Yet will I fear none ill ;
Thy rod, Thy staff, they comfort me,
And Thou art with me still.

Through all my life Thy favour is
So frankly shown to me,
That in Thy house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

EVENING.

‘For them that love thee such good things as pass man’s understanding.’—*Collect.*

Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art ;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be ;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee ;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MORNING.

'If I send them away fasting they will faint by the way.'—*Gospel.*

Psalm xlii.

As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase;
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee
And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

EVENING.

'Lord of all power and might.'—*Collect.*

Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe ;
Faint not ! much doth yet remain ;
Dreary is the long campaign.

Shrink not, Christians ! will ye yield ?
Will ye quit the painful field ?
Will ye flee in danger's hour ?
Know ye not your Captain's power ?

Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
March in heavenly armour clad ;
Fight, nor think the battle long ;
Victory soon shall wake your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye ;
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fears your course impede ;
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then to battle move ;
More than conquerors ye shall prove :
Though opposed by many a foe,
Onward, Christians, onward go.

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MORNING.

'Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear.'—*Epistle.*

Psalm xxxiv.

Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distress
From my example comfort take
And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from saints on earth
And from the angel host.

EVENING.

'Whose never failing providence ordereth all things.'—*Collect.*

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MORNING.

Psalm lxxii.

To bless Thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine:

That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known,
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.

Let differing nations join
To celebrate Thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious name.

O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth,
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

EVENING.

'They did all eat the same spiritual meat, and did all drink the same spiritual drink; for they drank of that spiritual Rock.'—*Epistle.*

Guide us, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrims through this barren land;
We are weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold us with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed us till we want no more.

Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still our strength and shield.

When we tread the verge of Jordan
Bid our anxious fears subside;
Death of death and hell's destruction,
Land us safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
We will ever give to Thee.

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MORNING.

Psalm xxv.

To Thee, O Lord most just,
I lift my inward sight :
My God, in Thee I trust ;
Let me not ruin quite :
Let not those foes that me annoy
On my complaint build up their joy.

Sure, sure, who hope in Thee
Shall never suffer shame ;
Let them confounded be
That causeless wrongs do frame.
Yea, Lord, to me Thy ways do show ;
Teach me, thus vext, which way to go.

And what, think you, may be
The paths of my great God ?
Ev'n spotless verity
And mercy spread abroad,
To such as keep His covenant
And on His testimonies plant.

EVENING.

'Let thy merciful ears, O Lord, be open to the prayers of thy humble servants.'—*Collect.*

Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy seat;
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MORNING.

Psalm xxvii.

Talk with us, Lord, Thyself reveal
While here on earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts and let us feel
The kindling of Thy love.

With Thee conversing I forget
All time and toil and care ;
Labour is rest and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art there.

Thou callest me to seek Thy face,
'Tis all I wish to seek ;
To attend the whispers of Thy grace
And hear Thee inly speak.

EVENING.

'Partakers of thy heavenly treasure.'—*Collect.*

Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, shortlived care :
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there :

O happy retribution,
Short toil, eternal rest !
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest !

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown ;

And now we watch and struggle
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope ;

But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known ;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,
 The shadows shall decay,
 And each true hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day.

There God, our King and portion,
 In fullness of His grace,
 Shall we behold for ever,
 And worship face to face.

There all the halls of Sion
 Shall be for aye complete,
 And in the land of beauty
 All things of beauty meet.

1851.

tr. by JOHN MASON NEALE.



Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve fletur :
Non breve vivere, non breve plangere retribuetur.

O retributio ! stat brevis actio, vita perennis ;
O retributio ! caelica mansio stat lue plenis.

Sunt modo proelia, postmodo praemia. Qualia ? Plena :
Plena refectio, nullaque passio, nullaque poena.

Spe modo vivitur, et Sion angitur a Babylone ;
Nunc tribulatio ; tunc recreatio, sceptræ, coronæ.

Qui modo creditur, ipse videbitur, atque scietur :
Ipse videntibus atque scientibus attribuetur.

Mane videbitur, umbra fugabitur, ordo patebit ;
Mane nitens erit, et bona qui gerit, ille nitebit.

Pars mea, Rex meus, in proprio Deus ipse decore
Visus amabitur, atque videbitur Auctor in ore.

Tunc Sion atria, pulchraque patria perficietur.

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MORNING.

Psalm lxxviii.

Let God, the God of battles, rise
And scatter His proud enemies !
O let them flee before His face
Like smoke which driving tempests chase.

But let the just with joy abound ;
In joyful songs His praise resound,
Who, riding on the rolling spheres,
The name of great Jehovah bears.

When God our numerous army led,
And marched through deserts full of dread,
Heaven melted, and earth's centre shook
With His majestic presence strook.

He, in the approach of meagre dearth,
With showers refreshed the fainting earth,
Where His own flock in safety fed ;
The needy unto plenty led.

Ye kingdoms through the world renowned,
Sing to the Lord, His praise resound,
Who doth the firmament bestride
And on the ancient heavens doth ride.

EVENING.

' Who art wont to give more than either we desire or
deserve.'—*Collect.*

When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MORNING.

Psalm cxxxvi.

Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

O let us His praises tell
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Who by His all commanding might
Did fill the new made world with light :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

And caused the golden tressèd sun
All the day long his course to run :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

The hornèd moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All living creatures He doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

That His mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

EVENING.

'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.'—*Gospel*.

O God, of good the unfathomed sea,
Who would not give his heart to Thee,
Who would not love Thee with his might?
O Jesu, lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind
With all his strength to Thee unite?

High throned on heaven's eternal hill
In number, weight, and measure still
Thou sweetly orderest all that is :
And yet Thou deign'st to come to me
And guide my steps, that I with Thee
Enthroned may reign in endless bliss.

1668.
1739.

JOHANN SCHEFFLER.
tr. from the German by JOHN WESLEY.

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MORNING.

Psalm lxxxiv.

How lovely is Thy dwelling,
Great God, to whom all greatness is belonging!
To view Thy courts far, far from any telling
My soul doth long, and pine with longing.
Unto the God that liveth,
The God that all life giveth,
My heart and body doth aspire
Above delight, beyond desire.

Thou art the shield us shieldeth :
Then, Lord, behold the face of Thine anointed.
One day spent in Thy courts more comfort yieldeth
Than thousands otherwise appointed.
I count it clearer pleasure
To spend my age's treasure
Waiting a porter at Thy gates,
Than dwell a lord with wicked mates.

Thou art the sun that shineth,
Thou art the buckler, Lord, that us defendeth ;
Glory and grace Jehovah's hand assigneth :
And good, without refusal, sendeth
To him who truly treadeth
The path to pureness leadeth.
O Lord of might, thrice blessed he
Whose confidence is built on Thee.

EVENING.

‘The fruit of the Spirit.’—*Epistle.*

‘Nunc Sancte nobis Spiritus.’

Come, Holy Ghost, who ever one
Art with the Father and the Son ;
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls possess
With Thy full flood of holiness.

Let flesh and heart and lips and mind
Sound forth our witness to mankind ;
And love light up our mortal frame
Till others catch the living flame.

Now to the Father, to the Son,
And to the Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise and thanks and glory given,
By men on earth, by saints in heaven.

MS. of 8th cent.
1836.

Author unknown.
tr. by JOHN HENRY NEWMAN
Cardinal.

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MORNING.

Psalm xc.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home :

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

EVENING.

Psalm c.

'Hast thou not heard long ago how I have done it, and of ancient times that I have formed it?'—*Lesson.*

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

1719.
1736.

ISAAC WATTS.
altered by JOHN WESLEY.

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MORNING.

Psalm xci.

Call Jehovah thy salvation ;
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade ;
In His sacred habitation
Dwell, nor ever be afraid.
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

From the sword at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God will be thy sure defence ;
Fear not then the deadly quiver
Though a thousand feel the blow ;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver
Though ten thousand be laid low.

If with pure and firm affection
On God's laws be set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above ;
Thou shalt call when griefs oppress thee ;
He will hearken, He will save ;
Here with special favour bless thee,
Give thee life beyond the grave.

EVENING.

'Rooted and grounded in love.'—*Epistle.*

Jesu, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
 Till the storm of life is past :
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone ;
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed ;
 All my help from Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing !

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make and keep me pure within :
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MORNING.

Psalm xciii.

With glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely stablished is Thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see !
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high ;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure ;
And they that in Thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

EVENING.

‘One body and one Spirit . . . one hope of your calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all.’—*Epistle*.

Millions within Thy courts have met,
 Millions this day before Thee bowed;
 Their faces Sionward were set,
 Their lips Thy saving name avowed.

People of every tribe and tongue,
 Of different churches, climates, lands,
 Have heard Thy truth, Thy praise have sung,
 And offered prayer with holy hands.

And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
 Hath failed this day Thine ear to gain;
 To those in trouble Thou wert nigh;
 Not one hath sought Thy face in vain.

Thy poor have all been freely fed,
 Thy chastened sons have kissed the rod,
 The mourners have been comforted,
 The pure in heart have seen their God.

Yet one prayer more: and be it one
 In which both heaven and earth accord;
 Fulfil Thy promise to Thy Son;
 Let all who breathe call Jesus Lord.

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MORNING.

Psalm c.

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His folk, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

1560-1.

WILLIAM KETHE.

EVENING.

‘With pure hearts and minds to follow thee.’—*Collect.*

O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free:
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone:

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean;
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From Him that dwells within:

A heart in every thought renewed
 And full of love divine;
 Perfect and right, and pure and good,
 A copy, Lord, of Thine!

My heart Thou knowest can never rest
 Till Thou create my peace;
 Till of my Eden repossess
 From every sin I cease.

Fruit of Thy gracious lips on me
 Bestow that peace unknown;
 The hidden manna, and the tree
 Of life, and the white stone.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
 Come quickly from above;
 Write Thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new best name of love.

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MORNING.

Psalm cxlviii.

Ye boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim,
To sing His praise.

Thou moon that rul'st the night,
And sun that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To Him your homage pay:
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

Let earth her tribute bring,
With all that roam her plains;
Let ocean own its King,
With all the deep contains:
Your notes prolong,
Ye warblers sweet,
His praise repeat
Who taught your song.

Let us more blest than they,
Who nobler powers possess,
More worthy homage pay,
And heartfelt love express :
In grateful lays
Let every voice
In God rejoice
And sing His praise.

1696.

NAHUM TATE and NICHOLAS BRADY
(New Version).



EVENING.

‘Renewed in the spirit of your mind.’—*Epistle.*

Pour down Thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
On all assembled here;
Let us receive the engrafted word
With meekness and with fear.

By faith in Thee the soul receives
New life, though dead before;
And he that in Thy name believes
Shall live to die no more.

Preserve the power of faith alive
In those who love Thy name;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

Thy power and mercy first prevailed
From death to set us free;
And often since our life had failed,
If not renewed by Thee.

To Thee we look, to Thee we bow,
To Thee for help we call;
Our life and resurrection Thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all.

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MORNING.

Psalm cx.

Spake the glorious Lord in heaven,
 'Lord, be Thine this royal seat,
 Till their armies thunder-riven
 Bow the neck beneath Thy feet.'

Lo Thy standards proudly going!
 Forth they fare the world to win:
 Reign and prosper, overthrowing
 All the lords of death and sin!

King! the day is Thine: they own Thee
 Prince o'er all the hearts of men;
 Girt with holy splendours crown Thee,
 Bring Thee all Thine own again.

God with man, an infant tender
 Of a stainless maiden born;
 Elder than the daystar's splendour,
 Purer than the pearls of morn;

By the eternal oath appointed
 Of the mystic order blest,
 Thou art vested, throned, anointed,
 Evermore a kingly priest.

When the doom of sin is sealèd
 And the trump of judgment rings,
 Darkly at Thy side revealèd
 God shall bruise the godless kings.

Thou shalt judge among the heathen,
 Thou shalt fill the world with dread;
 Never shall Thy sword be sheathen
 Till it smite the apostate's head.

But Thy spell of endless glory
 Is to suffer and to die;
 Kedron with its bitter story
 And the vale of agony.

Honour, blessing, virtue, merit
 To the Father and the Son,
 And the good and gracious Spirit,
 While eternal ages run.

1860.

EDWARD WHITE BENSON,
 Archbishop.

EVENING.

'Ready both in body and soul.'—*Collect.*

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign hand denies,
 Accepted at Thy throne of grace
 Let this petition rise.

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free;
 The blessings of Thy grace impart,
 And let me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
 My path of life attend,
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And bless its happy end.

1760.

ANNE STEELE.

TWENTY FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MORNING.

Psalm cxvii.

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue !

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends Thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

EVENING.

'Put on the whole armour of God.'—*Epistle.*

Soldiers of Christ, arise
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endowed :
But take, to arm you in the fight,
The panoply of God.

From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well fought day.

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone
And stand complete at last.

Now praise and majesty
To Father and to Son,
With the all Holy Spirit be
While endless ages run.

TWENTY SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MORNING.

Psalm cxxi.

Up to those bright and gladsome hills,
Whence flows my weal and mirth,
I look, and sigh for Him who fills
Unseen both heaven and earth.

He is alone my help and hope
That I shall not be moved ;
His watchful eye is ever ope
And guardèth His beloved.

The glorious God is my sole stay,
He is my sun and shade :
The cold by night, the heat by day,
Neither shall me invade.

He keeps me safe from every ill,
Doth all my foes control ;
He is a shield and shelter still
Unto my very soul.

Whether abroad amidst the crowd
Or else within my door,
He is my pillar and my cloud
Now and for evermore.

Praise to the Father and the Son ;
Praise to the Spirit be ;
Praise to the blessed Three in One,
Through all eternity !

EVENING.

Psalm lxxxiv.

‘Thy household the Church.’—*Collect.*

Lord of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of Thy love,
 Thine earthly temples are!
 To Thine abode
 My heart aspires
 With warm desires
 To see my God.

O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise Thee still;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Sion’s hill.

They go from strength to strength
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears.
 O glorious seat,
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet.

TWENTY THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MORNING.

Psalm cxxii.

O 'twas a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day.

At Salem's courts we must appear
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united towers.

O pray we then for Salem's peace,
For they shall prosperous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found,
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crowned.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

1696.

NAHUM TATE and NICHOLAS BRADY
(New Version).

EVENING.

'Our conversation is in heaven.'—*Epistle.*
O thou not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own

Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above ;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love ;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God ! thou art.

Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down ;
Where self itself yields up ;
Where martyrs win their crown ;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go ;
When in His steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe ;
Where He is in the heart,
City of God ! thou art.

Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In His name gathered are,
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem !

TWENTY FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MORNING.

Psalm cxxxiii.

How good and how beseeming well
It is that we,
Who brethren be,
As brethren should in concord dwell.

Like that dear oil that Aaron bears
Which, falling down
To foot from crown,
Embalms the beard and robe he wears.

Or like the tears the morn doth shed,
Which lie on ground
Empearled around
On Sion or on Hermon's head.

For joined therewith the Lord doth give
Such grace, such bliss,
That where it is
Men may for ever blessèd live.

d. 1621.

MARY SIDNEY,
Countess of Pembroke.

EVENING.

'Partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.'—*Epistle*.

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
 Sion, city of our God ;
 He whose word cannot be broken
 Formed thee for His own abode ;
 On the Rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded
 Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows, their thirst to assuage ?
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

Saviour, if of Sion's city
 I through grace a member am,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in Thy name.
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show ;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Sion's children know.

TWENTY FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MORNING.

Psalm cl.

Praise the Lord enthroned on high ;
Praise Him in His sanctity ;
Praise Him for His mighty deeds ;
Praise Him who in power exceeds.

Praise with trumpets, pierce the skies ;
Praise with harps and psalteries ;
Praise with silver cymbals sing,
Praise on those which loudly ring.

Praise the Lord enthroned on high ;
Praise Him in His sanctity ;
Praise the Lord above, beneath,
Every creature that hath breath.

1637.

GEORGE SANDYS.

EVENING.

‘ Who may abide the day of his coming ? ’—*Lesson.*

My God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy mercy seat
In depths of burning light.

How dread are Thine eternal years,
 O everlasting Lord,
 By prostrate spirits day and night
 Incessantly adored !

How beautiful, how beautiful,
 The sight of Thee must be ;
 Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
 And awful purity !

O how I fear Thee, living God,
 With deepest, tenderest fears,
 And worship Thee with trembling hope
 And penitential tears.

Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
 Almighty as Thou art ;
 For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
 The love of my poor heart.

No earthly father loves like Thee ;
 No mother half so mild
 Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
 With me, Thy sinful child.

O then, this worse than worthless heart
 In pity deign to take,
 And make me love Thee for Thyself
 And for Thy glory's sake.

HOLY DAYS.

ST. ANDREW.

'And he saith unto them, Follow me.'--*Gospel.*

Jesus calls us ; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, 'Christian, follow Me :'

As of old Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, 'Christian, love Me more.'

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
'Christian, love Me more than these.'

Jesus calls us : by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

ST. THOMAS.

'Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.'—*Gospel*.

O Thou, who didst with love untold
Thy doubting servant chide,
Bidding the eye of sense behold
Thy wounded hands and side :

Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe
To own Thee God and Lord,
And from his hour of darkness draw
Faith in the incarnate Word.

And while that wondrous record now
Of unbelief we hear,
Teach us the lowlier, Lord, to bow
In self distrusting fear :

And grant that we may never dare
Thy loving heart to grieve,
But at the last their blessings share
Who see not, yet believe.

CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?'—*Epistle.*

Where shall we find our mightiest saint,
The chosen vessel of the Lord?
The soul to dare and never faint,
The arm to wield the conqueror's sword?

We find him where we sought him not,
Chief in the front of Jesus' foes:
There, where the battle rages hot,
Loudest of all his trumpet blows.

O voice of love! O voice of power!
'Saul, Saul, why warrest thou with Me?'
O captive heart, in that dread hour
From every bond, but one, set free!

Love-vanquished prisoner of the cross!
The love of Christ doth now constrain:
For Christ he counts his glories loss,
To live is Christ, to die is gain.

O Saviour! when with heedless jest,
Or blinding zeal, or anger fierce,
We wound the souls that Thou hast blest,
Dear Lord! unknowing whom we pierce,

Look, Lord! upon us from above;
Speak, Lord! 'Why warrest thou with Me?'
Then make us heralds of Thy love,
And chosen vessels unto Thee!

PURIFICATION.

EVENING BEFORE.

'They brought him to Jerusalem, to present him to the Lord.'—*Gospel*.

'Fumant Sabaeis templa vaporibus.'

Sweet incense breathes around,
The coming Lord to greet ;
And Sion through her sacred bound
Awakes, her God to meet.
Arise ye then, ye wakeful quires,
And early light your altar fires.

Let faith with glistening eye
Trim up her torch so bright,
And flame-encircled charity
Breathe out her glowing light ;
And white-robed innocence be there,
To pour its sweetest incense prayer.

Why love to linger here—
These guilty days prolong ?
More blessèd far yon dying seer,
Be ours his parting song ;
And He whom here by faith we see
Shall our eternal portion be.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be ;
To the eternal Three in One,
To all eternity !
Blest Trinity, to Thee we raise
Our joyous hearts in ceaseless praise.

MORNING.

‘His mother marvelled at those things which were
spoken of him.’—*Gospel.*

‘Templi sacratas pande, Sion, fores.’

O Sion ! open wide thy gates ;
Let figures disappear ;
A priest and victim both in one,
The Truth Himself is here.

No more the simple flock shall bleed :
Behold, the Father’s Son
Himself to His own altar comes,
For sinners to atone.

Conscious of hidden Deity,
The lowly virgin brings
Her newborn babe, with two young doves
Her tender offerings.

The hoary Simeon sees at last
His Lord so long desired ;
And hails with Anna Israel’s hope,
With sudden rapture fired.

But silent knelt the mother blest
Of the yet silent Word ;
And pondering all things in her heart,
With speechless praise adored.

Praise to the Father and the Son ;
Praise to the Spirit be ;
Praise to the blessed Three in One
Through all eternity.

EVENING.

'So we may be presented unto thee with pure and clean hearts.'—*Collect.*

Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God ;
The secret of the Lord is theirs ;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

The Lord who left the heavens,
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King ;

Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we Thy presence seek ;
May ours this blessing be ;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

1819.
1836.

JOHN KEBLE,
altered.

ST. MATTHIAS.

'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden,
and I will give you rest.'—*Gospel.*

'Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.'
O blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest !
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love that cannot cease.

'Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.'
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night !
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way ;
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

'Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.'
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife !
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long ;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

' And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out.'
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

1867.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX



ANNUNCIATION.

EVENING *before and* MORNING *of the*
Annunciation.

‘Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel.’—*Epistle.*

Hushed the storms that lately ravèd ;
O’er the earth no armèd war ;
Full upon the house of David
Shines the bright and morning Star.

List ! the angel greets the maiden,
‘Christ is born if thou believe,
Solace of the sorrow-laden,
Ransom of the sin of Eve.’

Lowly in her lowly dwelling,
With a holy virgin fear,
To the glorious angel telling
God’s high grace, she bowed her ear.

So the Spirit came upon her ;
Moved as o’er the ancient deep ;
Gave her—O the unearthly honour !
God for her own Son to keep.

Purer than the dew of morning
So He slid into our race,
Shamed humanity adorning
For a more than angel place.

Jesu Maker ! Jesu Brother !
Lift me, gently leading on
From the bosom of Thy mother
To Thy cross and then Thy throne.

EVENING.

'Behold the handmaid of the Lord ; be it unto me
according to thy word.'—*Gospel.*

O Thou, to whose all seeing eye
Earth's mysteries are clear,
Who, bright as noonday, canst descry
What we deem darkest here ;

Make us in lowly faith rejoice
With her, who on this day
First heard the angel's wondrous voice,
And heard but to obey..

For though on duty's narrow path
Dark clouds awhile may rest,
One light the weary spirit hath
To know Thy way is best,

And say, 'Whate'er betide, yet still
Behold Thy servant, Lord ;
Be it to me through good and ill
According to Thy word.'

ST. MARK.

MORNING.

'Out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures.'—*Evening Lesson.*

Even as those mysterious Four
Who the bright whirling wheels upbore
By Chebar in the fiery blast,
So, on their tasks of love and praise
The saints of God their several ways
Right onward speed, yet join at last.

And sometimes even beneath the moon
The Saviour gives a gracious boon,
When reconciled Christians meet,
And face to face, and heart to heart,
High thoughts of holy love impart
In silence meek or converse sweet.

Companion of the saints! 'twas thine
To taste that drop of peace divine,
When the great soldier of thy Lord
Called thee to take his last farewell,
Teaching the Church with joy to tell
The story of your love restored.

O then the glory and the bliss,
When all that pained or seemed amiss
Shall melt with earth and sin away!
When saints beneath their Saviour's eye,
Filled with each other's company,
Shall spend in love the eternal day.

EVENING.

'He gave some . . . evangelists, and some pastors and teachers.'—*Epistle*.

Pour out Thy Spirit from on high ;
Lord, Thine ordained servants bless ;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

Within Thy temple when they stand
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
The angels of Thy churches be.

Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love ;

To watch and pray, and never faint ;
By day and night strict guard to keep ;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs and feed Thy sheep ;

Then, when their work is finished here,
In humble hope their charge resign :
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be Thine.

1833.

JAMES MONTGOMERY,
altered.

Archbishop BENSON was consecrated Bishop of Truro
on St. Mark's Day, 1877.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

'I will come again, and receive you unto myself.'—*Gospel*.

'Tristes erant Apostoli.'

As mourns a widowed bride,
The apostles sore were weeping
For the dear Lord who died,
And in the rock lay sleeping.

Meantime the angelic word
Hath soothed the women's sadness,
Soon shall ye see your Lord,
The new risen sun of gladness.

Swift as they sped to tell
The saints, His word receiving,
They met, they knew Him well,
And kissed His feet believing.

Home then the saintly quire,
To Galilee returning,
Behold their hearts' desire,
And praise with speechless yearning.

So, Lord, through love and faith
Be Thou our spirits sealing;
Still shew Thee strong in death,
Thyself on high revealing.

MS. of 8th cent.
1632.
1863.

Author unknown.
revised in the *Roman Breviary*.
tr. by EDWARD WHITE BENSON,
Archbishop.

ST. BARNABAS.

Grace to use them alway to thy honour and
glory.'—*Collect.*

When the newborn saints assembling
Daily, 'neath the shower of fire,
To their Lord in hope and trembling
Brought the choice of earth's desire,

Son of holiest consolation,
Thou didst turn thy land to gold
And thy gold to strong salvation,
Leaving all by Christ to hold.

Type of priest and monarch casting
All their crowns before the throne,
And the treasure everlasting
Heaping in the world unknown.

Christ before thy door is waiting,
Rouse thee, slave of earthly gold;
Lo! He comes thy pomp abating,
Hungry, thirsty, homeless, cold:

Cold and bare He comes who never
May put off His robe of light;
Homeless who must dwell for ever
In the Father's bosom bright.

Bring thine all, thy choicest treasure,
Heap it high and hide it deep,
So to win o'erflowing measure,
So to climb where skies are steep.

ST. PETER.

‘ Lovest thou me ? ’—*Morning Lesson.*

Forsaken once, and thrice denied,
The risen Lord gave pardon free,
Stood once again at Peter's side,
And asked him, ‘ Lov'st thou Me ? ’

How many times with faithless word
Have we denied His holy name,
How oft forsaken our dear Lord,
And shrunk when trial came !

O oft forsaken, oft denied,
Forgive our shame, wash out our sin ;
Look on us from Thy Father's side,
And let that sweet look win.

Hear when we call Thee from the deep,
Still walk beside us on the shore,
Give hands to work, and eyes to weep,
And hearts to love Thee more.

ST. JAMES.

'Ye know not what ye ask.'—*Gospel.*

Two brothers freely cast their lot
With David's royal Son ;
The cost of conquest counting not,
They deem the battle won.

Brothers in heart they hope to gain
An undivided joy ;
That man may one with man remain,
As boy was one with boy.

Christ heard, and willed that James should fall
First prey of Satan's rage,
John linger out his fellows all
And die in bloodless age.

Now they join hands once more above
Before the Conqueror's throne ;
Thus God grants prayer, but in His love
Makes times and ways His own.

Now honour, might, and sovranity,
From saints in earth and heaven
To Father, Son, and Spirit be
To endless ages given.

1833.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN,
Cardinal.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

'Unto him ye shall hearken.'—*Evening Lesson.*

Eye of God's word! where'er we turn
Ever upon us! thy keen gaze
Can all the depths of sin discern,
Unravel every bosom's maze:

Who that has felt thy glance of dread
Thrill through his heart's remotest cells,
About his path, about his bed,
Can doubt what spirit in thee dwells?

'What word is this? whence know'st Thou me?'
All wondering cries the humbled heart,
To hear thee that deep mystery,
The knowledge of itself, impart.

The veil is raised: who runs may read,
By its own light the truth is seen,
And soon the Israelite indeed
Bows down to adore the Nazarene.

So did Nathanael, guileless man,
At once, not shamefaced or afraid,
Owning Him God, who so could scan
His musings in the lonely shade;

In his own pleasant fig tree's shade,
Which by his household fountain grew,
Where at noonday his prayer he made,
To know God better than he knew.

O happy hours of heavenward thought!
How richly crowned! how well improved!
In musing o'er the law he taught,
In waiting for the Lord he loved.

We must not mar with earthly praise
What God's approving word hath sealed;
Enough, if right our feeble lays
Take up the promise He revealed;

'The childlike faith, that asks not sight,
Waits not for wonder or for sign,
Believes, because it loves, aright—
Shall see things greater, things divine.'

1827.

JOHN KEBLE.



ST. MATTHEW.

'He saith unto him, Follow me. And he arose, and followed him.'—*Gospel*.

Behold, the Master passeth by!
O seest thou not His pleading eye?
With low sad voice He calleth thee;—
Leave this vain world and follow Me.

O soul, bowed down with sin and care,
Hast thou no thought for heaven to spare?
From earthly toils lift up thine eye;—
Behold, the Master passeth by!

One heard Him calling long ago,
And straightway left all things below,
Counting his earthly gain as loss
For Jesus and His blessed cross.

'That 'Follow Me' his faithful ear
Seemed every day afresh to hear:
Its echoes stirred his spirit still,
And fired his hope, and nerved his will.

God sweetly calls us every day:
Why should we then our bliss delay?
He calls to heaven and endless light:
Why should we love the dreary night?

Praise, Lord, to Thee for Matthew's call,
At which he left his earthly all;
Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me,—
I will leave all, and follow Thee.

1871.

1637-1711.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW,
Bishop.
based on THOMAS KEN,
Bishop.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

EVENING BEFORE.

'Te splendor et virtus Patris.'

O Lord of hosts, whose beams impart
New life and vigour to the heart,
For Thee we tune our grateful lyre,
And mingle with the angels' choir.

Myriads of chiefs their lances wield,
And glitter o'er the azure field,
Whilst Michael, like a blazing star,
Displays the cross, and ends the war.

The dragon's head he crushed with this,
And drove him down the vast abyss,
Whilst rebel angels with their head
Impatient of his lightnings fled.

O may we choose the better guide,
And vanquish all attempts of pride,
That we the heavenly seats may gain,
And with the Lamb for ever reign.

MS. of 11th cent.
1632.
1631-1701.

Author unknown.
recast in the *Roman Breviary*.
tr. by JOHN DRYDEN (probably).

MORNING.

'As thy holy Angels alway do thee service in heaven,
so by thy appointment they may succour and defend us
on earth.'—*Collect.*

Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright,
Filled with celestial resplendence and light,
These that, where night never followeth day,
Raise the 'Trisagion' ever and aye :

These are Thy counsellors, these dost Thou own,
God of Sabaoth, the nearest Thy throne ;
These are Thy ministers, these dost Thou send,
Help of the helpless ones ! man to defend.

Then, when the earth was first poised in mid space,
Then, when the planets first sped on their race,
Then, when were ended the six days' employ,
Then all the sons of God shouted for joy.

Still let them succour us ; still let them fight,
Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right ;
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the angels may bow and adore.

830 ?
1862.

ST. JOSEPH the Hymnographer.
tr. from the Greek by
JOHN MASON NEALE.

EVENING.

'In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.'—*Gospel*.

Father, before Thy throne of light
 The guardian angels bend,
 And ever in Thy presence bright
 Their psalms adoring blend ;
 And casting down each golden crown
 Beside the crystal sea,
 With voice and lyre, in happy quire,
 Hymn glory, Lord, to Thee.

And as the rainbow lustre falls
 Athwart their glowing wings,
 While seraph unto seraph calls,
 And each Thy goodness sings ;
 So may we feel, as low we kneel,
 To pray Thee for Thy grace,
 That Thou art here for all who fear
 The brightness of Thy face.

Here, where the angels see us come
 To worship day by day,
 Teach us to seek our heavenly home,
 And love Thee e'en as they ;
 Teach us to raise our notes of praise,
 With them Thy love to own,
 That boyhood's time and manhood's prime
 Be Thine and Thine alone.

ST. LUKE.

'An Evangelist, and Physician of the soul.'—*Collect.*

How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Sion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace instil!

How happy we, who hear
The loved physician's voice,
By wholesome medicines skilled to make
A sin-sick world rejoice!

How blessèd are our eyes,
That see the heavenly light,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
But died without the sight!

Lord, send Thy living truth
Through all the earth abroad,
Till every nation shall confess
Its Saviour and its God.

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

'Who hast built thy Church upon the foundation of the
Apostles and Prophets.'—*Collect.*

The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;
She is His new creation
By water and the word :
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride ;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth ;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, 'How long ?'
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore ;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won :
O happy ones and holy !
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

1866. .

SAMUEL JOHN STONE.

ALL SAINTS.

EVENING BEFORE.

'Thy blessed Saints.'—*Collect.*

Who are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand ?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band ?
Alleluia ! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness?
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand—
Whence comes all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

These, the Almighty contemplating,
Did as priests before Him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at His command:
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His face.

1719.
1841.

HEINRICH THEOBALD SCHENK.
tr. from the German by
FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

MORNING.

'Lo, a great multitude, which no man could
number.'—*Epistle*.

'Quisquis valet numerare.'

If there be that skills to reckon
All the number of the blest,
He perchance can weigh the gladness
Of the everlasting rest,
Which, their earthly warfare finished,
They through suffering have possest.

Through the vale of lamentation
Happily and safely past,
Now the years of their affliction
In their memory they recast,
And the end of all perfection
They can contemplate at last.

In a glass, through types and riddles,
Dwelling here, we see alone ;
Then serenely, purely, clearly,
We shall know as we are known,
Fixing our enlightened vision
On the glory of the throne.

There the Trinity of Persons
Unbeclouded shall we see ;
There the Unity of essence
Shall revealed in glory be ;
While we hail the Threefold Godhead
And the simple Unity.

Wherefore, man, take heart and courage,
Whatsoe'er thy present pain ;
Such untold reward through suffering
It is given thee to attain ;
And for ever in His glory
With the Light of Light to reign.

Laud and honour to the Father ;
Laud and honour to the Son ;
Laud and honour to the Spirit ;
Ever Three and ever One ;
Consubstantial, coeternal,
While unending ages run.

MS. of 15th cent.
1854.

Author unknown.
tr. by JOHN MASON NEALE.



MORNING.

'Great is your reward in heaven.'—*Gospel.*

The saints of God ! their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword,
They cast them down before their Lord :
 O happy saints ! for ever blest,
 At Jesus' feet how safe your rest !

The saints of God ! their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run ;
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal :
 O happy saints ! for ever blest,
 In that dear home how sweet your rest !

The saints of God ! life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head :
 O happy saints ! for ever blest,
 In that calm haven of your rest !

The saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies :
 O happy saints ! rejoice and sing !
 He quickly comes, your Lord and King !

O God of saints, to Thee we cry ;
O Saviour, plead for us on high !
O Holy Ghost, our guide and friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end ;
 That with all saints our rest may be
 In that bright Paradise with Thee !

1870.

WILLIAM DALRYMPLE MACLAGAN,
Archbishop.

EVENING.

'The care of them is with the most High.'—*Lesson.*

How bright these glorious spirits shine !
 Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
 Of everlasting day ?

Lo ! these are they from sufferings great
 Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
 Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
 Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
 The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
 Tunes every mouth to sing ;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
 With glad Hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more
Nor suns with scorching ray ;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb, which dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

To pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

1709.
1745-51.
1781.

ISAAC WATTS.
recast in *Scottish Paraphrases*.
altered by WILLIAM CAMERON.



THE APOSTLES.

' *Aeterna Christi munera.*'

The Lord's eternal gifts,
The apostles' mighty praise,
Their victories and high reward,
Sing we in joyful lays.

Lords of the churches they,
Triumphant chiefs of war,
Brave soldiers of the heavenly camp,
True lights for evermore.

Theirs was the saint's high faith,
And quenchless hope's pure glow,
And perfect charity, which laid
The world's fell tyrant low.

In them the Father shone ;
In them the Son o'ercame ;
In them the Holy Spirit wrought
And filled their hearts with flame.

Praise to the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One and Three ;
As evermore hath been before,
And shall for ever be.

5th cent. ?
1849.

Author unknown.
tr. by EDWARD CASWALL.

‘Supreme quales Arbiter.’

Disposer supreme and Judge of the earth,
Who choosest for Thine the weak and the poor,
To frail earthen vessels and things of no worth
Entrusting Thy riches which aye shall endure.

Those vessels soon fail, though full of Thy light;
They at Thy decree are broken and gone;
Then brightly appeareth the arm of Thy might,
As through the clouds breaking the lightnings
have shone.

Like clouds are they borne to do Thy great will,
And swift as the winds about the world go;
All full of Thy Godhead, while earth lieth still,
They thunder, they lighten, the waters o’erflow.

They thunder—their sound it is Christ the Lord;
Then Satan doth fear, his citadels fall;
As when the dread trumpets went forth at Thy word
And on the ground lieth the Canaanite’s wall.

O loud be Thy trump, and stirring the sound
To rouse us, O Lord, from sin’s deadly sleep;
May lights which Thou kindlest in darkness around
The dull soul awaken her vigils to keep.

All honour and praise, dominion and might,
To God, Three in One, eternally be,
Who round us hath shed His own marvellous light,
And called us from darkness His glory to see.

‘Caelestis aulae principes.’

Captains of the saintly band,
Lights who lighten every land,
Princes who with Jesus dwell,
Judges of His Israel.

On the nations sunk in night
Ye have shed the gospel light;
Sin and error flee away,
Truth reveals the promised day.

Not by warrior's spear and sword,
Not by art of human word,
Preaching but the cross of shame,
Rebel hearts for Christ ye tame.

Earth, that long in sin and pain
Groaned in Satan's deadly chain,
Now to serve its God is free
In the law of liberty.

Distant lands with one acclaim
Tell the honour of your name,
Who, wherever man has trod,
Teach the mysteries of God.

Glory to the Three in One,
While eternal ages run,
Who from deepest shades of night
Called us to His glorious light.

1686.
1861.

JEAN BAPTISTE DE SANTEUIL.
tr. by Sir HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER.

THE EVANGELISTS.

'Christi perennes nuntii.'

Christ's everlasting messengers,
Who from the opening skies
Traverse the earth in showers of light
And sow with mysteries;

The things discerned by seers of old
Behind the shadowy screen,
In the full day have ye beheld,
With not a veil between.

The things which God as man hath borne,
Which man as God hath done,
Ye write, as God dictates, to all
Who see the circling sun.

Though far in space and time apart,
One Spirit sways you all;
And we in those blest characters
Hear now that living call.

Glory to God, the Three in One!
All glory be to Thee,
Who from our darkness callest us
Thy glorious light to see.

1686.
1837.

JEAN BAPTISTE DE SANTEUIL.
tr. by ISAAC WILLIAMS.

From hidden source arising,
A mighty river ran
Through Eden's pleasant garden,
Where God created man.

Thence, parted into branches,
In four great streams it rolled
To water fields and vineyards,
To wash down sands of gold.

And so from highest heaven
The Lord, the holy Dove,
In fourfold manner sends us
The tale of Jesu's love ;

The tale whose words are golden,
The tale whose flood divine
Makes glad the Lord's own garden
With plenteous corn and wine.

Four are the sacred voices,
The story is but one ;
In fourfold wise they praise Him,
The sole begotten Son.

For this Thy fourfold gospel
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee,
In it Thyself revealing,
Eternal Trinity !

THE MARTYRS.

'Felix morte tua, qui cruciatibus.'

How happy the mortal
Through pains and dismay
Who hath burst the portal
To regions of day.

Our weak spirits languish
At sound of death's feet,
But thou the stern anguish
Dost go forth to meet.

Yet nothing confounded
With rack and with chains,
Where death hath abounded
With tortures and pains.

Lo! from highest heaven,
His champion to own,
Between the clouds riven
Is Christ looking down.

His hand hath He holden
Where weak nature fails;
His spirit doth embolden
And in him prevails.

Shall we then soft-hearted
Seek ease and repose,
And sing the departed
In death and stern woes?

Let such themes of wonder
Arouse us from sleep,
Lest woke by death's thunder
We wake but to weep.

Great Father, Son, Spirit,
The Ancient of days,
May we Thee inherit
And sing of Thy praise.

1686.
1839.

JEAN BAPTISTE DE SANTEUIL.
tr. by ISAAC WILLIAMS.

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky
And called on Him to save;
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong;
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel;
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around their Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

1783-1826.

REGINALD HEBER,
Bishop.

Hark! the sound of holy voices
Chanting at the crystal sea
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord, to Thee:
Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hand.

They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus ;
Tried they were, and firm they stood ;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

Marching with Thy cross their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King ;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered ;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died,
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite ;
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessed Trinity.

O what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below :

Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where on the bosom of their God
They rest in perfect love.

Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here ;

Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore ;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.

EMBER DAYS AND ORDINATION.

Christ to the young man said : 'Yet one thing more :
If thou wouldst perfect be,
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
And come and follow Me !'

Within His temple Christ again, unseen,
These sacred words hath said,
And His invisible hands to day have been
Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon His arm and say,
'Dost Thou, dear Lord, approve ?'

Beside him at the marriage feast shall be
To make the scene more fair ;
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust ! O endless sense of rest !
Like the beloved John
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

'Quicumque Christum quaeritis.'

O ye, the truly wise,
Who in the Lord delight,
Unto the hills lift up your eyes,
And see that glorious sight.

O form surpassing far
All loveliness of earth,
More ancient than the morning star,
In Thy mysterious birth.

Thou only art our Head,
'Tis Thou whom we adore,
To faithful Abraham promised
A King for evermore.

Beholding, we rejoice ;
We hail the promised day,
And hearkening to the Father's voice
The only Son obey.

To lowly hearts revealed
Our Saviour we adore,
Like tribute to the Father yield
And Spirit evermore.

HOLY COMMUNION.

My God, and is Thy table spread,
 And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?
 Thither be all Thy children led,
 And let them all Thy sweetness know.

Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
 Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
 Thrice happy he who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

Why are its dainties all in vain
 Before unwilling hearts displayed?
 Was not for them the victim slain?
 Are they forbid the children's bread?

O let Thy table honoured be,
 And furnished well with joyful guests,
 And may each soul salvation see,
 That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Revive Thy dying churches, Lord,
 And bid our drooping graces live;
 And more, that energy afford
 A Saviour's blood alone can give.

'Sancti venite, corpus Christi sumite.'

Draw nigh and take the body of the Lord,
And drink the holy blood for you outpoured,

Saved by that body, hallowed by that blood,
Whereby refreshed we render thanks to God.

Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,
By that His cross and blood the victory won.

Offered was He for greatest and for least:
Himself the victim and Himself the priest.

Victims were offered by the law of old,
That in a type celestial mysteries told.

He, ransom from death, and light from shade,
Giveth His holy grace His saints to aid.

Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

He, that in this world rules His saints and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields.

With heavenly bread makes them that hunger
whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsty soul.

Alpha and Omega, to whom shall bow
All nations at the doom, be with us now.

All praise to God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Spirit, ever Three in One.

Bread of the world, in mercy broken,
 Wine of the soul, in mercy shed!
 By whom the words of life were spoken,
 And in whose death our sins are dead!

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
 Look on the tears by sinners shed,
 And be Thy feast to us the token
 That by Thy grace our souls are fed!

1783-1826.

REGINALD HEBER,
 Bishop.

Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed,
 For Thy flesh is meat indeed;
 Ever may our souls be fed
 With this true and living Bread;
 Day by day with strength supplied
 Through the life of Him who died.

Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies
 This blest cup of sacrifice;
 Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
 To Thy cross we look and live:
 Jesus, may we ever be
 Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

1824.

JOSIAH CONDER.

Lauda, Sion.

Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem,
Lauda Ducem et Pastorem
 In hymnis et canticis ;
Quantum potes, tantum aude,
Quia maior omni laude,
 Nec laudare sufficis.

Laudis thema specialis,
Panis vivus et vitalis
 Hodie proponitur,
Quem in sacrae mensa cenae
Turbae fratrum duodenae
 Datum non ambigitur.

Bone Pastor, Panis vere,
Iesu, nostri miserere ;
Tu nos pasce, nos tuere,
Tu nos bona fac videre
 In terra viventium :
Tu, qui cuncta scis et vales,
Qui nos pascis hic mortales,
Tuos ibi commensales,
Cohaeredes et sodales
 Fac sanctorum civium.

Lauda, Sion.

Sion, sing thy Saviour's glory ;
 Sion, chant the lofty story
 Of thy Shepherd, of thy King :—
 But His greatness never endeth,
 And His majesty transcendeth
 All thy tongue can ever sing.

Token of the love He bore thee,
 Here to day is set before thee
 Bread whereby thy soul shall live :
 As of old thy Lord did take it
 On that night, the last, and break it,
 And to His disciples give.

Very Bread, sustain and feed us ;
 In Thy steps, good Shepherd, lead us ;
 Thou, our strength and our salvation,
 Call us in from every nation
 Thy good things on high to see :
 Lord of power and knowledge, hear us ;
 At Thy table now be near us ;
 Make us, of Thy love and pity,
 Heirs of that eternal city
 Where Thine own shall dwell with Thee.

Till He come—O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that 'Till He come.'

When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush! be every murmur dumb:
It is only till He come.

Clouds and conflicts round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb
Only whisper, 'Till He come.'

See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread;
Sweet memorials—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only till He come.

O God, unseen yet ever near,
 Thy presence may we feel ;
 And, thus inspired with holy fear,
 Before thine altar kneel.

Here may Thy faithful people know
 The blessings of Thy love,
 The streams that through the desert flow,
 The manna from above.

We come, obedient to Thy word,
 To feast on heavenly food ;
 Our meat, the body of the Lord ;
 Our drink, His precious blood.

Thus may we all Thy words obey,
 For we, O God, are Thine ;
 And go rejoicing on our way,
 Renewed with strength divine.

And now, O Father, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's tree,
And having with us Him that pleads above,
We here present, we here spread forth to Thee
That only offering perfect in Thine eyes,
The one, true, pure, immortal sacrifice.

Look, Father, look on His anointed face,
And only look on us as found in Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim;
For lo! between our sins and their reward
We set the passion of Thy Son our Lord.

And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing presence we appeal;
O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast,
O do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal;
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.

And so we come; O draw us to Thy feet,
Most patient Saviour, who canst love us still;
And by this food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill:
In Thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us nevermore to part with Thee.

'Adoro Te devote latens Deitas.'

Thee we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee,
Who in Thy supper with us deign'st to be;
Both flesh and spirit in Thy presence fail,
Yet here Thy presence we devoutly hail.

O blest memorial of our dying Lord,
Who living Bread to men doth here afford!
O may our souls for ever feed on Thee,
And Thou, O Christ, for ever precious be.

Fountain of goodness, Jesu, Lord and God,
Cleanse us, unclean, with Thy most cleansing blood;
Increase our faith and love, that we may know
The hope and peace which from Thy presence flow.

O Christ, whom now beneath a veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be,
To gaze on Thee unveil'd, and see Thy face,
The vision of Thy glory and Thy grace.


1260?
1850.

ST. THOMAS OF AQUINO.
tr. by JAMES RUSSELL WOODFORD,
Bishop.

We pray Thee, heavenly Father,
To hear us in Thy love,
And pour upon Thy children
The unction from above;
That so in love abiding,
From all defilement free,
We may in pureness offer
Our Eucharist to Thee.

Be Thou our guide and helper,
O Jesu Christ, we pray;
So may we well approach Thee,
If Thou wilt be the Way:
Thou, very Truth, hast promised
To help us in our strife,
Food of the weary pilgrim,
Eternal source of life.

And Thou, Creator Spirit,
Look on us, we are Thine;
Renew in us Thy graces,
Upon our darkness shine;
That, with Thy benediction
Upon our souls outpoured,
We may receive in gladness
The body of the Lord.



O Trinity of Persons !
 O Unity most High !
 On Thee alone relying
 Thy servants would draw nigh :
 Unworthy in our weakness,
 On Thee our hope is stayed,
 And blest by Thy forgiveness
 We will not be afraid.

1871.

VINCENT STUCKEY STRATTON COLES.

I am not worthy, holy Lord,
 That Thou shouldst come to me ;
 Speak but the word, one gracious word
 Can set the sinner free.

I am not worthy ; cold and bare
 The lodging of my soul ;
 How canst Thou deign to enter there ?
 Lord, speak, and make me whole.

I am not worthy ; yet, my God,
 How can I say Thee nay ;
 Thee, who didst give Thy flesh and blood
 My ransom price to pay ?

O come ! in this sweet morning hour
 Feed me with food divine ;
 And fill with all Thy love and power
 This worthless heart of mine.

1875.

SIR HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER.

Ye royal priests of Jesus rise,
And join the daily sacrifice;
Join all believers in His name
To offer up the spotless Lamb.

Whate'er we cast on Him alone
Is with His great oblation one;
His sacrifice doth ours sustain,
And favour and acceptance gain.

On Him who all our burdens bears,
We cast our praises and our prayers;
Ourselves we offer up to God,
Implunged in His atoning blood.

Mean are our noblest offerings,
Poor, feeble, unsubstantial things;
But when to Him our souls we lift
The altar sanctifies the gift.

Mixed with the sacred smoke we rise,
The smoke of His burnt sacrifice,
By the eternal Spirit driven
From earth, in Christ, we mount to heaven.

Come, Holy Ghost, Thine influence shed,
 And realize the sign ;
 Thy life infuse into the bread,
 Thy power into the wine.

Effectual let the tokens prove,
 And made by heavenly art
 Fit channels to convey Thy love
 To every faithful heart.

POST COMMUNION.

Who Thy mysterious supper share,
 Here at Thy table fed,
 Many, and yet but one we are,
 One undivided bread.

One with the living Bread divine
 Which now by faith we eat ;
 Our hearts, and minds, and spirits join,
 And all in Jesus meet.

So dear the tie where souls agree
 In Jesu's dying love :
 Then only can it closer be
 When all are joined above.


CONFIRMATION.

Behold us, Lord, before Thee met,
Whom each bright angel serves and fears,
Who on Thy throne rememberest yet
Thy spotless boyhood's quiet years;
Whose feet the hills of Nazareth trod,
Who art true Man and perfect God.

To Thee we look, in Thee confide,
Our help is in Thine own dear name;
For who on Jesus e'er relied,
And found not Jesus still the same?
Thus far Thy love our souls hath brought,
O stablish well what Thou hast wrought!

From Thee was our baptismal grace;
The holy seed by Thee was sown;
In the full sunshine of Thy face
We make the three great vows our own,
And ask, in Thine appointed way,
Confirm us in Thy grace to-day.

We need Thee more than tongue can speak,
'Mid foes that well might cast us down;
But thousands, once as young and weak,
Have fought the fight and won the crown.
We ask the help that bore them through;
We trust the Faithful and the True.



So bless us with the gift complete
By hands of Thy chief pastors given,
That awful presence, kind and sweet,
Which comes in sevenfold might from heaven.
Eternal Christ, to Thee we bow :
Give us Thy Spirit, here and now.

1867.

WILLIAM BRIGHT.

Lord, shall Thy children come to Thee?
A boon of love divine we seek ;
Brought to Thine arms in infancy,
Ere hearts could feel, or tongue could speak ;
Thy children pray for grace that they
May come themselves to Thee this day.

Lord, shall we come, and come again?
Oft as we see yon table spread,
And, tokens of Thy dying pain,
The wine poured out, the broken bread ;
Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find Thee there.

Lord, shall we come, come yet again?
Thy children ask one blessing more ;
To come, (not now alone, and then,)
When life, and death, and time are o'er,
Then, then to come, O Lord, and be
Confirmed in heaven, confirmed by Thee.

1834.

SAMUEL HINDS
Bishop.

'Lift up your hearts!' We lift them, Lord, to Thee ;
Here, at Thy feet, none other may we see :
'Lift up your hearts!' E'en so, with one accord,
We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord.

Above the level of the former years,
The mire of sin, the slough of guilty fears,
The mist of doubt, the blight of love's decay,
O Lord of light, lift all our hearts to day !

Above the swamps of subterfuge and shame,
The deeds, the thoughts, that honour may not name,
The halting tongue that dares not tell the whole,
O Lord of truth, lift every Christian soul !

Above the storms that vex this lower state,
Pride, jealousy, and envy, rage, and hate,
And cold mistrust that holds e'en friends apart,
O Lord of love, lift every brother's heart !

Lift us to Thee, each boy, each master here,
Our friends, our homes, and all we count most dear ;
Learning and wit, grace, vigour, childish glee,
Lift them, O Lord, and lift them all to Thee !

Lift every gift that Thou Thyself hast given ;
Low lies the best till lifted up to heaven :
Low lie the bounding heart, the teeming brain,
Till, sent from God, they mount to God again.

O if the hopes which thrill our hearts to day
Foreshadow aught that shall not pass away,
And we may trust that all our days shall be
Bound each to each by natural piety,

Then, as the trumpet call, in after years,
'Lift up your hearts!' rings pealing in our ears;
Still shall those hearts respond, with full accord,
'We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord!'

HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER.

O Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend;
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my guide.

O let me feel Thee near me:
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will ;
O speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control ;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou guardian of my soul.

O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be ;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

O let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own ;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone ;
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end ;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.

How glad was lost Samaria's street;
 God's word rang in their ear;
 The palsied rose, the lame went fleet,
 Dark spirits fled for fear.

Dear tokens of baptismal grace
 Waiting to be outpoured;
 Health to our halt and stricken race,
 Dawn from the night restored.

But when the Spirit's self was given,
 Even in the idol's home,
 Through God-sent hands; in tongues of heaven
 Men spake of things to come.

The signs are past, the gifts remain;
 New born of water we,
 And of Thyself, in rising strain,
 Blest Spirit, ask for Thee.

In Thine apostles' ways we crave
 To share the apostles' grace:
 'Tis more than Eden we would have,
 And heaven in every place.

Giver of life, give all Thy strength,
 A Christlike growth mature:
 Unbroken through all ages' length
 May Thy fresh seal endure.

Before Thine awful presence, Lord,
Thy sinful servants bow,
Trembling to speak the solemn word,
To frame the sacred vow.

The sins in hours of weakness wrought,
The vain things loved before,
The wanton deed, and word, and thought,
Lord, we renounce once more.

Once more we vow the holy faith
To keep unstained and true ;
Once more we promise unto death
Thy holy will to do.

Again we gird us to the fight,
Again we face the foe,
Resolved, beneath Thy banner bright,
Where Thou shalt lead, to go.

O Father, pardon all the past,
Give back Thy wasted grace,
And strengthen us, while life shall last,
To run the heavenward race.

Still let Thy blessed Spirit's aid
Our strength and comfort be ;
Then, though we sometime be afraid,
We still will trust in Thee.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

At length, released from many woes,
 How sweetly dost thou sleep ;
 How calm and peaceful thy repose
 While Christ thy soul doth keep.

In earth's wide field thy body now
 We sow, which lifeless lies,
 In sure and certain hope that thou
 More glorious shalt arise.

Then rest thee in thy lowly bed,
 Nor shall our hearts repine ;
 Thy toils and wars are finished,
 A happy lot is thine.

1736.
 1841.

GOTTFRIED NEUMANN.
 tr. from the German by
 FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

Jesus died for us, and rose again !
 Therefore are our hopes no longer dim ;
 Therefore know we that to die is gain,
 For we sleep in Him.

Therefore, father, mother, sister, brother
 Still are ours, for all are still the Lord's :
 Wherefore let us comfort one another
 With these blessed words !

1865.

HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER.

Now the labourer's task is o'er,
Now the battle day is past,
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last:
Father! in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried,
There its hidden things are clear,
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here:
Father! in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the sinful souls, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise:
Father! in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release:
Father! in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

‘Earth to earth, and dust to dust,’
Calmly now the words we say,
Leaving him to sleep in trust
Till the resurrection day :
Father ! in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

1871.

JOHN ELLERTON.

To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit,
Who break'st in love this mortal chain ;
My life from Thee I but inherit,
And death becomes my chiefest gain ;
In Thee I live: in Thee I die,
Content, for Thou art ever nigh.

1836.
1836.


From words of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*.
tr. from the German by WILLIAM BALL.

MISSIONS.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.



Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign !

1819.

REGINALD HEBER,
Bishop.

Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight ;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

Thou, who didst come to bring .
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light.

Spirit of truth and love,
Life giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight ;
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

Blessèd and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might ;
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light.

1813?

JOHN MARRIOTT.



CHARITABLE COLLECTIONS.

Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave;
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light;
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesaret's shore.

Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine almighty breath;
To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong
May praise Thee evermore.

Lord of glory, who hast bought us
With Thy life blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice,
And with that hast freely given
Blessings, countless as the sand,
To the unthankful and the evil
With Thine own unsparing hand ;

Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee
Gladly, freely of Thine own ;
With the sunshine of Thy goodness
Melt our thankless hearts of stone ;
Till our cold and selfish natures,
Warmed by Thee, at length believe
That more happy and more blessed
'Tis to give than to receive.

Wondrous honour hast Thou given
To our humblest charity
In Thine own mysterious sentence,
'Ye have done it unto Me.'
Can it be, O gracious Master,
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
Saying by Thy poor and needy,
'Give as I have given to you' ?

Yes : the sorrow and the suffering,
Which on every hand we see,
Channels are for tithes and offerings
Due by solemn right to Thee ;
Right of which we may not rob Thee,
Debt we may not choose but pay,
Lest that face of love and pity
Turn from us another day.

Lord of glory, who hast bought us
With Thy life blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice,
Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee ;
But O, best of all Thy graces,
Give us Thine own charity.

O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be ;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Giver of all ?

For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all !

Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And e'en that gift Thou dost outrun,
And give us all.

Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessed dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all ?

To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give ;
O may we ever with Thee live,
Giver of all.

FOR THOSE AT SEA.

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidst the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep :
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst the storm did sleep ;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace ;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go ;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

IN TIME OF WAR.

God the all terrible! King who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, lightnings Thy sword;
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the omnipotent! mighty avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard:
Doom us not now in the hour of our danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the all merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word:
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

1842.

HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY

O Lord of hosts, who didst upraise
Strong captains to defend the right,
In darker years and sterner days,
And armedst Israel for the fight:
Thou madest Joshua true and strong,
And David framed the battle-song.

And must we battle yet? must we,
Who bear the tender name divine,
Still barter life for victory—
Still glory in the crimson sign?
The Crucified between us stands,
And lifts on high His wounded hands.

Lord, we are weak and wilful yet,
The fault is in our clouded eyes;—
But Thou, through anguish and regret,
Dost make Thy faithless children wise;
Through wrong, through hate, Thou dost approve
The far off victories of love.

And so from out the heart of strife
Diviner echoes peal and thrill;
The scorned delights, the lavished life,
The pain that serves a nation's will;
Thy comfort stills the mourner's cries,
And love is crowned by sacrifice.

As rains that weep the clouds away,
As winds that leave a calm in heaven,
So let the slayer cease to slay;—
The passion healed, the wrath forgiven,
Draw nearer, bid the tumult cease,
Redeemer, Saviour, Prince of Peace!

THE EIGHTEENTH OF JUNE.

MORNING.

Run danfet alle Gott.

Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to day!

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next!

All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

1586-1649.
1858.

MARTIN RINKART.
tr. from the German by
CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

EVENING.

Rejoice to day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation ;
Rejoice, and praise the mighty Lord,
Our shield and our salvation.
Our fathers' God was He,
Our God He still shall be ;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His name ;
Let every voice adore Him.

Our house was reared in lowly wise,
But God looked down upon her ;
He gave her favour in His eyes,
And brought us to great honour,
In life and death our guide :
We own no strength beside ;
His hosts around us stand ;
He holds us in His hand ;
No evil shall befall us.

THE SIXTEENTH OF JULY,
DEDICATION OF THE CHAPEL, 1863.

MORNING.

'Urbs beata Hierusalem, dicta pacis visio.'

Blessèd city, heavenly Salem,
Peaceful vision dim-described;
Built of living stones elected,
Built for ever to abide;
Angel-circled, as the virgins
For the bridegroom deck the bride.

Newly bright from heaven descending,
Robed in bridal raiment meet,
Ready for the heavenly marriage,
Forth she comes her Lord to greet;
Glorious shine her golden bulwarks,
Shines the golden-pavèd street.

Radiant gleam her pearly portals,
Widely flung each ample door,
Where in marriage garments glistening
They are entering evermore,
Who the bitter cross embracing
Christ's reproach in this world bore.

Stern the strokes, the dint was heavy,
Keen the graving of His hand,
Ere each finished stone was planted
As the Masterbuilder planned,
Beauteous, changeless, through all ages
In the house of God to stand.

To the everlasting Father,
 And the Son who reigns on high,
 With the Holy Ghost proceeding
 Forth from each eternally,
 Honour, glory, virtue, blessing,
 Praise and might and majesty.

6th or 7th cent.
 1860.

Author unknown.
 tr. by EDWARD WHITE BENSON,
 Archbishop.

EVENING.

‘ Angularis fundamentum lapis Christus missus est.’

Deeply laid, a sure foundation,
 Christ, the anointed corner stone,
 Reaching on to every nation,
 Binding both the walls in one,
 Sion’s joy and strong salvation,
 Makes the faithful all His own.

All her halls a royal priesthood
 Fills with music gloriously,
 Praise of God from saintly voices
 Ringing out melodiously,
 Heralding with endless joyance
 God the One in Persons Three.

Visit, Lord, the earthly temple
Where Thy presence we implore;
Here receive the rising incense
From the hearts that Thee adore;
Sprinkle here Thy benedictions,
Dews of healing evermore.

Mete Thou here the promised measure,
Running o'er and closely prest,
Foretaste of the eternal pleasure
By the saints in light possess;
There our heart is, there our treasure,
Paradise and home and rest.

To the everlasting Father,
And the Son who reigns on high,
With the Holy Ghost proceeding
Forth from each eternally,
Honour, glory, virtue, blessing,
Praise and might and majesty.

6th or 7th cent.
1860.

Author unknown.
tr. by EDWARD WHITE BENSON,
Archbishop.

FIRST DAY OF TERM.

Lord, behold us with Thy blessing
Once again assembled here ;
Onward be our footsteps pressing
In Thy love, and faith, and fear :
Still protect us
By Thy presence ever near.

For Thy mercy we adore Thee,
For this rest upon our way :
Lord, again we bow before Thee,
Speed our labours day by day :
Mind and spirit
With Thy choicest gifts array.

Keep the spell of home affection
Still alive in every heart ;
May its power, with mild correction,
Draw our love from self apart,
Till Thy children
Feel that Thou their Father art.

Break temptation's fatal power,
Shielding all with guardian care,
Safe in every careless hour,
Safe from sloth, and sensual snare :
Thou, our Saviour,
Still our failing strength repair.

LAST DAY OF TERM.

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon all, their faults confessing;
Time that's lost may all retrieve.
May Thy children
Ne'er again Thy Spirit grieve.

Bless Thou all our days of leisure;
Help us selfish lures to flee;
Sanctify our every pleasure,
Pure and spotless may it be:
May our gladness
Draw us evermore to Thee.

By Thy kindly influence cherish
All the good we here have gained;
May all taint of evil perish,
By Thy mightier power restrained:
Seek we ever
Knowledge pure and love unfeigned.

Let Thy father-hand be shielding
All who here shall meet no more;
May their seedtime past be yielding
Year by year a richer store.
Those returning
Make more faithful than before.

APPENDIX



1.

At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day;
Doubt of what it holds in store
Makes us crave Thine aid the more;
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

Fain would we Thy word embrace,
Live each moment on Thy grace,
All our selves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine,
Think, and speak, and do, and be
Simply that which pleases Thee.

Hear us, Lord, and that right soon;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That Thy love can e'er impart,
Loyal singleness of heart;
So shall this and all our days,
Christ our God, show forth Thy praise.

2.

Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day;

For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

3.

God of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies ;

From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins ;
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

O like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way !

Lord, Thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;
Thy threatenings just, Thy promise sure ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss ;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

4.

Lord God of morning and of night,
We thank Thee for Thy gift of light;
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find Thee now more nigh.

Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart
Fresh force to do our daily part;
Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore
A thousandfold to serve thee more.

Yet when Thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do;
The sun may stand in noonday skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

O Lord of lights! 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine own;
Though this new day with joy we see,
O dawn of God! we cry for Thee.

Praise God, our Maker and our friend;
Praise Him through time, till time shall end;
Till psalm and song His name adore
Through heaven's great day of evermore.

5.

Shine on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine !
O let Thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be Thine !

Did we not raise our hands to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain ;
Small joy success itself could give,
If Thou Thy love restrain.

With Thee let every week begin,
With Thee each day be spent ;
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by Thee is lent.

Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labours cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

6.

And now the wants are told, that brought
Thy children to Thy knee;
Here lingering still, we ask for nought,
But simply worship Thee.

The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.

For Thou art God, the One, the same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak Thy name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine;
To know that nought in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine!

O Thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;

For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, 'A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours.'

7.

Again, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burdens and the care!

O God our light! to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou:
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

1859.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

8.

At even ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they, who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

9.

Father, by Thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour:
Light has vanished, labours cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace.
We to Thee ourselves resign,
Let our latest thoughts be Thine!

Saviour, to Thy Father bear
This our feeble evening prayer;
Thou hast seen how oft to day
We like sheep have gone astray:
Blessèd Saviour, yet through Thee
Pray that all may pardoned be!

Holy Spirit, breath of balm,
Fall on us in evening's calm:
Yet awhile, before we sleep,
We with Thee will vigil keep:
Lead us on our sins to muse,
And the love of God infuse.

Blessèd Trinity! be near
Through the hours of darkness drear;
Watch o'er our defenceless head,
Keep all evil from our bed;
Till the flood of morning rays
Wake us to a song of praise.

10.

God, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light ;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night ;
May Thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie :
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

1783-1826.

V. 1, REGINALD HEBER,
Bishop.

1855.

V. 2, RICHARD WHATELY,
Archbishop.

11.

Now all the woods are sleeping,
And night and stillness creeping
O'er earth with toil oppressed :
But thou, my heart, awake thee,
To prayer awhile betake thee,
And praise thy Maker ere thou rest.

Now thought and labour ceases,
 For night the tired releases,
 And bids sweet rest begin ;
 My heart, there comes a morrow
 Shall set thee free from sorrow
 And all the dreary toil of sin.

My Saviour, stay Thou by me,
 And let no foe come nigh me,
 Safe sheltered by Thy wing ;
 But would the foe alarm me,
 O let him never harm me,
 But still Thine angels round me sing.

1648.
 1856.

PAULUS GERHARDT.
 tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

12.

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal ;
 Sin and want we come confessing ;
 Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
 Thou art He who, never weary,
 Watchest where Thy people be.

Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
 Angel guards from Thee surround us ;
 We are safe if Thou art nigh.

1820.

JAMES EDMESTON.

13.

Our day of praise is done ;
The evening shadows fall ;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.

Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

Too faint our anthems here ;
Too soon of praise we tire :
But O, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir !

Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end ;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

14.

O Father, who didst all things make,
That heaven and earth might do Thy will,
Bless us this night for Jesus' sake,
And for Thy work preserve us still.

O Son, who didst redeem mankind,
And set the captive sinner free,
Keep us this night with peaceful mind,
That we may safe abide with Thee.

O Holy Ghost, who by Thy power
The Church elect dost sanctify,
Seal us this night, and hour by hour
These hearts and members purify.

Praise be to Father, praise to Son,
Blest Spirit, equal praise to Thee !
Glory to God, the Three in One !
Glory to God, the One in Three !

1846.

WILLIAM BEADON HEATHCOTE.

15.

Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise :
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease ;
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day ;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from
 shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming
 night ;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

1866.

JOHN ELLERTON.

16.

‘Sol praeceps rapitur, proxima nox adest.’

The sun is sinking fast,
 The daylight dies ;
Let love awake, and pay
 Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the cross,
In death reclined,
Into His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

So now herself my soul
: Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live ;

So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live ; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

One sacred Trinity !
One Lord divine !
Myself for ever His,
And He for ever mine.

Date and author unknown.
tr. by EDWARD CASWALL.

17.

‘ Τὴν ἡμέραν διελθών. ’

The day is past and over ;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee ;
I pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be :
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night.

The joys of day are over ;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And call on Thee, that sinless
The hours of dark may be :
O Jesu, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night.

The toils of day are over ;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be :
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God ! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils.
Through which I have to go :
Lover of men ! O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

18.

Through the day Thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest ;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest :
Jesus, Thou our guardian be ;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thy love may we repose ;
And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

1806.

THOMAS KELLY.

19.

The radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store ;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past ;
Lead us, O Christ, Thou living Way,
Safe home at last.

O by Thy soul inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high ;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky ;—

Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;—

Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

1864.

GODFREY THRING.

20.

When thou hast spent the lingering day
In pleasure and delight,
Or after toil and weary way
Dost seek to rest at night;
Unto thy pains or pleasures past
Add this one labour yet,
Ere sleep close up thine eye too fast,
Do not thy God forget.

But search within thy secret thought
What deeds did thee befall;
And if thou find amiss in ought,
To God for mercy call:
And think, how well soe'er it be
That thou hast spent the day,
It came of God, and not of thee
So to direct thy way.

d. 1577.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

21.

Behold, we come, dear Lord, to Thee,
And bow before Thy throne,
We come to offer on our knee
Our vows to Thee alone.

Whate'er we have, whate'er we are,
Thy bounty freely gave;
Thou dost us here in mercy spare,
And wilt hereafter save.

But O, can all our store afford
No better gift for Thee?
Thus we confess Thy riches, Lord,
And thus our poverty.

Come then, my soul, bring all thy powers
And grieve thou hast no more,
Bring every day thy choicest hours,
And thy great God adore.

Glory to Thee, eternal Lord,
Thrice blessed Three in One:
Thy name at all times be adored
Till time itself be done.

22.

Servants of God, awake
To hail this sacred day,
And in glad songs of praise
Your grateful homage pay:
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

Upon this happy morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bands of death,
And vanquished all our foes:
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

All hail! triumphant Lord!
Heaven with Hosannas rings,
And earth in humbler strains
Thy praise responsive sings;
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!

1769.
1810.

ELIZABETH SCOTT.
recast by THOMAS COTTERILL.

23.

Psalm xcii.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night!

Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

Soon shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

24.

This day, at Thy creating word,
First o'er the earth the light was poured ;
O Lord, this day upon us shine,
And fill our souls with light divine.

This day the Lord, for sinners slain,
In might victorious rose again ;
O Jesu, may we raised be
From death of sin to life in Thee.

This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of cloven flame ;
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.

O day of life and light and grace,
From earthly toils sweet resting place !
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,
We give again to God above !

1854, revised 1871.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW,
Bishop.

25.

This is the day of light :
Let there be light to day ;
O dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

This is the day of rest :
Our failing strength renew ;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

This is the day of peace :
Thy peace our spirits fill ;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of prayer :
Let earth to heaven draw near ;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

This is the first of days :
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O vanquisher of death.

26.

Psalm cxviii.

This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own :
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne !

To day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son !
Help us, O Lord : descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne !

Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes, in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise !
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

27.

A voice by Jordan's shore,
A summons stern and clear :
Repent ! be just, and sin no more !
God's judgment draweth near !

A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice I hear :
Love God ! thy neighbour love ! for see,
God's mercy draweth near.

O voice of duty, still
Speak forth ; I hear with awe :
In Thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.

Thou higher voice of love,
Yet speak Thy word in me ;
Through duty let me upward move
To Thy pure liberty !

28.

A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal sabbath day.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

29.

Lord of love, whose words have taught us
How to serve Thee and obey ;
Lord of love, whose deeds have brought us
Wondering at Thy feet to pray ;
Fill our hearts with ample measure
Of the Christian graces three ;
Most of all with Thy dear treasure—
Never failing charity.

Charity that ever bindeth
Mortal men with cords of love ;
Charity that still remindeth
Earthly souls of heaven above ;
Charity, the Spirit's token
Sinners have received of Thee :
He whom Jesus loved hath spoken :
God Himself is charity.

30.

‘Christian! seek not yet repose,’
Hear thy guardian angel say;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
‘Watch and pray.’

Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
‘Watch and pray.’

Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one;
‘Watch and pray.’

Hear the victors who o’ercame;
Still they mark each warrior’s way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
‘Watch and pray.’

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within Thy heart His word,
‘Watch and pray.’

Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down;
‘Watch and pray.’

31.

Jesus, Lord of life and glory,
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear ;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear :
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our rock and stay:
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

1839.

JOHN JAMES CUMMINS.

32.

Weary of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me, 'Come.'

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day ;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
'Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all.'

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord ;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward ;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown ;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow ;
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

33.

Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear ;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine ;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
'Father, Thy will be done.'

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

34.

My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
 'Thy will be done.'

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 'Thy will be done.'

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
 'Thy will be done.'

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
 'Thy will be done.'

If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
 'Thy will be done.'

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
 'Thy will be done.'

35.

When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer.

Think, Lord, how I am still Thy own,
The trembling creature of Thy hand;
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.

O think upon Thy holy word,
And every plighted promise there;
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how Thy glory is to spare.

Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me here; my heart is full;
Behold, and spare, and succour me.

1793-1847.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

36.

Lamb of God, I fall before Thee,
Humbly trusting in Thy cross;
Thou alone be all my glory,
All things else I count but loss.

Jesus, all my consolations
Flow from Thee, Thou sovran good;
Hope and love and faith and patience,
All are purchased by Thy blood.

1759.

JOSEPH HART,
altered.

37.

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

38.

We sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the cross we see
In shining letters, 'God is love;'
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

The cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight:
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light;

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

39.

See the Conqueror mounts in triumph,
See the King in royal state
Riding on the clouds His chariot
To His heavenly palace gate ;
Hark ! the choirs of angel voices
Joyful Alleluias sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.

Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee ?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory ;
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled His foes.

While He lifts His hands in blessing,
He is parted from His friends ;
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends ;
He who walked with God, and pleased Him,
Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated
To His everlasting home.

Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
With His blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting place;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

He has raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Him in glory stand:
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension
We by faith behold our own.

1862.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH,
Bishop.

40.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte caelitus
Lucis Tuæ radium :

Veni, pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium.

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animae,
Dulce refrigerium :

In labore requies,
In aestu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

O Lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium :

Sine Tuo numine,
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium :

Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium.

41.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus.

Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come ;
Shed from Thy celestial home
Thine own light, Thy heavenly ray ;

Come, Thou father of the poor,
Come, Thou giver of our store,
Come, Thou light of hearts, this day.

Comforter, consoler best,
Of each soul the gracious guest,
Sweet refreshment on our way ;

Thou our rest 'mid toil's despair,
'Mid the heat a temp'ring air,
Thou amid our tears our stay.

Light most blessèd, Light divine,
Fill our hearts with light of Thine,
Shed on faithful souls Thy ray ;

If Thy presence be not near,
Nought in man can pure appear,
Nought can take his guilt away.

Wash the sinful, cleanse the foul,
Water every parchèd soul,
Every wound of shame allay ;

Bend each all unyielding heart,
To our coldness warmth impart,
Guide the steps that go astray.

Da Tuis fidelibus
In Te confidentibus
Sacrum septenarium ;

Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium.

1160-1216.

INNOCENT III,
Pope.

42.

Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray.

Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest ;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,
Fullness of joy for ever there.

1720.
1769, 1836.

SIMON BROWNE,
altered.

To Thy faithful, who shall still
Rest upon Thy heavenly will,
Thine own sevenfold gifts display ;

Give the palm by virtue won,
Give salvation's final crown,
Give them joys of endless day.

1900.

tr. anonymously.

43.

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see :
O make our hearts Thy dwelling place,
And worthier Thee.

1829.

HARRIET ▲

44.

Bright the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer ;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear.

Round the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn ;

'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven ;
Earth is with its fullness stored ;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.'

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
'Holy, holy, holy,'—singing,
'Lord of hosts, the Lord most High.'

With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow ;

'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven ;
Earth is with its fullness stored ;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.'

45.

Father of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

Thrice Holy ! Father, Spirit, Son ;
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

1805.

EDWARD COOPER.

46.

Three in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

Light of lights ! with morning-shine
Lift on us Thy light divine ;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

Light of lights! when falls the even,
 Let it sink on sin forgiven;
 Fold us in the peace of heaven;
 Shed a vesper calm.

Three in One, and One in Three,
 Darkling here we worship Thee;
 With the saints hereafter we
 Hope to bear the palm.

1849.

GILBERT ROBINSON

47.

For Thy mercy and Thy grace,
 Faithful through another year,
 Hear our song of thankfulness;
 Jesu, our Redeemer, hear.

In our weakness and distress,
 Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
 In the pathless wilderness
 Be our true and living way.

Who of us death's awful road
 In the coming year shall tread,
 With Thy rod and staff, O God,
 Comfort Thou his dying bed.

Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
 Keep us evermore Thine own,
 Help, O help us to endure,
 Fit us for Thy promised crown.

1841.

HENRY DOWNTON.

48.

‘Κόπον τε καὶ κάματον.’

Art thou weary, art Thou languid,
 Art Thou sore distress?
 ‘Come to Me,’ saith One, ‘and coming
 Be at rest!’

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If He be my guide?
 ‘In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
 And His side.’

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
 That His brow adorns?
 ‘Yea, a crown, in very surety,
 But of thorns.’

If I find Him, if I follow,
 What His guerdon here?
 ‘Many a sorrow, many a labour,
 Many a tear.’

If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last?
 ‘Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
 Jordan past.’

If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?
 ‘Not till earth and not till heaven
 Pass away.’

49.

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely ;
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord ;
Our hearts are known to Thee :
O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee !

Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

1656.
1739.

PAULUS GERHARDT.
tr. from the German by JOHN WESLEY.

50.

Psalm cxxxvii.

Far from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, 'Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.'

Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung:
How should I sing a cheerful song
Till Thou inspire my tongue?

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

God of my life, be near;
On Thee my hopes I cast;
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

51.

Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

'Save, Lord, we perish,' was their cry,
'O save us in our agony!'
Thy word above the storm rose high,
'Peace, be still.'

The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.

So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
'Peace, be still.'

52.

‘Ζοφερᾶς τρικυμίας.’

Fierce was the wild billow;
Dark was the night;
Oars laboured heavily;
Foam glimmered white;
Trembled the mariners;
Peril was nigh;
Then said the God of God,
‘Peace! It is I!’

Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
‘Peace! It is I!’

Jesu, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me:
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life’s sea!
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
‘Peace! It is I!’

53.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 ‘Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast:’
I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting place,
 And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 ‘Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live:’
I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 ‘I am this dark world’s Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright:’
I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I’ll walk
 Till travelling days are done.

54.

Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve :
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am (Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down),
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

55.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on !
The night is dark, and I am far from home ;
 Lead Thou me on !
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
 Lead Thou me on !
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

1833.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN,
Cardinal.

56.

Lord, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth ;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted ?

Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living ;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying !

O that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee.

57.

Psalm vi.

Not in anger, mighty God,
Not in anger smite me ;
I must perish if Thy rod
Justly should requite me.
I am nought :
Sin hath brought,
Lord, Thy wrath upon me ;
Yet have mercy on me.

Show me now a Father's love
And His tender patience ;
Heal my wounded soul, remove
These too sore temptations ;
I am weak :
Father, speak
Thou of peace and gladness ;
Comfort Thou my sadness.

Weary am I of my pain,
Weary with my sorrow,
Sighing still for help in vain,
Longing for the morrow ;
Why wilt Thou
Tarry now ?
Wilt Thou friendless leave me,
And of hope bereave me ?

Hence, ye foes! He comes in grace;
 God hath deigned to hear me;
 I may come before His face;
 He is inly near me;
 He o'erthrows
 All my foes;
 Death and hell are vanquished,
 In whose bonds I languished.

Father, hymns to Thee I raise
 Here, and then in heaven,
 And the Son and Spirit praise,
 Who my bonds have riven.
 Evermore
 I adore
 Thee, whose grace hath stirred me,
 And whose pity heard me.

1624-1679.
 1863.

JOHANN GEORG ALBINUS.
 tr. from the German by
 CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

58.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
 My Saviour, my eternal rest!
 Then only will this longing heart
 Be fully and for ever blest.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
 Thy unveiled glory to behold;
 Then only will this wandering heart
 Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore ;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove ;
There neither life nor death will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love.

1839.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

59.

O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest :
I hate the sins that make Thee mourn,
And drive Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

1772.

WILLIAM COWPER.

60.

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led ;

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race !

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace !

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

1737.
1781.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.
altered by JOHN LOGAN and
in *Scottish Paraphrases*.

61.

O Lord, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

Could we but kneel, and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
But birds and flowrets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease;
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

62.

The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
O for the pearly gates of heaven,
O for the golden floor,
O for the Sun of righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
O for a heart that never sins,
O for a soul washed white,
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
O by Thy life laid down,
O that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

63.

Psalm xxiii.

The King of love my shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never ;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight ;
Thy unction grace bestoweth ;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth !

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never :
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

64.

Psalm xxiii.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in a bare and rugged way
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still!
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

65.

O Love, who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here ;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who ere life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid ;
O Love, who here as Man wast born,
And like to us in all things made ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe ;
O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead ;
O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours ;
O Love, who once above yon skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

1657.
1858.

JOHANN SCHEFFLER.
tr. from the German by
CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

66.

Thou art the Way ; to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee :
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth ; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

1824.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE,
Bishop.

67.

Thine for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be
Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever! Shepherd, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine for ever! Thou our guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Led by Thee from earth to heaven.

68.

There was joy in heaven !
When this goodly world to frame
The Lord of might and mercy came ;
Shouts of joy were heard on high,
And the stars sang from the sky
Glory to God in heaven !

There was joy in heaven !
When the billows, heaving dark,
Sank around the stranded ark,
And the rainbow's watery span
Spake of mercy, hope to man,
And peace with God in heaven !

There was joy in heaven !
When of love the midnight beam
Dawned on the towers of Bethlehem ;
And along the echoing hill
Angels sang, 'On earth good will,
And glory in the heaven !'

There is joy in heaven !
When the soul that went astray
Turns to Christ, the living Way,
And by grace of heaven subdued,
Breathes its prayer of gratitude,
There is joy in heaven.

69.

Psalm cxxxix.

Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down ;
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways ;
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unuttered words' intent.

Surrounded by Thy power I stand,
On every side I find Thy hand :
O skill, for human reach too high !
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !

Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurks in any part ;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in Thy perfect way.

1696.

NAHUM TATE and NICHOLAS BRADY
(New Version).

70.

Psalm cxxi.

Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies ;
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my almighty refuge lives.

He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood ;
The heavens with all their hosts He made,
And the dark regions of the dead,

He guides our feet, He guards our way ;
 His morning smiles bless all the day ;
 He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
 The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

Israel, a name divinely blest,
 May rise secure, securely rest ;
 Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes
 Admit no slumber nor surprise.

1719.

ISAAC WATTS.

71.

We walk by faith and not by sight ;
 No gracious words we hear
 From Him who spake as man ne'er spake,
 But we believe Him near.

We may not touch His hands and side,
 Nor follow where He trod ;
 But in His promise we rejoice
 And cry, 'My Lord and God !'

Help then, O Lord, our unbelief,
 And may our faith abound,
 To call on Thee when Thou art near,
 And seek where Thou art found :

That when our life of faith is done,
 In realms of clearer light
 We may behold Thee as Thou art,
 With full and endless sight.

1844.

HENRY ALFORD.

72.

O happy band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your fellow
To Jesus as your Head !

O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men :
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then !

The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due ;
The crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.

The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,

The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,

What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth ?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth ?

O happy band of pilgrims,
 Look upward to the skies,
 Where such a light affliction
 Shall win you such a prize.

1862.
 d. 883.

JOHN MASON NEALE.
 based on ST. JOSEPH the Hymnographer.

73.

Children of the heavenly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in His works and ways.

We are travelling home to God
 In the way the fathers trod;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.

Lift your eyes, you sons of light,
 Sion's city is in sight;
 There our endless home shall be,
 There our Lord we soon shall see.

Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
 On the borders of your land;
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
 Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord, obediently we go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only Thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow Thee.

1742.

JOHN CENNICK.

74.

Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, in Christ thy right ;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face ;
Life with its path before us lies,
Christ is the way, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, upon thy guide
Lean, and His mercy will provide ;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not nor fear, His arm is near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear ;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

75.

Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass ;
Ye bars of iron, yield ;
And let the King of glory pass ;
The cross is in the field.

That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on the march, and guides from far
His servants in the fight.

Brothers, a holy war we wage ;
In that mysterious strife,
The powers of heaven and hell engage
For more than death or life.

Though few and small and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength,
Go to the conquest of all lands :
All must be His at length.

O fear not, faint not, halt not now ;
Quit you like men, be strong !
To Christ shall all the nations bow,
And sing the triumph song :—

Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield ;
Behold the King of glory pass ;
The cross hath won the field.

76.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ the royal Master
Leads against the foe ;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go !
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

At the sign of triumph
Satan's legions flee ;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise ;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God ;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod ;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain ;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail ;
We have Christ's own promise.
And that cannot fail.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song ;
Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

77.

Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.

Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light ;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the light of God's own presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread :

One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires :

One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one ;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun :

One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
 Onward with the cross our aid ;
 Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
 Till we rest beneath its shade.

Soon shall come the glad awaking,
 Soon the rending of the tomb ;
 Then the scattering of all shadows,
 And the end of toil and gloom.

1825.
 1867.

BERNHARDT SEVERIN INGEMANN.
 tr. from the Danish by SABINE BARING-GOULD.

78.

Saviour, blessèd Saviour,
 Listen while we sing,
 Hearts and voices raising
 Praises to our King ;
 All we have we offer ;
 All we hope to be,
 Body, soul, and spirit,
 All we yield to Thee.

Great and ever greater
 Are Thy mercies here ;
 True and everlasting
 Are the glories there ;
 Where no pain, nor sorrow,
 Toil, nor care, is known,
 Where the angel legions
 Circle round Thy throne.

Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

Higher then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.

79.

‘Pagnate, Christi milites.’

Soldiers, who are Christ's below,
Strong in faith resist the foe:
Boundless is the pledged reward
Unto them who serve the Lord.

’Tis no palm of fading leaves
That the conqueror's hand receives;
Joys are his, serene and pure,
Light that ever shall endure.

For the souls that overcome
Waits the beauteous heavenly home,
Where the blessed evermore
Tread, on high, the starry floor.

Passing soon and little worth
Are the things that tempt on earth;
Heavenward lift thy soul's regard;
God Himself is thy reward.

Father, who the crown dost give,
Saviour, by whose death we live,
Spirit, who our hearts dost raise,
Three in One, Thy name we praise.

1736.
1865.

Chalons Breviary.
tr. by JOHN HALDENBY CLARK.

80.

Thy kingdom come, O God,
Thy rule, O Christ, begin ;
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love ?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above ?

When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
And lust, oppression, crime
Shall flee Thy face before ?

We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might ;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

Men scorn Thy sacred name,
And wolves devour Thy fold ;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.

O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet :
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

81.

Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

Watch ; 'tis your Lord's command,
And, while we speak, He's near ;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that favourite servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

82.

Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

‘Worthy the Lamb that died,’ they cry,
‘To be exalted thus ;’
‘Worthy the Lamb,’ our lips reply,
‘For He was slain for us.’

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glory high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

83.

For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild,
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love,
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

84.

Hosanna to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.
Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest!

'Hosanna, Lord,' Thine angels cry;
'Hosanna, Lord,' Thy saints reply:
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest!

O Saviour, with protecting care
Return to this Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim.
Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest!

But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest!

So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again,
Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest!

1811.

REGINALD HEBER,
Bishop.

85.

King of glory, King of peace,
I will love Thee;
And that love may never cease
I will move Thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me :
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me.

Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me ;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise Thee :
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise Thee.

1593-1633.

GEORGE HERBERT.

86.

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.

Jesus—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He speaks;—and, list'ning to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

87.

Psalm civ.

O worship the King, all glorious above !
O gratefully sing His power and His love !
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour and girded with praise !

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

This earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty ! Thy power hath founded of old ;
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail ;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend !

88.

Psalm ciii.

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing?
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Praise Him, praise Him
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Fatherlike, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise Him, praise Him
Widely as His mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace.

89.

Rejoice, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice ; again I say, Rejoice.

Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love :
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice ; again I say, Rejoice.

His kingdom cannot fail ;
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice ; again I say, Rejoice.

He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice ; again I say, Rejoice.

80.

‘ Cantemus cuncti melodum nunc Alleluia.’

The strain upraise of joy and praise,
Alleluia!

To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing Alleluia!

And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall reecho through the sky Alleluia

They, through the fields of Paradise that roam,
The blessed ones, repeat through that bright home
Alleluia!

The planets glittering on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations, join and say
Alleluia!

Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your Alleluia!

Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing Alleluia!

First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say
Alleluia!

Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again

Alleluia!

Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous

Alleluia!

There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus

Alleluia!

'Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry

Alleluia!

Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply

Alleluia!

To God, who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid,

Alleluia!

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord of
all things loves,

Alleluia!

This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ
Himself approves,

Alleluia!

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking,

Alleluia!

And children's voices echo, answer making,

Alleluia!

Now from all men be outpoured

Alleluia to the Lord;

With Alleluia evermore

The Son and Spirit we adore.

Praise be done to the 'Three in One.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

91.

Songs of praise the angels sang.
Heaven with Alleluias rang.
When Jehovah's work begun.
When He spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And will man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No, the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice :
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

92.

We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea ;
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory come from Thee.

Thanks for the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.

So while we gaze, with thoughtful eye,
On all the gifts Thy love has given,
Help us in Thee to live and die,
By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.

1856.

GEORGE EDWARD LYNCH COTTON,
Bishop.

93.

Come, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle-wings of love
To joy celestial rise:
Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven are one.

One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death:
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host hath crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our guide,
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts! the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!

94.

For all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confest,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.

Alleluia !

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might ;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well fought fight ;
Thou in the darkness drest their one true light.

Alleluia !

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

Alleluia !

O blest communion ! fellowship divine !
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

Alleluia !

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again and arms are strong.

Alleluia !

The golden evening brightens in the west ;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest ;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

Alleluia !

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array:
The King of glory passes on His way.

Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's furthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Alleluia!

1864.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW,
Bishop.

95.

'For ever with the Lord!'
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

'For ever with the Lord !'
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail ;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
'For ever with the Lord !'

1835.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.



96.

Jerusalem on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The prophets there behold
Their longed for Prince of Peace
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold,
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

The bleeding martyrs, they
Within those courts are found,
Clothèd in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

Ah me! ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay;
No place like that on high;
Lord, thither guide my way:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

97.

Urbs Sion aurea, patria lactea, cive decora,
Omne cor obruis, omnibus obstruis et cor et ora.

Nescio nescio quae iubilatio, lux tibi qualis,
Quam socialia gaudia, gloria quam specialis.

Stant Sion atria coniubilantia, martyre plena,
Cive micantia, Principe stantia, luce serena.

Est tibi pascua mitibus afflua, praestita sanctis;
Regis ibi thronus, agminis et sonus est epulantis.

Gens Duce splendida, contio candida, vestibus albis,
Sunt sine fletibus in Sion aedibus, aedibus almis.

98.

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest ;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest :

I know not, O I know not,
What joys await us there ;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng :

The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast ;

And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

99.

O quanta qualia.

O quanta qualia sunt ista sabbata,
Quae semper celebrat superna curia ;
Quae fessis requies, quae merces fortibus
Cum erit omnia Deus in omnibus.
Quis rex, quae curia, quale palatium,
Quae pax, quae requies, quod illud gaudium ?
Huius participes exponant gloriae,
Si, quantum sentiunt, possint exprimere.
Vere Ierusalem est illa civitas,
Cuius pax iugis est summa iucunditas,
Ubi non praevenit rem desiderium,
Nec desiderio minus est praemium.
Ibi molestiis finitis omnibus
Securi cantica Sion cantabimus,
Et iuges gratias de donis gratiae
Beata referet plebs tibi, Domine.
Illic nec sabbato succedit sabbatum,
Perpes laetitia sabbatizantium,
Nec ineffabiles cessabunt iubili,
Quos decantabimus et nos et angeli.
Nostrum est interim mentes erigere
Et totis patriam votis appetere,
Et ad Ierusalem a Babylonia
Post longa regredi tandem exilia.
Perenni Domino perpes sit gloria,
Ex quo sunt, per quem sunt, in quo sunt omnia ;
Ex quo sunt, Pater est ; per quem sunt, Filius ;
In quo sunt, Patris et Filii Spiritus.

100.

O quanta qualia.

O what the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless sabbaths the blessed ones see ;
Crown for the valiant, to weary ones rest ;
God shall be all and in all ever blest.
What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne ?
What are the peace and the joy that they own ?
O that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare !
Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore ;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.
There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing,
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessed people eternally raise.
There dawns no sabbath, no sabbath is o'er,
Those sabbath-keepers have one evermore ;
One and unending is that triumph song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.
Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh ;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.
Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of whom, and in whom, and through whom are all ;
Of whom, the Father ; and in whom, the Son ;
Through whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One.

101.

There is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well ;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell ;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One
And Spirit, evermore.

O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side ;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe ;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

1861.

Sir HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER.



102.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes ;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er ;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood.
Should fright us from the shore.

103.

‘Come to a desert place apart,
And rest a little while.’

So spake the Lord, when limbs and heart
Waxed faint and sick through toil.

What tired nature craved He sought,
But while He sought it, found
The restless crowd together brought,
And labour’s weary round.

Still not a thought to self was given,
Nor murmur from Him came ;
He fed their souls with bread from heaven,
And stayed their sinking frame ;

Nor turned, when that long task was done,
To sleep fatigue away ;
When on the desert sank the sun,
The Saviour waked to pray.

O perfect pattern from above !
So strengthen us, that ne’er
Prayer keep us back from works of love,
Nor works of love from prayer.

104.

Hark, my soul ! it is the Lord ;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?

'I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

'Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

'Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of My throne shalt be ;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?'

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love Thee, and adore ;
O for grace to love Thee more !

105.

He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride ;
He that is humble, ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it, or much :
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because Thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is
That go on pilgrimage ;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

106.

‘Lord, and what shall this man do?’

Ask’st thou, Christian, for thy friend?

If his love for Christ be true,

Christ hath told thee of his end:

This is he whom God approves,

This is he whom Jesus loves.

Ask not of him more than this;

Leave it in his Saviour’s breast,

Whether, early called to bliss,

He in youth shall find his rest,

Or armed in his station wait

Till his Lord be at the gate.

Sick or healthful, slave or free,

Wealthy, or despised and poor—

What is that to him or thee,

So his love to Christ endure?

When the shore is won at last,

Who will count the billows past?

107.

Lie still, beloved, lie still !
It is His tender will,
Who made thee, saved thee, loves thee, bids thee rest.
Nay, nay—it is not long
Before the angelic song
Shall waken thee, to be for ever blest.

O Father, Thou dost keep
The souls of all who sleep
With Thee in Paradise, restored, forgiven.
Break forth, triumphant song,
And say that 'tis not long
Ere they who weep on earth shall meet in heaven.

Lord, touch our troubled eyes ;
O make us strong and wise
To know Thy loving heart, to will Thy will ;
Until Thou call us home,
Until Thy kingdom come,—
Till then awhile lie still, beloved, lie still.

108.

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

1875.

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH,
Bishop

109.

The head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now :
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal light.

The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given :
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above ;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him ;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

110.

When, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a piercèd hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

When penitential grief has wept
Over some foul, dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart is touched with all our joys,
And feels for all our grief.

Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord ;
Unseal that cleansing tide ;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side.

111.

We love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

It is the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.

We love Thine altar, Lord!
O what on earth so dear?
For there, in faith adored,
We find Thy presence near.

We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
But O, we long to know
The triumph song of heaven .

Lord Jesus, give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
In heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy saints adore!

1854.
1860.

WILLIAM BULLOCK, vv. 1-3.
and Sir HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, vv. 4-6.

112.

We saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home
In that despised Nazareth ;
But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
'Forgive, they know not what they do';
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth, and veiled the sun.

We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late Thy sacred body lay;
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way:
But we believe that angels said,
'Why seek the living with the dead?'

We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
But we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

1851.
1834.

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY.
based upon ANNE RICHTER

113.

Who shall ascend the holy place,
And stand on the holy hill?
Who shall the boundless realms of space
With shouts of rapture thrill?
Hallelujah!
For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!

The servants of the Lord are they,
The pure in heart and hand,
For whom the eternal bars give way,
The eternal gates expand!
Hallelujah!
For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!

Not to the noble, not to the strong,
To the wealthy, or the wise,
Is given a part in that angel song,
That music of the skies.

Hallelujah !

For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth !

But those who in humble and holy fear,
With childlike faith and love,
Have served the Lord as their Master here,
Shall praise their Lord above.

Hallelujah !

For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth !

And chiefly those who in youth to Him
Their morn of life have given,
With Cherubim and Seraphim,
And all the host of heaven—

Hallelujah !

For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth !

Shall stand in robes of purest white,
And to the Lamb shall raise
The song that rests not day or night,
The eternity of praise !

Hallelujah !

For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth !

114.

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home :
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin ;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied ;
Come to God's own temple, come ;
Raise the song of harvest home.

We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield ;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown ;
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear :
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of harvest home :
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
There for ever purified,
In God's garner to abide :
Come, ten thousand angels, come ;
Raise the glorious harvest home.

115.

Fair waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper band.

To God so good and great
Their cheerful thanks they pour ;
Then carry to His temple gate
The choicest of their store.

Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers ;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven.

116.

Holy Father, in Thy mercy
Hear our anxious prayer,
Keep our loved ones, now far distant,
'Neath Thy care.

Jesus, Saviour, let Thy presence
Be their light and guide,
Keep, O keep them, in their weakness,
At Thy side.

Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching
Sanctify their life;
Send Thy grace, that they may conquer
In the strife.

When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

May the joy of Thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;
May they love and may they praise Thee
Day by day.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God the One in Three,
Bless them, guide them, save them, keep them
Near to Thee.

About 1870.

ISABEL STEVENSON.

P. 66.



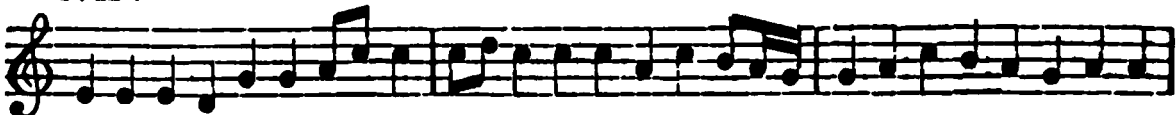
1. Ie-su dul - cis me - mo-ri - a, Dans ve-ra cor-di gau-di - a,
2. Nil ca-ni - tur su - a - vi - us, Nil au-di-tur iu - cun-di - us,
3. Ie-su, spes poe - ni - ten-ti - bus, Quam pi-us es pe - ten-ti - bus,
4. Ie-su, dul - ce - do cor-di - um, Fons ve-ri, lu-men men-ti - um,
5. Nec lin-gua va - let di - ce - re Nec li-te-ra e - xpri-me - re,

P. 124.



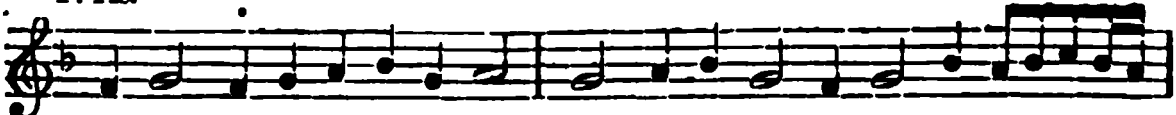
1. Ve-xil - la Re - gis pro - de-unt, Fulget cru-cis my-ste - ri - um,
2. Quo vul - ne-ra - tus in - su-per Mucro-ne di - ro lan - ce - ae,
3. Im-ple - ta sunt quae con - ci-nit David fi-de - li car-mi - ne
4. Sal - ve a-ra, sal - ve vi - cti-ma De pa-ssi - o - nis glo - ri - a
5. Te su - mma De - us Tri - ni-tas Collau-det o - mnis spi - ri - tus,

P. 123.



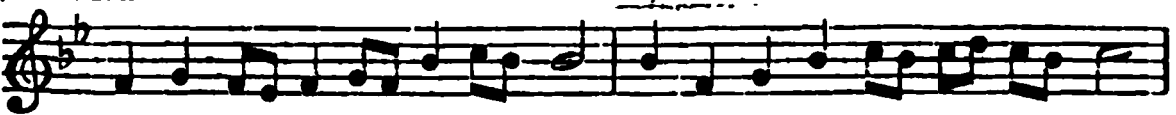
1. Pange, lingua, glo-ri-o - si, Prae-li-um cer-ta-mi-nis, Et super crucis tropaeo
2. Lustras ex qui iam per-a-cta Tem-pus im-plens cor-po-ris, Se volente, natus ad hoc
3. Hic a-ce-tum, fel, ha-run-do, Spu-ta, cla-vi, lan-ce-a; Mita corpus perforatur
4. Glori-a et ho-nor De - o Us-que quo al-ti-ssi-mo, Una Pa-tri Fi-li-o-que,

P. 148.

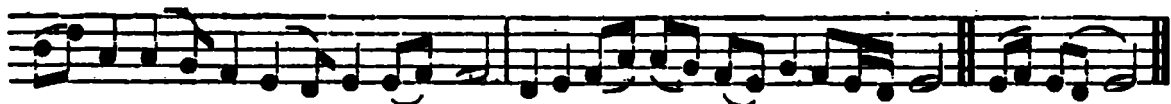


1. Ad ce-nam A-gni pro-vi-di, Et sto-lis al-bis can-di-di:
2. Cu-ius cor-pus san-cti-ssi-mum In a-ra cru-cis tor-ri-dum;
3. Pro-te-cti pa-schae ve-spe-re A de-va-sta-nte a-nge-lo;
4. Iam pascha nostrum Christus est, Qui im-mo-la-tus A-gnus est:
5. O ve-re di-gna ho-sti-a Per quam fra-cta sunt tar-ta-ra,
6. Con-sur-git Chri-stus tu-mu-lo, Vic-tor re-dit de ba-ra-thro,
7. Quae-su-mus, Au-ctor o-mni-um, In hoc pa-scha-li gau-di-o,
8. Glo-ri-a Ti-bi, Do-mi-ne, Qui sur-rex-isti a mor-tu-is;

P. 174.



1. Ve-ni, Cre-a-tor Spi-ri - tus, Men-tes tu-o-rum vi-si - ta,
2. Qui Pa-ra - cli - tus di - ce - ris, Do-num De-i al - ti - ssi - mi,
3. Tu se - pti - for-mis mu-ne - re, De-xtrae De-i Tu di - gi - tus,
4. Ac-cen-de lu-men sen-si - bus In-funde am-o - rem cor - di - bus,
- Ho-stem re - pel - las lo - ngi - us Pa-cem - que do - nes pro - ti - nus,
- Per Te sci - a - mus, da, Pa - trem, No-sca - mus at - que Fi - li - um,



Sed su - per mel et o - mni - a E - ius dul - cis prae - sen - ti - a.
 Nil co - gi - ta - tur dul - ci - us, Quam Ie - sus De - i Fi - li - us.
 Quam bo - nus Te quae - ren - ti - bus! Sed quid in - ve - ni - en - ti - bus?
 E - xce - dens o - mne gau - di - um, Et o - mne de - si - de - ri - um.
 E - xper - tus po - test cre - de - re, Quid sit Ie - sum di - li - ge - re. A - men.



Quo car - ne car - nis con - di - tor Su - pen - sus est pa - ti - bu - lo:
 Ut nos la - va - ret cri - mi - ne, Ma - na - vit un - da et sa - ngui - ne.
 Di - cens 'in na - ti - o - ni - bus Re - gna - vit a li - gno De - us.'
 Qua vi - ta mor - tem per - tu - lit Et mor - te vi - tam red - di - dit.
 Quos per cru - cis my - ste - ri - um Sal - vas, re - ge per sae - cu - la. A - men.



Dic triumphum nobilem, Qualiter Redemptor orbis Immolatus vicerit.
 Pa - ssi - o - ni de - di - tus, Agnus in crucis levatur Immolandus stipite.
 Sanguis, unda profluit; Terra, pontus astra, mundus Quo lavantur flumine
 In - cli - to Pa - ra - cli - to, Cu - i laus est et po - te - stas Per aeterna sae - cu - la. A - men.



Post transitum ma - ris ru - bri Chri - sto ca - na - mus Prin - ci - pi:
 Cru - o - re E - ius ro - se - o Gu - sta - ndo vi - vi - mus De - o;
 E - re - pti de du - ri - ssi - mo Pha - ra - o - nis im - pe - ri - o.
 Sin - ce - ri - ta - tis a - zy - ma Ca - ro E - ius o - bla - ta est.
 Re - de - mpta plebs cap - ti - va - ta Re - ddi - ta vi - tae prae - mi - a.
 Tyrannum trudens vinculo Et re - se - rans Pa - ra - di - sum.
 Ab o - mni mor - tis im - pe - tu Tu - um de - fen - de po - pu - lum.
 Cum Pa - tre et Sa - ncto Spi - ritu In sem - pi - ter - na sae - cu - la. A - men.



Im - ple su - per - na gra - ti - a Quae Tu , cre - a - sti pe - cto - ra.
 Fons vi - vus, i - gnis, ca - ri - tas, Et spi - ri - ta - lis u - ncti - o.
 Tu ri - te pro - mi - sso Pa - tris Ser - mo - ne di - tans gu - ttu - ra.
 In - fir - ma no - stri cor - po - ris Vir - tu - te fir - mans per - pe - ti.
 Du - cto - re sic Te prae - vi - o Vi - te - mus o - mne no - xi - um.
 Te u - tri - us - que Spi - ri - tum Cre - da - mus o - mni te - mpo - re. A - men.

NOTE ON THE PRECEDING MELODIES.

The melodies which had been sung by the early Christians in the Catacombs, derived possibly from the Temple services, were collected and systematized by St. Ambrose in the fourth century and St. Gregory in the sixth. The latter adopted eight principal melodies, the Gregorian Tones; and the name of Plainsong is given to music in that style, of which the foregoing are specimens. Their date is uncertain; but it is probable that in some cases the writer of the words was also the composer of the music.

Protected by ecclesiastical authority, they have escaped to a great extent the alterations which nearly all well-known melodies undergo, and are thus of great historical interest. Their remoteness from modern music is due to the circumstances of their origin; they were set, largely, to suit the irregular accent of prose (Alleluias, Antiphons, Sequences), they were intended to follow closely the smooth transitions and moderate compass of the speaking voice, and were for many centuries unharmonized and unaccompanied.

No system of writing these timeless melodies in modern notation can be regarded as entirely satisfactory. The method here adopted is that in use at St. Matthew's, Westminster. The unit is the crochet; the minim is as a rule something longer, and the quaver and semiquaver something shorter. Occasionally, however, the difference is one of loud and soft rather than of long and short. For instance, in the word 'dulcis' (in the first line) the two syllables would take about the same time to sing; but the two notes of the first syllable are passed over smoothly, and are of similar length, whereas in the second syllable the first note is rather dwelt on and emphasized at the expense of the second.

The somewhat unusual division of the words, by which the syllables are made to end with a vowel, is intended to accentuate the importance, especially in Latin, of singing on the vowels rather than on the consonants.

NOTES



The Editors wish to express their indebtedness in the compilation of these Notes to many books of reference, and especially to Julian's Dictionary of Hymnology and the Dictionary of National Biography.



I.

NOTES ON THE HYMNS.

Some Terms used in the following Notes will be found explained on pages 469-475.

PAGE

- 8, 4. Part of the evening and morning hymns for the use of the Scholars of Winchester College.
4. One of the five hymns added to the New Version in 1782.
5. The latter part of Bishop Ken's morning hymn, with one verse (v. 2) from the midnight hymn.
11. Almost universally used as an evening hymn, but the allusion to eventide is really metaphorical. The hymn was written by Lyte about two months before his death, when, in weakness and ill health, he had been making a great effort to preach to his people.
14. Part of the evening hymn, 'Tis gone, that bright and orb'd blaze,' from the *Christian Year*.
15. Part of the evening hymn, 'Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go.'
16. Part of the morning hymn, 'Hues of the rich unfolding morn,' from the *Christian Year*.
17. The first eight lines of a sonnet, entitled 'Easter.'

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18. Translated from the hymn for the Ninth Hour, attributed (probably wrongly) to St. Ambrose.
19. Translated from the *Roman Breviary* revision of St. Ambrose's evening hymn, which began 'O lux beata Trinitas.'
21. Written as a hymn for Holy Baptism. The doxology is not original.
22. In previous editions of this book the translation given of the Latin original of this hymn was an adaptation of Isaac Williams' 'Now the day's declining wheel.' Williams' translation, in its original form, was entirely unfitted for congregational use, and had been very much altered.
24. Translated from St. Ambrose's morning hymn.
25. Translated from the hymn appointed in all ancient breviaries for the Sixth Hour. It has been attributed, but on no sufficient grounds, to St. Ambrose.
26. The Latin original is appointed in the *Paris Breviary* for Sunday evenings between Trinity and Advent. This translation was first published in this hymn book (1860). It was sung at the evening service at Wellington College on the day of Archbishop Benson's funeral.
28. The Vesper hymn in the Service Book of the Greek Church. It is quoted by St. Basil in the fourth century as being of unknown authorship and date.
29. This translation was first published in this hymn book.
30. Often wrongly attributed to Luther. Verse 1 appeared anonymously in the *Sheffield Psalms and Hymns*, 1802; the last three verses were added by Dr. Collyer in 1812, and were altered by Cotterill in 1820 to their present shape. More than twenty versions of the hymn exist.

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31. The Latin original of this hymn began 'Vox clara ecce intonat'; it was wrongly ascribed to St. Ambrose, but is certainly ancient, perhaps of the fifth century. It was recast in the *Roman Breviary*, where it begins 'En clara vox redarguit'; and from that recast this translation was made.
- 82, 84, 86. This, the most famous of all Latin hymns, was written in Italy by a Franciscan Friar in the thirteenth century. Its hold upon men's minds is shown by the fact that there are about 90 translations of it into German, and 160 into English. The first line is taken directly from the Vulgate of Zeph. i. 15; the third line is meant to imply that Jew and Gentile alike bear witness to the truth Christians believe, and is an instance of the mediaeval view which coordinated heathen with Christian prophecies. From an unwillingness to admit the Sibyl as a witness to divine truth, the French missals in the eighteenth century altered the line to 'Crucis expandens vexilla,' basing it on the expectation that the sign of the Son of man (Matt. xxiv. 30) would be the apparition of a cross in the sky.
- 88, 85, 87. This translation, made by Archbishop Benson when a master at Rugby, was first published in this book. The verse 'With sharp pangs my heart is wounded,' formerly omitted, is restored from the Archbishop's original MS. now at Wellington College.
- 88, 89. A compilation by Madan of two separate hymns by John Cennick and Charles Wesley. Cennick's hymn was of six verses, only two of which—'Every island' and 'Now redemption'—appear here; Wesley's was of four, the first three and the last in this version.
40. From the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

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41. With the third verse compare Pope's *Messiah* :

‘ He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeballs pour the day.’

43, 44. ‘ O come, O come, Emmanuel ’ is a translation from the seven greater Antiphons. These were short passages, taken or adapted from Scripture, sung before and after the Magnificat in the last days of Advent ; and ‘ O Sapientia,’ the beginning of the first of them, is printed in our Prayer Book Calendar opposite December 16, when it was to be sung. They are known as the O’s, each beginning with O. Some time probably in the twelfth century, an unknown author took five of them (O Emmanuel, O radix Iesse, O Oriens, O clavis David, O Adonai) and made them into a hymn with the refrain—

‘ Gaude, gaude, Emmanuel
Nascetur pro te, Israel :’

and from this Dr. Neale’s translation was made.

46. The last verse was added when the hymn was sung at Dean Alford’s funeral, Jan. 17, 1871.

49. One of the original hymns in the Supplement to the New Version, 1702.

50. Probably of the seventeenth or eighteenth century, and of French or German authorship.

52. Wesley’s original hymn, which began—

‘ Hark ! how all the welkin rings,
Glory to the King of kings !’

was altered by Whitefield and Madan ; and the hymn, in this its best known form, appeared first as one of the five hymns added to the New Version in 1782.

57. From the *Christian Year*, for this day.

68. A paraphrase of Isa. ix. 2-8.

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66. From 'The Joyful Rhythm of St. Bernard on the Name of Jesus'—one of the most famous of mediaeval hymns.
67. This translation was made from the *Roman Breviary* version of 1722: that on p. 70 from the *Sarum Breviary*.
71. Based upon Psalm lxxii, and written for Foreign Missions. An historical use was made of the hymn in 1862, when various South Sea islands formally renounced heathenism and embraced Christianity. Thousands of natives from Tonga, Fiji, and Samoa met, under King George, for this purpose upon Whitsunday, and the service began with the singing of this hymn.
- 72-74. Written originally for a Christmas ode.
- 78, 79. Written for this Sunday, and meant to sum up the subjects of the Epiphany services.
80. As the Latin Church forbade the use of Alleluia in Septuagesima, in many rituals it was repeated frequently on the Saturday before, as a farewell to its employment for a while. The French breviaries celebrate the return of Alleluia on the second Sunday after Easter.
- 81, 82. From the *Christian Year*, for this Sunday.
83. Published in the *Spectator*, August 23, 1712.
84. An extract from the 'Rhythm of Bernard of Morlaix on the Joys and Glories of Paradise,' a long poem of about 3,000 lines written in hexameters. Each line is divided into three equal parts, of which the first and second rhyme, while each pair of lines rhymes as well. From the same poem, which was not written as a hymn, come the originals of 'Brief life is here our portion,' and 'Jerusalem the golden.'
88. Published in the *Spectator*, September 20, 1712.

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92. Written for the Sundays from Septuagesima to Lent.
95. A paraphrase of Hos. vi. 1-4.
96. A hymn at Prime in the daily office in the breviaries, ascribed, probably wrongly, to St. Ambrose.
- 104, 105. These hymns are selections from the hymns sung by the 'Choirs of Angelicals' in the *Dream of Gerontius*, a poem describing the passage of a soul on leaving the body.
106. The first four verses of the famous 'Stabat Mater,' of which the authorship is uncertain. Pope Benedict XIV, who had made hymns his special study, ascribed it to Pope Innocent III; and it cannot have been written much earlier. It was first brought into notice in the fourteenth century, when the Flagellants used to sing it on their way from town to town.
114. Originally written for Confirmation.
115. The German original of this hymn, 'Christe, du Beistand deiner Kreuzgemeine,' was written for use in time of war. Both original and translation are in Sapphic metre.
116. An historical use was made of the hymn 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' in September, 1901, when it was sung at the time of the funeral of President McKinley throughout the United States of America, and in most English speaking countries.
119. The German original of this hymn, 'Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme,' seems to have been written at Unna in Westphalia, where its author was pastor, during the terrible pestilence of 1597. The melody, which appeared with the hymn, and is probably by the

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- same author, is known as the 'King of Chorales,' and was brought into notice in England by the use made of it by Mendelssohn in his *St. Paul*.
121. This hymn, 'The Lamentation of a Sinner,' first appeared in the 1560-1561 edition of the Old Version.
122. The hymn in this form first appeared in Williams and Boden's Collection in 1801, signed 'Eckinton C.,' and was repeated in Montgomery's *Christian Psalmist* in 1825. It was almost certainly written by James Montgomery, and was based on a MS. hymn in the British Museum of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, signed F. B. P. This in its turn was based on a passage in the *Meditations* of St. Augustine, and upon the hymn, 'Ad perennis vitae fontem,' of Cardinal Peter Damiani, 988-1072.
123. The German original of this was an acrostic on Luther's translation of Ps. xxxvii. 5, and is one of the most famous of German hymns. This version is a selection, much altered, from John Wesley's translation, 'Commit thou all thy griefs.'
124. Written by Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers, as a processional hymn, when a fragment of the 'True Cross,' obtained by Queen Rhadegunda from the Emperor Justin II, was taken from Tours to be enshrined at Poitiers. The doxology is not by Fortunatus, and is found substituted for his last verse in an eleventh century MS., in the British Museum.
126. The hymn, from which this is a selection, is of ten verses. It is one of the finest of mediaeval hymns.
128. A free paraphrase, with as decided a 'Christian character' as its author could give to it, of the Hebrew Yigdal, that is, the thirteen articles of the

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- Hebrew creed, in metrical form, sung at the end of service on Friday evenings and on the eve of festivals.
130. This, entitled 'A Living and Dying Prayer for the Holiest Believer in the World,' is perhaps the most famous of English hymns.
131. The Latin original of this hymn is of doubtful authorship; but the tradition that it is by St. Bernard of Clairvaux goes back at least to 1450.
132. Stanzas iv, v, vi, ix of Part III and stanza ii of Part IV (slightly altered) of Faber's translation of 'Summe Pater, O Creator.' The Latin hymn was first printed in 1644, at Cologne.
- 133, 134. The Latin original of this hymn, in elegiacs, was written by St. Theodulph, Bishop of Orleans, probably while imprisoned at Angers, 820-821. There is a legend that Louis the Pious of France, being at Angers on Palm Sunday, 821, took part in the usual procession, which passed the window of Theodulph's cell. Amid the silence of the people Theodulph sang this hymn; whereupon the King ordered him to be set free and restored to his see, and that the hymn should always be used on Palm Sunday. Unhappily, it does not seem to be more than a mere legend.
138. The original of this, 'Pange, lingua,' is one of the most famous of all Latin hymns. With the following hymn it formed part of a service drawn up by St. Thomas Aquinas at the request of Pope Urban IV.
142. Originally written for the Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity, being based on the Gospel, the raising of the widow's son.

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145. The original of this hymn is a Latin Easter carol, of unknown authorship, found in three MSS. of the fourteenth century. This was translated (anonymously) in 1708, but the hymn in its modern form only contains the first verse of the translation, the last two verses of the present version having been written without reference to the original Latin, and added in 1749. The text here adopted is that found in the Supplement to the New Version, to which the hymn was added after 1807.
- 146, 147. The Latin hymn, of which this is a translation, is probably of French origin, and is used in many French dioceses on the evening of Easter Day.
148. This famous hymn refers to, and was originally written for, those who were solemnly baptized and clothed in white on Easter Eve, and admitted to Holy Communion on Easter Day. The *stolae albae* (line 2) were worn all the week, and first left off on Low Sunday (*Dominica in albis depositis*).
149. A translation of 'Ad regias Agni dapes,' which is the revised form, used in the *Roman Breviary*, of 'Ad cenam Agni providi.'
152. Translated from the revision in the *Roman Breviary* of the old Latin hymn, 'Aurora lucis rutilat.' The recast in the *Breviary* begins 'Aurora caelum purpurat.' The first verse of the translation has been slightly altered.
158. Translated from the *Roman Breviary* recast of a very old Latin hymn, of unknown authorship, but mentioned as early as 550, which began 'Rex aeterne Domine.'
160. The Latin original of this hymn was much used in the Easter miracle plays.

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161. From the *Christian Year*, for Easter Day, slightly altered.
- 162, 163. Written for, and first published in, this hymn book.
165. The Greek original was written for the First Sunday after Easter.
169. A revised and abbreviated form made in 1870, with Dean Stanley's consent, of his hymn, 'He is gone—beyond the skies.' The hymn was written at the request of a friend, whose children complained that there was no good hymn for Ascension Day, and asked what the feelings of the disciples had been when Christ ascended.
172. Written by Michael Bruce, about 1764, for a singing-class at Kinnesswood, but published and passed off as his own by John Logan, together with other hymns and poems of Bruce's, in 1781, fourteen years after Bruce's death.
173. The Latin original is of unknown authorship, and first appeared in the *Cluniac Breviary* of 1686.
174. This hymn 'has taken deeper hold of the Western Church than any other mediaeval hymn, the *Te Deum* alone excepted.' It has been attributed to the Emperor Charles the Great, to St. Ambrose, to Gregory the Great, and to Rhabanus Maurus; but there is no real evidence for any, though lines 15 and 16 are borrowed directly from a hymn of St. Ambrose.
175. This translation of the *Veni Creator* is in Bishop Cosin's *Collection of Private Devotions*, 1627, for use

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at the Third Hour. It was afterwards given in the Prayer Book of 1662, in the Ordination and Consecration Services.

176. The first form of this translation of the *Veni Creator* was printed apparently in the Ordinal of 1549, and certainly in the Second Prayer Book of Edward VI, 1552. In a revised form it was included in the Book of Common Prayer, 1662; and from that revision this hymn is a selection.

177. From the *Christian Year*, for Whit Sunday.

181. The first and the last two stanzas of the poem on Trinity Sunday in the *Christian Year*.

183. Translated from the Latin, 'O Deus ego amo Te, Nec amo Te ut salves me'; which in its turn is supposed to be a translation of a Spanish sonnet.

192. This famous hymn of Luther's was probably written for the Diet of Speier, 1529, when five German princes and the representatives of fourteen cities protested against the Edict of Worms (which had declared Luther a heretic), and thereby gained the name of Protestants. It was called by Heine the 'Marseillaise of the Reformation.'

199. The first ten lines of this hymn (of which the first four ran—

'Much in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go!
Fight the fight, and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the Bread of life.')

were found as a fragment, written by Kirke White on the back of one of his mathematical papers. The remainder was written by Miss F. S. Fuller Maitland

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- (afterwards Mrs. Colquhoun) at the age of fourteen : and the changes in Kirke White's lines were made in Bickersteth's *Christian Psalmody*, 1833, and Hall's *Mitre Hymn Book*, 1836.
201. Written by Cowper either just before, or (more probably) on his recovery from, the fit of insanity in 1773 which led him to attempt his own life.
203. Written by the author first in Welsh and then in English. The hymn was sung at the midnight service at St. Paul's at the end of the nineteenth century.
205. Written for the services in the Great House at Olney.
(See p. 485.)
- 207-209. See on p. 84.
211. Published in the *Spectator*, August 9, 1712.
212. Written by Milton at the age of fifteen, when he was at St. Paul's School.
216. The original of this hymn (ascribed, but on no evidence, to St. Ambrose) was for use at the Third Hour, the reference being to the outpouring of the Holy Spirit at the Third Hour on the day of Pentecost.
220. Probably the best known of all Charles Wesley's hymns. It was written shortly after the great spiritual change he underwent in 1738, and within a few months of the date given officially as that of the founding of Methodism, 1739. It was headed 'In Temptation.'
222. Written for Sunday evening. It is often altered to 'Thousands within Thy courts.'
223. 'All people that on earth do dwell,' the Old Hundredth, first appeared in Daye's *Psalter*, 1560-1561,

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- and then in the *Anglo-Genevan Psalter*, 1561. The word *folk* in line 7 (spelt *folck* in Daye, and *folke* in the *Anglo-Genevan*) was altered to *flock* in 1585, probably by a printer's error which transposed the letters of *folck*; but the Psalm, 'We are His people and the sheep of His pasture,' goes to show that *folk* is right. The tune first appeared in the *French-Genevan Psalter* of 1551.
227. This is Cotterill's arrangement (1819) of verses 4, 2, 5, 6, 7 of Newton's hymn, 'I am, saith Christ, your glorious Head.'
228. Written for, and first published in, this book.
229. Three verses, with necessary alterations, of Miss Steele's hymn, entitled 'Resignation,' 'When I survey life's varied scene.'
231. A selection from a hymn with sixteen verses of eight lines each. The doxology is not original.
243. The original is from the *Cluniac Breviary*. The translation is from Isaac Williams' *Hymns from the Parisian Breviary*, where it is stated that it was 'supplied by a friend.'
245. The first and third verses of this hymn are the first and last stanzas of the poem on the Purification in the *Christian Year*. The other two verses were added, either by W. J. Hall, or his fellow worker, E. Osler, in Hall's *Mitre Hymn Book*, 1836, where the hymn substantially took its present form. The alterations were made with Keble's permission.
248. Written for, and first published in, this book.
250. From the *Christian Year*, for St. Mark's Day.

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252. Translated from the *Roman Breviary* recast of the second part of the hymn 'Aurora lucis rutilat.' The first part is translated on p. 152. This translation was made for this book.
257. Written by Newman during his voyage on an orange boat from Palermo to Marseilles in 1833. While trying to hurry to England for 'the work he had to do' (in the Oxford Movement), he was becalmed for a week in the Straits of Bonifacio, and wrote 'Lead, kindly Light' on June 16, and this hymn on June 22; the two hymns should be considered together. His own account is given in the note on p. 378. This doxology is not original.
258. From the *Christian Year*, for St. Bartholomew's Day.
260. The first three verses are by Bishop How; the last three are based upon three verses of a long hymn by Bishop Ken.
261. The original of this hymn is the recast in the *Roman Breviary* of 1632 of the hymn 'Tibi, Christe splendor Patris.' This translation appeared first in a Primer of 1706, with about one hundred and twenty other translations of Latin hymns. Some of these are undoubtedly by Dryden, and there is a presumption, almost amounting to proof, that all are his work.
263. Written for the Anniversary of the Dedication of Marlborough College Chapel.
265. This famous hymn is said to be the outcome of the author's feelings in regard to certain divisions in the Church. The text is that revised by the author in 1868.
268. This hymn was sung at the funeral of Archbishop Benson in Canterbury Cathedral.

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271. Watts' original hymn began 'These glorious minds, how bright they shine'; it was very largely recast in the *Draft Scottish Paraphrases* in 1745. This text, from the *Scottish Paraphrases* of 1781, derives verses 2, 4, and 5 from the 1745 recast, while verses 3 and 6 are new.
273. The original of this hymn, written for festivals of martyrs, was adapted for festivals of apostles by slight changes.
288. Written by the poet Longfellow on the occasion of the ordination of his brother Samuel Longfellow to his pastorate in America.
284. The Latin original of this is from the same poem as that from which come the Latin originals of the hymns on pp. 56 and 59.
285. One of the five hymns added to the New Version in 1782.
286. The Latin original of this was written at the close of the seventh century at the monastery of Bangor, County Down, Ireland.
288. The history of this hymn is the same as that of the Latin original of the hymn on p. 138.
289. This translation is now printed for the first time.
293. The original of this hymn, unlike the others by St. Thomas Aquinas (*Pange, lingua* and *Lauda, Sion*), was never in public use in the mediaeval Church; but it has been added to many books of private devotion.
297. The editors have been unable to trace the history of this hymn.

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305. The German original of the hymn 'At length released from many woes' was written upon the death of the young son of Count von Zinzendorf, the protector of the Moravian emigrants.
308. Written at Wrexham in the Vicarage (now the railway station) on the evening before Whitsunday, 1819, in view of a sermon and offertory the next day for the Eastern operations of the S.P.G.
- 316, 317. The hymn 'O Lord of hosts' was written at the time of the war with the South African Republic, 1899-1900.
318. Founded on Ecclus. l. 22-24. The German original has been called the 'German Te Deum,' being used at all national festivals and thanksgivings. One of the striking features of the siege of Paris in the winter of 1870-1871 was the singing of this hymn at night, throughout their lines, by the besieging German armies.
- 320-322. These translations were made by Archbishop Benson when at Rugby, and were used at the dedication of the Chapel of Wellington College in 1863.
333. This hymn in its original form had four verses of ten lines each. This rearrangement appeared in the Rev. F. Pott's *Hymns*, 1861.
- 334 (10). The second verse, by Archbishop Whately, is a free translation of the old Antiphon 'Salva nos, Domine, vigilantes, custodi nos dormientes, ut vigilemus in Christo et requiescamus in pace.'
- 335 (12). In this text verses 2 and 3 have been transposed from their original order, and another verse, concerning sudden death, omitted.

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336. About 1850 the Rev. W. J. Blew printed, for use in his church, a translation of Charles Coffin's hymn, 'Grates peracto iam die.' To this, in 1868, original additions were made by the Rev. J. Ellerton, who in 1871 revised the text as it here stands. In this form there is nothing of Blew's hymn, except that the line of thought is the same.
- 337 (14). Included in the author's *Prayers for Children, especially in Parochial Schools*.
- 338, 339. 'Every effort has been made to discover the original of this hymn, but in vain.'—Rev. L. C. Biggs.
340. Of the Greek original of this hymn Dr. Neale wrote, 'This little hymn . . . is a great favourite in the Greek isles. It is, to the scattered hamlets of Chios and Mitylene, what Bishop Ken's evening hymn is to the villages of our own land.'
344. This text is slightly altered from Cotterill's recast of the hymn. Miss Scott's original hymn began 'Awake, our drowsy souls.'
350. Entitled 'A Pilgrim's Song,' and written originally for use on New Year's Day.
360. Based on Zech. xiii. 1, 'In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness.'
364. In the middle ages this hymn was often called the Golden Sequence. It is, says Archbishop Trench, 'the loveliest of all the hymns in the whole circle of Latin sacred poetry.' Its authorship is uncertain: its verse structure (pairs of rhyming lines, with every third line rhyming in -ium) has not been traced

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earlier than 1150, and the Sequence itself has not been found in any MS. earlier than 1200. Its ascription to King Robert II of France rests on no foundation, and the most probable author is Pope Innocent III.

365. This translation, an attempt to reproduce as closely as possible the verse structure of the original, is now printed for the first time.

366. This hymn has been very largely altered from the original text by various hands.

369 (46). This hymn was stated by the author to be an imitation and combination from the Latin hymns 'Tu Trinitatis Unitas' and 'Iam sol recedit igneus.' For the latter of these two hymns see note on p. 19; the former is itself a combination of one stanza from a hymn 'Tu Trinitatis Unitas' ascribed to Gregory the Great, and another from 'Aeterna caeli gloria' ascribed to St. Ambrose.

371. The Greek original on which this hymn is based was, Dr. Neale says, copied by him 'from a dateless Constantinopolitan book.' The English hymn, he says, contains 'little that is from the Greek'; and no Greek original in any way corresponding with it has been discovered in Dr. Neale's papers or elsewhere.

372. For the German original of this hymn see note on p. 123.

375. No one has yet identified the Greek original used by Dr. Neale for this hymn.

377. This hymn has been translated into almost every European language, and into the languages of many distant lands.

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378. See note on p. 257. 'My servant . . . asked what ailed me. I could only answer, "I have a work to do in England." I was aching to get home: yet for want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. . . . At last I got off in an orange boat bound for Marseilles. We were becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio. Then it was that I wrote the lines, "Lead, kindly Light" (June 16, 1833), which have since become well known.' (Newman, *Apologia pro Vita Sua*.) The meaning of the last two lines has been much discussed; but Cardinal Newman, when himself appealed to, wrote, 'I may plead that I am not bound to *remember* my own meaning, whatever it was, at the end of almost fifty years.' The hymn is in no way connected (as has sometimes been stated) with Newman's perplexity before leaving the Church of England ('as to leaving her, the thought never crossed my imagination,' *loc. cit.*); but deals with his state of mind just before the commencement of the Oxford Movement.
383. Written by Doddridge in 1737, and included in the *Draft Scottish Paraphrases* in 1745. In 1781 John Logan (who was not born till 1748) gave it with alterations in his *Poems* as his own; and in the same year Logan's text, with a new fifth verse, was given in the *Scottish Translations and Paraphrases*. This is the text here followed. The hymn was used at the midnight service at St. Paul's at the end of the nineteenth century.
387. The first of Addison's hymns in the *Spectator*, published July 26, 1712.
389. Perhaps the most famous of American hymns.
390. This hymn was sung at the funeral of Archbishop Benson in Canterbury Cathedral, and at the service at Wellington College on the same day.

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394. This hymn, says Dr. Neale, contains 'little that is from the Greek'; and no lines corresponding to the English have been found.
397. This mission hymn has been slightly altered to fit it for general use.
410. Part of a long poem, beginning 'Glory to God, and praise and love,' written by Charles Wesley on the first anniversary of the great spiritual change which came upon him on May 21, 1738. The lines 'O for a thousand tongues to sing my dear Redeemer's praise' are said to have originated in the answer given by Peter Böhler the Moravian, when Wesley spoke to him of praising Christ—'Had I a thousand tongues, I would praise Him with them all.' The hymn, as arranged by John Wesley, is the opening hymn in the *Wesleyan Hymn Book* and in most Methodist collections.
411. A resetting by Sir R. Grant, in less quaint form, of Kethe's version of Psalm civ in the Old Version (p. 77).
414. The Latin original was used for the Epiphany, and is modelled on Psalm cxlviii.
418. Entitled, and first published as, a 'Funeral Hymn.'
422. The second part of one of a series of nine hymns, entitled 'The Young Man's Meditation.' The first part of this hymn begins 'Sweet place, sweet place alone.'
- 424, 425. See note on p. 84. The hymn on p. 425 was sung at the evening service at Wellington College on the day of Archbishop Benson's funeral.
430. Said to have been suggested by the view of the Isle of Wight from Southampton Water.
431. Based on St. Mark vi. 31-46.
433. 'Now as they were going along and talking, they espied a Boy feeding his Father's sheep. The Boy

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was in very mean cloaths, but of a very fresh and well favoured countenance, and as he sate by himself he sung. "Hark," said Mr. Great Heart, "to what the Shepherd's Boy saith." So they hearkened, and he said—

"He that is down needs fear no fall."

(Here follow the three stanzas.)

'Then said their Guide, "Do you hear him? I will dare to say that this Boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of that Herb called Hearts Ease in his Bosom, than he that is clad in Silk and Velvet."'—
The Pilgrim's Progress, Part II.

434. From the *Christian Year*, for St. John the Evangelist's Day, on which feast it was written in 1819.
435. Written for, and sung at, the unveiling of the monument to Archbishop Benson in Canterbury Cathedral, on July 8, 1899.
439. The original of this hymn (in six verses) was written by Dean Bullock in 1854. Of this Sir H. W. Baker took verses 1-4, altering them somewhat, and added three verses of his own. This text is here adopted, with the omission of verse 4.
444. Originally entitled 'Dedication of firstfruits'; applied as a hymn of prayer and praise for children in Gurney's *Marylebone Collection*.

APPENDIX.

TERMS USED IN THE PRECEDING NOTES.

BREVIARY. Breviaries are books containing services as used in the Western Church, and form one of the sources to which the English Prayer Book is indebted. Before they were compiled, various books were in use in the daily services, e.g. Psalter, Scriptures, Hymnal, Antiphonary,

and others; and a breviary is a single service book composed from these, and so called because it is a compilation of them in an abbreviated form. As sources of hymns the most important breviaries are—

1. *The Roman Breviary*, which was the growth of centuries and roughly took shape under Gregory VII (1073–1085). It received four main revisions, viz. in 1525, under Clement VII; in 1568, after the Council of Trent, under Pius V, who sanctioned and commanded its use by the Bull *Quod a nobis*; in 1602, under Clement VIII; and in 1632, under Urban VIII. There are at present about 160 hymns in the *Roman Breviary*, of which sixty have been added since the revision of 1632.

2. *The Ambrosian Breviary*, attributed to St. Ambrose, which is still in use in the diocese of Milan: it was largely revised by St. Charles Borromeo (d. 1584).

3. *The Paris Breviary*, which was revised by Archbishop Charles de Vintimille in 1736. To the hymns of this breviary Charles Coffin, Jean Baptiste de Santeuil, and Nicolas le Tourneaux were contributors.

4. *The Cluniac Breviary*.

PSALTERS, OR METRICAL VERSIONS OF THE PSALMS.

1. The two English Versions, the Old and New Versions.

a. *The Old Version* was originated by Thomas Sternhold, Groom of the Robes to Henry VIII. His aim was to make sacred ballads for the people, and with one exception all his versions are in ballad metres. The first edition of Sternhold's Psalms contained nineteen versions, and was dedicated to Edward VI; the next contained thirty seven, and was published after Sternhold's death in 1549; the third, in 1551, contained seven fresh versions by John Hopkins, a disciple of Sternhold. In 1556 the Puritan party at Geneva brought out an order of service (approved by Calvin) containing these forty four psalms, with seven more versions

by William Whittingham, Calvin's brother-in-law, who was pastor of the English congregation at Geneva and a large contributor to the translation of the Geneva Bible. This is known as the *Anglo-Genevan Psalter*. In 1561 there was another edition of this book, which contained thirty six new versions (making eighty seven in all), viz. nine by Whittingham, two by John Pullain, one of the original Students of Christ Church, Oxford, twenty four by William Kethe, and the 'Old Hundredth.' In 1562 *The Complete Psalter* was published; it contained thirty nine new versions by Hopkins, twenty six by Thomas Norton, nine by Kethe, and four by John Marckant, while seven of the previous versions were omitted. In 1565 the full edition appeared, in which four of the omitted versions were brought back, and some alternative versions added. In all there were nine contributors to the Old Version, of whom Sternhold and Hopkins were so far the most important (contributing forty and sixty metrical psalms respectively) that the version is often called by their name.

b. *The New Version* was practically the outcome of long dissatisfaction with the version of Sternhold and Hopkins. It was the work of two Irishmen, both more or less poets—Nahum Tate, who wrote the second part of *Absalom and Achitophel* under Dryden's supervision, and succeeded Shadwell as poet laureate; and Nicholas Brady, chaplain to William III, who published a verse translation of the *Aeneid*. There is nothing to show what is the work of Tate and what of Brady; the artificial style of the version is the style of the period. Two instalments were published (one in 1695 and one earlier) as a specimen, and the entire Psalter appeared in 1696. Two new editions appeared in 1698, the latter of which was the New Version of the future. In 1702 appeared a third edition, with a supplement containing (i) metrical versions of the Te Deum, Benedictus, Magnificat, Nunc Dimittis, Creed, Lord's Prayer, and Ten Commandments; (ii) a few hymns, one

being 'While shepherds watched'; and 'Select Psalms done in particular measures.' In 1708 was added 'O Lord, turn not Thy face from me'; in 1782 the New Version was first printed at the University Presses, and 'Hark! the herald angels sing,' 'My God, and is Thy table spread,' and 'Awake, my soul, and with the sun,' were added; while some time after 1807 were added also 'Jesus Christ is risen to day' and 'Glory to thee, my God, this night.'

2. The Scottish Versions and Scottish Paraphrases.

a. *The first Scottish Psalter* appeared in 1564, and was really a completion of the *Anglo-Genevan Psalter* of 1561; William Kethe, John Craig, and Robert Pont, all of them Scotchmen, were considerable contributors to it. It was ordered by the General Assembly of 1561, when the Geneva book was imported into Scotland; and on December 26, 1564, the General Assembly ordered that every minister, reader, and exhorter should have and use a copy. It was reprinted several times, and continued in use till the present version of 1650.

b. *The Scottish Psalter of 1650.* Desire for uniformity of worship between England and Scotland led to the calling of the Westminster Assembly in 1643, part of the work recommended to them by Parliament being the preparation of a Psalter. The Lords recommended that of William Barton, and the Commons that of Francis Rous, which was ultimately ordered by the Commons to be printed. But the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland were dissatisfied with it, and suspicious of the religious views of Rous himself; they therefore appointed a Committee to revise this version, and use others in amending it. As a result of this, in 1650 was published and authorized the present *Scottish Psalter*, which 'has survived all proposals to modernize it, and remains to this day the only version of the Psalms used by Presbyterian Scotland.'

c. *The Scottish Translations and Paraphrases.* In con-

sequence of a desire to find 'a wider range of subjects in praise' than was provided by the Psalter, the General Assembly in 1742 appointed a Committee to 'make a collection of Translations into English verse or metre of passages of the Holy Scriptures.' After some delay, in 1745 the Committee produced a *Draft* called *Translations and Paraphrases of several passages of Holy Scripture*; it contained forty five paraphrases, twenty three being by Dr. Watts, and others by Doddridge and Tate. This was reprinted in 1749, but never sanctioned for public use. This book is known as the *Draft Scottish Paraphrases*. Another revision was ordered in 1775, and in 1781 another edition appeared, which added twenty two new paraphrases, and five hymns (three being by Addison). This is known as the *Scottish Paraphrases*. The Paraphrases never received formal sanction, but have always been freely used by Scottish Presbyterians.

3. There have been many metrical versions of the Psalms made by individuals, of which the following have been mainly drawn upon for this book :—

a. Version of Sir Philip Sidney and his sister Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke. This was commenced by Sir P. Sidney, who wrote the version of Psalms i–xliii, and was finished by his sister. It only existed in manuscript till 1823, when it was printed and published for the first time.

b. Dr. Watts' Version, entitled *The Psalms of David imitated in the language of the New Testament*, and published in 1719. It is not really complete, Watts having realized that some parts of the Psalms are incapable of treatment as hymns. Its great characteristic is that it treats the Psalms in the light of our Lord's life, and 'expands type and prophecy into their fulfilment.'

c. Keble's Psalter, published in 1839 under the title of *The Psalter or Psalms of David in English Verse by a Member of the University of Oxford*.

ANTIPHON. An Antiphon is a short sentence or versicle, often taken from or based on a passage of Scripture, formerly sung before and after Psalms and Canticles in the services of the Church. See note on p. 43.

MISSAL. The service book of the Latin Church, containing all that is said or sung at the Service of the Mass. The chief is the *Roman Missal*, based on the revision carried out in 1570 by Pope Pius V, as directed by the Council of Trent.

PRIMERS. A Primer is a book of devotions for the laity, in which three periods may be noted :—

1. The first Primer was the *Sarum Primer*, the earliest copy being of the fourteenth century : this represents the pre-Reformation stage.

2. The Reformation produced another series, comprising :—

a. The unauthorized Primers of the Gospellers, the earliest being in 1535.

b. The Primers of Henry VIII, 1545 ; of Edward VI in 1553 (in which are the Latin originals of the hymns on pp. 12 and 96) ; and their revision under Elizabeth in 1559.

3. Primers for the use of English Roman Catholics, issued by the Church of Rome after the Reformation and based on the *Roman Breviary*. These date from 1599 to 1706.

SEQUENCES. Between the Epistle and the Gospel there used to be sung an anthem called the Gradual. On festal days this ended with Alleluia, and the last syllable was prolonged to a number of musical notes (without words) called *Sequentia*, as *following the Alleluia*. In the ninth century the custom arose of putting words to these notes, and these in their turn came to be known as *Sequentia* or Sequences. The first writer of Sequences

was Notker Balbulus. They were originally unrhymed, and were also known as Proses; but in the twelfth century they were largely developed by Adam of St. Victor; rhyme was introduced, and an entirely new system of rhythm and versification, while there was greater freedom in subject and treatment. There were proper Sequences for nearly every Sunday and holy day, except from Septuagesima to Easter, when the use of Alleluia was forbidden.



II.

THE AUTHORS OF THE HYMNS.

ABELARD, PETER (1079-1142), was a priest, who was twice condemned for heresy. His poems and hymns were unknown till the discovery of some in the Vatican in 1838, and others in the Royal Library of Brussels in 1849. He is best known by his romantic marriage to Heloise, which largely coloured his life.

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR, twelfth century, was one of the greatest mediaeval hymn writers. When quite young, about 1130, he became a monk in the Abbey of St. Victor in Paris, where he passed the rest of his life. Over one hundred of his hymns and sequences are extant.

ADAMS, SARAH (1805-1848).

ADDISON, JOSEPH (1672-1719), politician and man of letters, was a member of Magdalen College, Oxford, where his literary powers were at once recognized. A Whig by politics, he intended to become a diplomatist, and spent four years (1699-1703) abroad to qualify himself for this career; but the death of William III and the expulsion of the Whigs from office left him for a time without employment. When the Government inclined to the Whigs again, Addison was given a small post; and after his famous poem upon Blenheim, *The Campaign*, he became an Under Secretary of State, and in 1709 Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. But his duties did not keep him from literature: in 1709 he joined Steele in the *Tatler*, and when it ended, Addison, being released from politics by the fall of the Whigs, started the *Spectator* (March 1, 1711), which had a great and immediate success. On the death of Queen Anne and the triumph of the Whigs,

Addison came back to office, and in 1717 became Secretary of State with Sunderland; but retired in 1718, owing to the illness which in the next year caused his death. The six hymns attributed to him appeared in the *Spectator* in 1712, some anonymously, others over his usual signatures, C. or O.; and though doubts have been cast upon their authenticity, they are now generally admitted to be Addison's work.

ALBINUS, JOHANN GEORG (1624-1679), was rector of the Cathedral School at Naumburg, and afterwards pastor of a church there.

ALDERSON, ELIZA SIBBALD (b. 1818).

ALEXANDER, CECIL FRANCES (1823-1895), wife of the Bishop of Derry, published some four hundred hymns and poems, mainly for children.

ALFORD, HENRY (1810-1871), was Dean of Canterbury and editor of the Greek Testament.

AMBROSE, ST. (340-397), was son of Ambrosius, Prefect of the Gauls. Beginning life as a lawyer, he was appointed Consular of Liguria and Aemilia in 374, living at Milan. A few months after, on the death of the Bishop of Milan, the excitement at the election of his successor was so intense that Ambrose had to interfere to keep the peace; and while he was exhorting the people to peace and order in the crowded church, where the election was being held, a voice suddenly cried, 'Ambrose is bishop.' He was at once baptized and, in a week more, consecrated. Here he showed himself great as scholar, statesman, and theologian. He received St. Augustine into the Church in 387: almost alone, he fought against the Arian heretics in his diocese: and in 390 he put the Emperor Theodosius to penance for a massacre he had ordered at Thessalonica. Ambrose introduced antiphonal chanting from the East, and began the work of

setting in order the music of the Church. Many hymns are attributed to him, but only about twelve can with any certainty be said to be his work.

ANATOLIUS (eighth century probably) was a Greek hymn writer of whose life nothing is known.

ANSTICE, JOSEPH (1808-1836), was classical professor at King's College, London.

AUBER, HARRIET (1773-1862).

AUSTIN, JOHN (1613-1669), a Roman Catholic, was author of *Devotions, in the Antient way of Offices, for every day in the week and every holiday in the year.*

BAKER, REV. SIR HENRY WILLIAMS (1821-1877), Vicar of Monkland, Herefordshire, was promoter and first editor of *Hymns Ancient and Modern.*

BALL, WILLIAM, a member of the Society of Friends, was author of many hymns published between 1825 and 1875.

BARING-GOULD, REV. SABINE (b. 1834), Rector of Lew Trenchard, Devon, and author of *The Lives of the Saints, Origin and Development of Religious Belief*, and many hymns.

BENSON, ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER, son of Archbishop Benson.

BERNARD, ST., OF CLAIRVAUX (1093-1153), 'saint, abbot, and doctor,' was a man of high birth and great personal beauty, who chose the life of a monk, and in 1115 went out from the first Cistercian monastery to found the Abbey of Clairvaux. In 1130 he was chosen by the French bishops to decide to which of the rival Popes, Innocent II or Anacletus II, their allegiance was due; he decided for Innocent, and was mainly instrumental in securing his general acceptance as Pope. In 1146 he preached the second crusade throughout France and Germany with such power that the whole population seemed to rise and follow him. Its failure, though in

no way due to him, was laid at his door, and in 1153, in weariness with the world, he died.

BERNARD OF MORLAIX OR CLUNY (twelfth century), an Englishman by parentage, was born at Morlaix in Brittany, and entered the Abbey of Cluny, the most famous of all monasteries, then at the height of its splendour and magnificence. In these surroundings he wrote a long poem, in rhyming hexameters, against the vices and follies of the age, which is the original of some of the best known English hymns—among them, 'Jerusalem the golden.'

BESNAULT, the ABBÉ, was a contributor to the *Paris Breviary* of 1736.

BICKERSTETH, EDWARD HENRY (b. 1825), Dean of Gloucester (1885) and Bishop of Exeter (1885-1900), is editor of the *Hymnal Companion* (1870), and of the *Hymnal Companion revised and enlarged* (1878), and author of many original hymns.

BLEW, REV. WILLIAM JOHN (b. 1808), published in 1852 *The Church Hymn and Tune Book*, to which he contributed many translations and original hymns, mainly written between 1845 and 1852 for the use of his own congregation.

BODE, REV. JOHN ERNEST (1816-1874), was Bampton Lecturer, 1855.

BONAR, HORATIUS (1808-1889), was a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, and Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church in 1883. He published many hymns and poems, beginning with *Songs from the Wilderness*, in 1843, the latest being *Communion Hymns*, in 1881.

BRADY, NICHOLAS (1659-1726), an Irishman, was joint author with Nahum Tate of the New Version of the Psalms. He was a Prebendary of Cork, and in the Irish War actively supported William III, who appointed him chaplain to the King. From 1702 to 1705 he was Incumbent of Stratford-on-Avon.

BRIGHT, WILLIAM (1824-1901), was Canon of Christ Church, and Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford.

BROWNE, SIMON (1680-1732), was an Independent minister and pastor of the Independent Chapel in Old Jewry, London. His *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* were published in 1720.

BRUCE, MICHAEL (1746-1767), of Kinnesswood, on Lochleven, was author of several hymns which appeared in the *Scottish Paraphrases* of 1781. Their authorship was claimed, after Bruce's death, by John Logan, to whom they had been entrusted in manuscript by Bruce's father, and who published them in 1781 as his own. A long controversy ensued, but it is now generally admitted that Logan's claim was unfounded.

BUCKOLL, REV. HENRY JAMES (1803-1871), was an assistant master at Rugby, and probably the editor of the first edition of the *Rugby School Collection of Hymns*.

BULLOCK, WILLIAM (d. 1874), was Dean of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

BUNYAN, JOHN (1628-1688), was a whitesmith or tinker by trade, having his forge and shop at Elstow in Bedfordshire. In 1644 he enlisted as a soldier, probably in the Parliamentarian army; after his service he returned to Elstow, and about 1648 married. This was the first turning point in his life. Hitherto he had been just an ordinary country youth, taking part in the usual sports and pastimes, and (his only real fault) much given to profane swearing. Under the influence of his wife and her pious books he gave up all his old practices and became 'in outward things a strict Pharisee'; but the insufficiency of mere outward change was borne in upon him, and for some four years he passed through a fierce spiritual conflict of doubt, fear, temptation, illusions, and despair, described in his *Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners*. In 1653 the close of this struggle

was marked by his joining a Baptist society, of which, after his removal to Bedford in 1655, he became deacon and, in 1657, preacher. About the same time he began to write, and his fame as preacher and author soon spread. At the Restoration the Acts against Nonconformists were revived, and Bunyan, refusing obedience, was arrested (November, 1660) and imprisoned at Bedford. He remained in prison till 1672, with a brief release in 1666, after which he was rearrested for refusing to cease preaching. During these twelve years he wrote much, his chief work being *Grace abounding*. In 1672, on the suspension of the penal statutes, he was released and resumed his ministry, with Bedford as its centre; but in 1673 the Test Act was passed, and in 1675 the laws against Nonconformists were enforced; and Bunyan's preaching, though not actively molested, was much hampered. He found time to write as freely as in prison: in 1678 appeared the *Pilgrim's Progress*, in 1682 the *Holy War*, and in 1684 the second part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. He refused all temptations to leave his ministry at Bedford, and died in London, upon one of his journeys, just before the Revolution of 1688.

BURNS, JAMES DRUMMOND (1823-1864), was Free Church minister first at Dunblane, and then in Madeira, where he had gone for his health; and afterwards minister of the Presbyterian Church at Hampstead (1855-1864).

BUTLER, HENRY MONTAGU, was Head Master of Harrow School (1859-1885), and Dean of Gloucester (1885-1886). In 1886 he became Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1890 a Governor of Wellington College. His hymns were published in *Hymns for the Chapel of Harrow School*.

CAMERON, WILLIAM (1751-1811), was parish minister of Kirknewton, Midlothian, from 1786 to his death. Much of the work in connexion with the 1775-1781 revision of

Scottish Hymns and Paraphrases seems to have fallen upon him; and in the 1781 edition two of his hymns appear.

CAMPBELL, ROBERT (1814-1868), originally a Presbyterian, at an early age joined the Episcopal Church of Scotland. In 1848 he began a series of translations from Latin hymns, which, with a few of his own composition, were published in the *St. Andrews' Hymnal* in 1850. In 1854 he joined the Church of Rome, and for the rest of his life largely devoted himself to the cause of children and of the poor.

CARLYLE, THOMAS (1795-1881), historian, essayist, and critic, is known as a hymn writer only by his translation of Luther's hymn, 'Ein' feste Burg.'

CASWALL, EDWARD (1814-1878), was born at Yately. He took orders in 1838, but in 1850 joined the Church of Rome, and henceforth devoted his life to children and to the sick and poor. He is best known by his translations of Latin hymns, largely from the *Roman Breviary*; the first were published in his *Lyra Catholica* in 1849. They are better known than those of any other translator, with the one exception of Dr. Neale.

CENNICK, JOHN (1718-1755), was of Quaker descent, but brought up in the Church of England. Originally a land surveyor in Reading, in 1739 he met the Wesleys, and became first a teacher in a school for colliers' children and then a lay preacher. He parted from John Wesley on grounds of doctrine, and joined in 1745 the Moravian Church, of which he became a minister.

CHANDLER, JOHN (1806-1876), Vicar of Witley, was one of the best translators of Latin hymns. He began with the *Paris Breviary*, and in 1837 published his translations as *Hymns of the Primitive Church*.

CHORLEY, HENRY FOTHERGILL (1808-1872), was best known as a musical and literary critic.

CLARK, JOHN HALDENBY (b. 1839), Vicar of West Dereham, Norfolk.

COFFIN, CHARLES (1676-1749), was first principal of the College at Beauvais, and in 1718 became Rector of the University of Paris. He was the author of about 100 Latin hymns, most of which first appeared in the *Paris Breviary* of 1736.

COLES, REV. VINCENT STUCKEY STRATTON (b. 1845), Librarian of the Pusey House, Oxford, 1884, and Principal, 1897.

COLLYER, WILLIAM BENGIO (1782-1854), was from 1801 to his death minister of a Congregational Chapel at Peckham. He was an eloquent preacher, and the author of many hymns and a long series of lectures on Divine Revelation.

CONDER, JOSIAH (1789-1855), editor of the *Eclectic Review* and of the *Patriot* newspaper, was the author of many hymns, and editor of the *Congregational Hymn Book*, 1836, one of the most popular collections of hymns which has ever been compiled.

COOPER, REV. EDWARD (1770-1833), Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, was editor of a small collection of hymns for the use of his own congregations in Staffordshire.

COPELAND, REV. WILLIAM JOHN (1804-1885), Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford; Rural Dean of Newport. He translated a number of Latin hymns, mainly from the *Roman Breviary*, which he published as *Hymns for the Week and Hymns for the Seasons* (1848).

COSIN, JOHN (1594-1672), Bishop of Durham, began his connexion with that diocese as chaplain to the bishop (Neile), and became in succession Canon of Durham,

1624, Archdeacon of the East Riding, and Rector of Brancepeth. As a personal friend of Laud he soon came into collision with the Puritans, and their hostility was increased by the appearance of his *Collection of Private Devotions* (1627), and the steps he took to beautify the Cathedral at Durham and to introduce a more ornate ritual. In 1634 he became Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, where he pursued the same line in Church matters; and in 1640, Dean of Peterborough. He was chaplain to Charles I, and on the outbreak of the Civil War was deprived of all his benefices by Parliament, and retired to France, acting as chaplain to those of Queen Henrietta Maria's suite who belonged to the English Church. Here the Romanists made great efforts to win him over; but Cosin was further from Rome than from Puritanism, and both wrote and used his influence against the Roman Church. He returned to England at the Restoration and was at once appointed Bishop of Durham. The rest of his life is remarkable for his share in the last revision of the Prayer Book, and his diligence and munificence as bishop. As a member of the Savoy Conference of 1661 (which revised the Prayer Book), he took a leading part: his proposals were all towards the revival of ancient ritual; he possessed a great power of composing prayers after the ancient models, and the Prayer Book owes to him several beautiful collects. After the Conference he devoted the rest of his life to his diocese; his one object was to carry out fully the system of the Church with the greatest order and beauty of ritual in the services. His munificence is attested by the amount he spent on the Castle and Cathedral of Durham and the Chapel at Auckland, on alms and charity, on lavish hospitality, and works of benevolence of every kind.

COTTERILL, JANE (1790-1825).

COTTERILL, THOMAS (1779-1823), Perpetual Curate of St. Paul's, Sheffield, was compiler of the *Selection of Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private use, adapted to the Festivals of the Church of England* (1810), a book which had great influence in shaping the hymn books of the next thirty or forty years. In its original form it had to be withdrawn, among other reasons because of Cotterill's attempt to force it on his congregation; but appearing under a new title in 1820, it remained in wide use in the north of England for forty years.

COTTON, GEORGE EDWARD LYNCH (1813-1866), Master of Marlborough College, 1852, and Bishop of Calcutta, 1858. He was drowned while disembarking from a steamer at Koshtea, Oct. 6, 1866.

COWPER, WILLIAM (1731-1800), the poet, was intended for the Bar, and was called in 1754. He had from childhood been subject to fits of melancholy, and in 1763 these culminated in three successive attempts upon his own life. Added to this came a delusion that God had forsaken him, and for some two years he was really a monomaniac. After his recovery he went, in 1768, to live at Olney in Buckinghamshire, where he came under the influence of John Newton, then Curate of Olney, with whom he formed a lifelong friendship. Here in 1771 the two friends formed the project of the *Olney Hymns*, published in 1779, to be used in the church or at the prayer meetings at the Great House at Olney. Before they appeared, however, the excitement of the prayer meetings and the extreme despondency of Newton brought on a recurrence of Cowper's madness. Again he attempted his life, and again he suffered from the deepest religious despair for some sixteen months. After his slow recovery another lifelong friend, Mrs. Unwin, suggested to him, in 1780, some serious poetical work, and in 1782 his first poems

were published. But in 1796 the death of Mrs. Unwin brought about a fixed despair, and four years later he died. He contributed sixty seven hymns to the Olney Collection, many well known and of great excellence; but in almost all there is a note of gloom and despondency rather than of gladness.

COX, FRANCES ELIZABETH, published in 1841 *Sacred Hymns from the German*, containing about fifty translations.

CROSSMAN, SAMUEL (1623-1683), was ejected from his living in 1662 for nonconformity, but conforming again became chaplain to the King, and prebend, and afterwards dean, of Bristol. His hymns are contained in a pamphlet called *The Young Man's Meditation*.

CUMMINS, JOHN JAMES (1795-1867), a banker, was author of *Lyra Evangelica*.

DIX, WILLIAM CHATTERTON (b. 1837), author of a considerable number of hymns, of which about forty are in common use.

DOANE, GEORGE WASHINGTON (1799-1859), Bishop of New Jersey, was author of many hymns published in his *Songs by the Way*, and in the *Lyra Sacra Americana*.

DODDRIDGE, PHILIP (1702-1751), a Nonconformist minister, was appointed in 1729 pastor of the Independent congregation at Castle Hill, Northampton. Here he won fame both as a divine and a teacher. He was a man of great learning. His hymns, from 350 to 400 in number, were published four years after his death, and won great popularity.

DOWNTON, REV. HENRY (1818-1885), English chaplain at Geneva, 1857, and Rector of Hopton, 1873.

DRYDEN, JOHN (1631-1701), the poet, was of Puritan descent, but became a Royalist at the Restoration, which he celebrated in his *Astraea Redux*. He was Poet Laureate from 1670 to the accession of William III in

1688. During the first ten years of his laureateship his chief works were his comedies and his 'heroic tragedies,' but in 1681 his satires began with *Abesalom and Achitophel*, and brought him to the height of his reputation. In 1685 he joined the Church of Rome. Till quite recently Dryden was known as the author of only three hymns; but the discovery of these three in the Primer of 1706 has led critics to think that the 120 translations of Latin hymns in that book are also by him; and a minute investigation has resulted in a practical certainty that the bulk of these translations are the work of one author, and that author, Dryden.

EDMESTON, JAMES (1791-1867), was an Independent by descent, but joined the Church of England at an early age. By profession he was an architect, and Sir G. Gilbert Scott was one of his pupils.

ELLERTON, REV. JOHN (b. 1826), well known as composer, translator and editor of numerous hymns.

ELLIOTT, CHARLOTTE (1789-1871), was for the last fifty years of her life a permanent invalid. Her hymns have had a great popularity, and one, 'Just as I am,' has been translated into almost every living language.

EVEREST, CHARLES WILLIAM (1814-1877), was Rector at Hamden, Connecticut, U.S.A., 1842-1873.

FABER, FREDERICK WILLIAM (1814-1863), was originally a clergyman of the Church of England, and had taken an active part in the Oxford Movement of 1833; but in 1845 he joined the Church of Rome, and in 1849 he founded the brotherhood which is now established at the Brompton Oratory. All his hymns were published after he joined the Church of Rome; and he was led to undertake them from a feeling of the want of *English* Catholic hymns. Many are in common use in the Church of England.

FARRAR, FREDERICK WILLIAM (b. 1831), Master of Marlborough College, 1871-1876; Canon of Westminster, 1876; Archdeacon of Westminster, 1883; and Dean of Canterbury, 1895. He is a prolific writer upon biblical, theological and historical subjects.

FORTUNATUS, VENANTIUS HONORIUS CLEMENTIANUS (530?-609), was converted to Christianity at an early age. While a student at Ravenna he became nearly blind, and on recovering his sight, as he believed by a miracle, he went in 565 on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Martin at Tours, and spent the rest of his life in Gaul. Under the influence of Queen Rhadegunda he was ordained at Poitiers; and became Bishop of Poitiers shortly before his death in 609. He was the author of a great number of poetical works, of no great merit; but most of his hymns are lost. Not more than nine or ten survive, but among them is 'Vexilla Regis prodeunt,' one of the greatest of all Latin hymns.

FULBERT, ST., OF CHARTRES (d. 1028), was consecrated Bishop of Chartres in 1007. His works are little known, with the exception of one hymn, 'Chorus novae Hierusalem.'

GASCOIGNE, GEORGE, poet (d. 1577), was in early life a student of the Middle Temple, and afterwards of Gray's Inn, but led an extravagant life, and was disinherited by his father. In spite of this he was twice elected to Parliament; but on his election again in 1572, objections being made to his character, he went abroad to the Low Countries, and taking service under William of Orange, redeemed himself by his gallant conduct in the field; but was taken prisoner by the Spaniards and sent back to England. He was one of the earliest English dramatists, and the first English satirist.

GELLERT, CHRISTIAN FÜRCHTEGOTT (1715-1769), was a Professor of Philosophy at Leipzig, where Goethe and Lessing were among his pupils.

GERHARDT, PAULUS (1607-1676), was a Lutheran minister in and near Berlin from 1651 to 1666, when he was deposed owing to the part he took in the contest between the Elector Frederick William and the Lutheran clergy of Berlin. He 'ranks next to Luther, as the most gifted and popular hymn writer of the Lutheran Church.'

GRANT, SIR ROBERT (1779-1838), held a seat in Parliament from 1818 to 1834, when he was appointed Governor of Bombay.

GREGOR, CHRISTIAN (1723-1801), was successively diaconus, presbyter, and bishop of the Moravian Brethren's Church at Herrnhut; and editor of, and a large contributor to, their hymn book and its accompanying book of tunes.

GURNEY, JOHN HAMPDEN (1802-1862), Prebendary of St. Paul's. He was the editor of two collections of hymns for the use of his parishes of Lutterworth and St. Mary, Marylebone.

HANKINSON, REV. THOMAS EDWARDS (1804-1843).

HART, JOSEPH (1712-1768), an Independent minister, was the author of a considerable number of hymns, largely composed between 1757 and 1759.

HAWKES, REV. THOMAS (1734-1820), Rector of Aldwinckle, Northamptonshire, and author of *Carmina Christi*.

HEATHCOTE, REV. WILLIAM BEADON (d. 1862), Precentor of Salisbury Cathedral.

HEBER, REGINALD (1783-1826), was Vicar of Hodnet from 1807 to 1823, when he became Bishop of Calcutta. At Hodnet he found time for much literary work; he was

on the original staff of the *Quarterly Review*, and was well known in the world of letters. His hymns were all composed in this period, and were meant as a collection for Hodnet Church; but the majority were not published till after his death. His episcopate lasted only three years, but they were 'three years of ceaseless travel, splendid administration, and saintly enthusiasm.'

HENSLEY, LEWIS (b. 1827), Vicar of Hitchin, Hertfordshire.

HERBERT, GEORGE (1593-1633), began life at the court of James I, where he was the friend of the King and of Lord Bacon, and had hopes of court preferment. These disappearing at the death of the King and his other patrons, he retired from court, and becoming finally absorbed in a religious life, took Holy Orders, and in 1630 was presented by Charles I to the living of Bemerton in Wiltshire. A man of saintly life, he is probably best known by his collection of devotional poems called *The Temple*: these were entrusted by him just before his death to his friend Nicholas Ferrar (of the Little Gidding community) to be published if he thought fit, and they appeared in the year after his death. They were not intended for congregational use, and their quaintness has in most cases prevented it.

HINDS, SAMUEL (1793-1872), Principal of Codrington College, Barbados; Dean of Carlisle, 1848; and Bishop of Norwich, 1849-1857.

HOPKINS, JOHN, was the largest individual contributor to the Old Version of the Psalms, sixty Psalms in all being by his hand—seven appeared in 1551, thirteen in 1561, and the remainder in 1562. His versions differ from those of the other main contributor to the Old Version, Thomas Sternhold, in that they all have four rhymes

to the stanza. With regard to his life there is much uncertainty. He is commonly said to have taken orders and become a schoolmaster in Suffolk, and Wood in *Athenae Oxonienses* mentions a John Hopkins who died in 1570 at Waldringfield in that county. On the other hand, an entry in the register of the parish of Awre in Gloucestershire states that he lived there, and that from that parish 'sounded out the Psalms of David in English metre by Thomas Sternhold and John Hopkins.' Nothing else of his life is known.

HOW, WILLIAM WALSHAM (1823-1897), was first Suffragan Bishop of Bedford, his work lying in the east end of London, and in 1888 Bishop of Wakefield. He was the author of a large number of hymns, about sixty of which are in common use.

INGEMANN, BERNHARDT SEVERIN (1789-1862), was from 1822 to his death Professor of Danish at the Academy of Sorø in Zealand.

INNOCENT III, POPE (1160-1216), was an Italian of the family of the Conti, who became Pope in 1198. Under him, and by the grandeur of his views, the Papacy reached the zenith of its power, and he was recognized as the overlord of all the sovereigns of Europe. He asserted the right of the Pope to pass judgment on the election of the Emperor, a doctrine whose ascendancy dates from him, and twice successfully made good his supremacy in the election of Otto IV (1198 and 1208) and Frederick II (1212). He put the whole of France under an interdict when Philip Augustus deserted his wife, and made him take her back. He excommunicated King John and put England under his interdict when the King refused to receive Stephen Langton as archbishop; and finally compelled him to resign to him his crown

and pay an annual tribute. He was the founder of the States of the Church, to which he obtained an undisputed title from the Emperor Otto IV, and was the first Pope who was admittedly an Italian prince. He attempted to cope with the growth of heresy by the foundation of the Dominican and Franciscan Orders, by which he met heretics on their own ground. 'The high and blameless, in some respects wise and gentle, character of Innocent,' says Dean Milman, 'might seem to approach more nearly than any one of the whole succession of Roman Bishops to the ideal height of a supreme Pontiff. He died on his unshaken throne in the full plenitude of his seemingly unquestioned power.'

IRONS, WILLIAM JOSIAH (1812-1883), Prebendary of St. Paul's, held St. Peter's, Walworth, as his first living. His hymn writing and translating began about 1835, and continued till his death; and he edited several collections, one of which, *Psalms and Hymns for the Church*, contains none but his own hymns and translations, 308 in all.

JOHN OF DAMASCUS, St., 'the last but one of the Fathers of the Eastern Church, and the greatest of her poets,' was born at Damascus, where at first he held office under the Caliph. Afterwards he retired to the monastery of St. Sabas near Jerusalem, where he composed his theological works and his hymns, and late in life was ordained priest of the church of Jerusalem. He died in extreme old age, after 754 A.D. and before 787, probably about 780. He is also known for his eloquent opposition to the Iconoclasts, his defence of images gaining him the name of the Doctor of Christian Art.

JOSEPH THE HYMNOGRAPHER, St., the most voluminous of the Greek hymn writers, was a native of Sicily, which

he left in 830 A.D. to enter a monastery at Thessalonica. Thence he went to Constantinople, but left it during the Iconoclastic persecutions. He was next captured by pirates and kept for many years as a slave in Crete. On regaining his freedom he went back to Constantinople, where he established a monastery, but was banished to the Chersonese for his support of images. He was recalled by the Empress Theodora (who restored the worship of images), and made Keeper of the Sacred Vessels in the Great Church of Constantinople; and he enjoyed the favour of the patriarch Ignatius, and after him of Photius, whom he accompanied in his exile. He died an old man in 883 A.D.

KEBLE, JOHN (1792-1866), was born at Fairford in Gloucestershire. He had a brilliant career at Oxford, gaining a double first class (which had only once been done before), a Fellowship at Oriel, and the Latin and English Essay Prizes before he was twenty. In 1815 he was ordained, and from 1818 to 1823 was College Tutor at Oriel. He then went to live with his father at Fairford, holding at the same time two curacies, and helping his father in his living of Coln. In 1827 he published the *Christian Year*, and in 1831 was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford. In 1833 he preached from the University pulpit the Assize Sermon on 'National Apostasy,' the start, says Cardinal Newman, of the religious movement of 1833. Very shortly after began the publication of *Tracts for the Times*, four of which were written by Keble. On the death of his father in 1835, there being now nothing to keep him at Fairford, he accepted the Vicarage of Hursley, and in 1836 settled there for the remainder of his life as a country clergyman. But he still found time to write; he edited, in conjunction with Newman and Pusey, the *Library of the Fathers*; in 1839 appeared his *Metrical Version of the Psalms*; in 1846 he published the *Lyra Innocentium*, composed while

he was afflicted with the great sorrow of his life, the secession of Newman to the Church of Rome; and a volume of sermons in 1847. The cultured and refined scholar, the devoted and loving observer of nature, the saintly and simple man are reflected alike in the story of his life and his 'monumentum aere perennius,' the *Christian Year*.

KELLY, THOMAS (1769-1854), was born in Dublin and originally intended for the Bar, but took Holy Orders in 1792. His evangelical preaching in Dublin caused the Archbishop to inhibit him from preaching in the city; and shortly after he seceded from the Established Church, and built chapels in various towns in Ireland, where he held services and preached. He is the author of more than 700 hymns.

KEMP THORNE, JOHN (1775-1838), was Senior Wrangler in 1796. He was vicar of St. Michael's, Gloucester, and Prebendary of Gloucester Cathedral. His hymn book (1810) was one of the earliest compiled for the Church of England.

KEN, THOMAS (1637-1711), was a Scholar of Winchester and of New College, Oxford, and in 1666 returned to Winchester as a Fellow. Here he published in 1674 *A Manual of Prayers for the use of the Scholars of Winchester College*, and wrote no doubt his three hymns (for morning, midnight, and evening), which were published in the *Manual* in the 1695 edition. In 1679 he became chaplain to Princess Mary, wife of William III, at the Hague; but was dismissed in the next year because of his remonstrance against some immorality at the court, and returned to Winchester. In 1685 he was made Bishop of Bath and Wells. Here he was famed alike for his piety and his courage. He attended the prisoners after Sedgemoor and Jeffreys' Bloody Assize, interceded for them with James II, and

attended Monmouth on the scaffold. He was one of the Seven Bishops imprisoned in the Tower for petitioning against the second Declaration of Indulgence in 1688, and triumphantly acquitted. On the accession of William III he refused to take the oaths, and was ultimately, in 1691, deprived of his see. His saintliness of life, his piety, and his courage drew from Lord Macaulay the famous judgment on his character, that it 'seems to approach, as near as human infirmity permits, to the ideal perfection of Christian virtue.'

KETHE, WILLIAM, is mentioned as being in exile with the Protestants at Frankfort in 1555 and at Geneva in 1557, during the persecutions in Queen Mary's reign. In 1561 he returned to England and received a living, and is heard of in 1563 as preacher to the English troops at Havre, and again in the north of England in 1569. He seems to have died about 1608. He contributed twenty five versions of Psalms to the *Anglo-Genevan Psalter of 1561*, all of which were adopted in the *Scottish Psalter of 1564-1565*, and nine of them, including the 'Old Hundredth,' in the Old Version of 1562-1565.

LEESON, JANE E., author of a number of hymns which appeared in various collections and publications between 1842 and 1864.

LITLEDALE, RICHARD FREDERICK (1833-1890), had a distinguished career at Trinity College, Dublin, and took orders in 1856; but owing to ill-health retired from active work in 1861, and devoted himself to literature. He is the author of a very great number of hymns.

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH (1807-1882), the poet, was Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard from 1835 to 1854.

LONGFELLOW, SAMUEL (b. 1819), brother of the poet, and author of many hymns, was pastor in succession of three congregations in the Northern States of America.

LÖWENSTERN, MATTHÄUS APELLES VON (1594–1648), a native of Silesia, held the various offices of Musical Director, Director of the School, Secretary, and Director of Finance under Duke Heinrich of Münsterberg at Bernstadt between 1625 and 1631. He afterwards held office under the Emperors Ferdinand II and Ferdinand III, and finally became Staatsrath to Duke Carl Friedrich of Münsterberg.

LUTHER, MARTIN (1483–1546), the son of a peasant, was born at Eisleben in Saxony, and in 1501 entered the University of Erfurt, being so poor that he had at first to support himself by singing ballads in the street. He entered the Augustinian monastery there; and when the town was visited by plague, and most of the clergy left it, he refused to go, and stayed to help the sick and dying. He was next sent on business of the convent to Rome. Entering it with the cry 'Blessed Rome, sanctified with the blood of martyrs,' he was so horrified with the luxury, the vice, and the irreligion which he saw, that he fled as soon as he could. 'Let all,' he exclaimed, 'who would lead a holy life depart from Rome.' In 1508 he became Professor of Philosophy at the University of Wittenberg, and in the pulpit there he began to show his powers. In 1517 Leo X, then Pope, wanting money to build the Cathedral of St. Peter's at Rome, sent agents through Europe to sell indulgences and dispensations; and a Dominican monk, Tetzl, came as agent to Wittenberg. Luther, after a useless letter to the Archbishop of Mainz, appealed to the conscience of the people. He nailed his protest to the church door at Wittenberg, and published his ninety five Theses, in which he challenged the Catholic Church to defend the sale of indulgences. At once Germany was divided: the monks and clergy demanded Luther's death; while 'to the young laymen, to the noble spirits, Wittenberg became a beacon of light.' The Pope cited Luther to

appear at Rome, but, supported by the Elector of Saxony, he stayed quietly at Wittenberg. A Cardinal legate was sent to try his case at Augsburg; Luther went to defend himself, and was deaf alike to threats and bribes. The Pope excommunicated him, and the case was referred to Charles V, the newly elected Emperor. Before it came on, the Pope in 1520 issued a second Bull condemning Luther and his works. Luther burnt it in the square of Wittenberg. In 1521 Luther was summoned to defend himself before Charles V at the Diet of the Empire at Worms, and at the instance of the Elector was granted a safe conduct by the Emperor; the Pope wrote to urge the Emperor not to observe it. Before the Diet Luther maintained his position; he refused to retract till his doctrines were *proved* to be false, and he left the Diet a free man. His enemies plotted to murder him on his way back, but the Elector forcibly carried him off to the Wartburg, and kept him there till the general rising of Germany put an end to his danger. At the Wartburg he began to translate the Bible into German, a work not completed till 1534. His hymn 'Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott' was written for the Diet of Speier in 1529, when the German princes made their formal Protest against the revocation of their liberties, and thus earned the name of Protestants.

LYTE, REV. HENRY FRANCIS (1793-1847).

MACLAGAN, WILLIAM DALRYMPLE (b. 1826), was formerly a lieutenant in the army and saw service in India. He took orders in 1856, and after several curacies in London was Vicar of Kensington, 1875-1878. In 1878 he was appointed Bishop of Lichfield, and in 1891 Archbishop of York.

MADAN, MARTIN (1726-1790), was called to the Bar in 1748, and while in London became a member of a convivial

club which, it is said, commissioned him to attend John Wesley's preaching that he might caricature it for them. The sermon on 'Prepare to meet thy God' so impressed him that he gave up his old life and took orders. In 1760 and 1763 he published a collection of about 200 hymns, which for nearly 100 years exercised a great influence, and was reprinted in numerous hymn books. There is no evidence as to his ever having written any single hymn, and his work entirely consisted in altering and putting together the productions of others.

MAITLAND, FRANCES SARA FULLER (1809-1877), though married in 1834 to John Colquhoun, is most commonly referred to by her maiden name. She is best known by her additions to Kirke White's hymn, 'Much in sorrow, oft in woe.'

MANT, RICHARD (1776-1848), Bishop successively of Killaloe, 1820, of Down and Connor, 1823, and of Dromore, 1842, is best known by his translations from the *Roman Breviary*, and his *Metrical Version of the Psalms*.

MARCKANT, JOHN, was one of the authors of the Old Version, contributing versions of four psalms to the edition of 1562. He was Vicar of Shopland, Essex, 1563-1568.

MARRIOTT, JOHN (1780-1825), Rector of Church Lawford, Warwickshire, from 1807 to his death, was a friend of Sir W. Scott, who addressed to him the second canto of *Marmion*; and he himself contributed to Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

MAUDE, MARY FAWLER. Mrs. Maude's hymns were published in her *Twelve Letters on Confirmation*, 1848, and *Memorials of Past Years*, 1852.

MILMAN, HENRY HART (1791-1868), after a brilliant career at Oxford, for some years mainly devoted himself to literature; in this period of his life fall his poetical

works and his thirteen hymns (first published in Heber's posthumous hymns in 1827), while in 1821 he was appointed Professor of Poetry at Oxford. His Bampton Lectures in 1827 mark the beginning of his devotion to theology. In 1829 he published his *History of the Jews*; in 1835 he became Canon of Westminster; in 1839 appeared his edition of Gibbon, and in 1840 his *History of Christianity*. In 1849 he was appointed Dean of St. Paul's, and five years later appeared his greatest work, the *History of Latin Christianity*. Dean Milman was distinctly one of the most illustrious men of letters of the nineteenth century.

MILTON, JOHN (1608-1674), the poet, was born in London, and educated at St. Paul's School, and Christ's College, Cambridge, where were written the Christmas Day Ode and the first of the Sonnets. From 1632 to 1638 he lived with his father in Buckinghamshire, and devoted himself to literature, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Comus*, *Lycidas*, being all published in these years. In 1638—the year of the Scottish Covenant—he went to Italy, but returned in 1639 and was in London in 1640, just before the Long Parliament met. He was now swept into politics, and for nearly twenty years had to leave poetry and 'sit below in the cool element of prose,' writing and pleading for toleration. First he plunged into the Church question, and wrote his five anti-episcopal pamphlets, 1641-1642; then, after the outbreak of the Civil War (when he joined the Parliamentarians), came *Areopagitica* in 1644; and in the years 1640-1647 poetry was represented by eight sonnets only. In 1649, when the Commonwealth was established, Milton was appointed Secretary for Foreign Tongues to the Council of State, and he was continued in this office under Cromwell's Protectorate in spite of his blindness, which had been coming on for years and became total in 1652. At the Restoration he was for some time in hiding, and published nothing for

some years; but when the Plague came in 1665 and Milton left London, *Paradise Lost* had been completed, and in 1667 it was published, and 'threw between him and that past part of his life which lay under public obloquy the atonement of a great poem.' In 1671 appeared *Paradise Regained* and *Samson*, the last great works before his death.

MONSELL, JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY (1811-1875), Archdeacon of Derry.

MONTGOMERY, JAMES (1771-1854), one of the best known and most prolific of hymn writers, was son of a Moravian minister. He was at first a shop assistant, but in 1792 joined the *Sheffield Register* newspaper, and in 1794 became its editor under its new name of the *Sheffield Iris*. He edited the paper for thirty one years, during the first two of which he was twice imprisoned, for printing a ballad on the fall of the Bastille, and for criticizing a magistrate's behaviour in quelling a riot. Montgomery ranks among the best and most popular of hymn writers, and his finest hymns were written in quite his early life.

MORISON, JOHN (1750-1798), a parish minister in Caithness, was one of the Committee appointed by the General Assembly of 1775 to revise the *Scottish Translations and Paraphrases*. He was the author of five pieces in the 1781 edition, and probably joint author of two more.

NEALE, JOHN MASON (1818-1866), was educated at Cambridge, where he threw himself into the Church Movement, which was then developing at the same time as the Oxford Movement. He was ordained in 1841, but ill-health prevented him from accepting either parish work or ecclesiastical preferment, and in 1846 he was presented to the Wardenship of Sackville College, East Grinstead, where he founded the St. Margaret's Sister-

hood and several institutions connected with it. But it is as a translator of Greek and Latin hymns that his name will live. He had a unique knowledge of mediaeval Latin, and with it a musical ear and an immense enthusiasm which together made his translations of Latin hymns really unapproachable. In translating from the Greek he was breaking new ground, but though the task was more difficult it was equally successful, and has met with equal popularity.

NEUMANN, GOTTFRIED (1686-1779), joined the Moravian community in 1738. Only one of his hymns has appeared in an English form.

NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY (1801-1890), born in London, became a Fellow of Oriel in 1822, and in 1828 Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford. In 1830 he definitely separated from the Evangelical party, and in 1832 resigned his Tutorship at Oriel, owing to a difference with the Provost as to its 'religious nature.' In 1833 Keble preached the famous sermon on 'National Apostasy,' and the Oxford Movement began. In the same year Newman started the *Tracts for the Times*, and published his book on the *Arians*, which made his mark as a writer. Other works followed in defence of Anglo-Catholicism or the *Via Media*; but in 1839 Newman himself began to question its truth and tenableness, and in 1841 he published the famous *Tract* 90. He was now on his 'deathbed as regards his membership with the Anglican Church,' and in 1842 left Oxford, and for three years lived in anxiety and suspense a life of monastic seclusion at Littlemore. In 1845 he was formally received into the Roman Catholic Church, and the next year, at Rome, was ordained a priest. At the end of 1847 he returned to England, commissioned by Pius IX to introduce the institute of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri; and founded the Birmingham, afterwards the Edgbaston, Oratory,

with which he was connected and where he worked till his death. In 1864, in answer to an attack of Charles Kingsley, he wrote his *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, and in 1879 he was created a cardinal by Leo XIII. From that time to his death, with rare exceptions, he remained entirely at the Oratory at Edgbaston.

NEWTON, JOHN (1725-1807), was one of the main founders of the Evangelical school. At the age of eleven he went to sea, and amid a life of adventures and escapes grew into a reckless and abandoned man. He was flogged as a deserter from the navy; he lived for more than a year in abject misery under a slave dealer, and at one time commanded a slave ship. The entire change in his life, which culminated in his ordination, began with a chance reading of Thomas à Kempis, and was confirmed in 1748 by a night on a water-logged vessel in face of imminent death. Ultimately, after many years spent with Wesley and other Nonconformists, he was appointed to the curacy of Olney, where he showed unwearied zeal. Here he formed his friendship with William Cowper, and here, in 1779, they published together the *Olney Hymns*. From 1780 to his death he was Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London, where he was in the very midst of the Evangelical movement.

NICOLAI, PHILIPP (1556-1608), was a Lutheran pastor, first at Herdecke in Westphalia, afterwards in Waldeck, and then in 1596 at Unna in Westphalia. Here, amid a fearful pestilence in 1597, he composed the famous 'Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme,' the original (alike in words and melody) of Mendelssohn's 'Sleepers, wake.' In 1598 he had to flee before the invading Spaniards, and finally, in 1601, became pastor of St. Katherine's, Hamburg.

NICOLAS LE TOURNEAUX (1640-1686), born at Rouen, was educated in Paris, and after passing some time in

retirement in Touraine returned to Rouen, where he was admitted to priest's orders in 1662. Removing to Paris, he became a canon at the Sainte Chapelle, and finally was appointed Prior of Villiers-sur-Fère. He was author of a number of Latin hymns, which appeared in the *Cluniac Breviary* of 1686, and again in the revised *Paris Breviary* of 1736.

NOTKER (840 ?-912), called **BALBULUS** from his stammering, entered the school of the Abbey of St. Gall as a boy, then was admitted a brother of the monastery, and spent the whole of his life there. He is best known as the real inventor of Sequences.

OAKELEY, FREDERICK (1802-1880), became a Prebendary of Lichfield Cathedral in 1832, and was minister of Margaret Chapel, London, 1839-1845. In 1845 he joined the Church of Rome, and afterwards became a canon of the pro-Cathedral of Westminster.

OLIVERS, THOMAS (1725-1799), was by trade a shoemaker. His whole life was changed by hearing a sermon of Whitefield's; he joined the Methodist Society in 1753, and John Wesley, seeing his powers and his purpose, engaged him as one of his itinerant preachers. After twenty two years of this work he was supervisor of the Methodist press for fourteen years. Apart from his hymns, he is known as the author of the tune 'Helmsley.'

OSLER, EDWARD (1798-1863), was house surgeon at the Swansea Infirmary from 1819 to 1825, when he became a surgeon in the navy and went to the West Indies, where he wrote some papers on natural history. After his return he joined Prebendary Hall in 1836 in producing a collection of hymns and versions of the Psalms known as the *Mitre Hymn Book*. From about 1841 to

his death he lived at Truro, and was editor of the *Royal Cornwall Gazette*.

PALGRAVE, FRANCIS TURNER (1824-1897), well known as the editor of the *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*, was Professor of Poetry at Oxford from 1885 to 1895.

PIERPOINT, FOLLIOTT SANDFORD, (b. 1835).

PLUMPTRE, EDWARD HAYES (1821-1891), Dean of Wells, 1881, was eminent alike as a theologian, a scholar, and a man of letters. He held two Theological Professorships at King's College, London, 1853-1881, and was a member of the Old Testament Revision Committee, 1869-1874. He was the author of many theological works, of several volumes of verse, and of translations of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Dante.

POTT, REV. FRANCIS (b. 1832), Rector of Norhill, Bedfordshire (1866-1891), is author of *Hymns fitted to the Order of Common Prayer*, &c., 1861.

PRUDENTIUS, AURELIUS CLEMENS (348-? 413), the most remarkable of the early Latin hymn writers, was a Spaniard, and held judicial appointments in two cities. About 404, determining to devote himself to furthering the cause of the Church, he retired from all public life, and in poverty composed the series of sacred poems by which he is known, the *Liber Cathemerinon* and *Liber Peristephanon*. Beyond this nothing of his life is known.

PRYNNE, GEORGE RUNDLE (b. 1818), Vicar of St. Peter's, Plymouth, 1848.

PUSEY, PHILIP (1799-1855), sat in Parliament for Berkshire, 1835-1852, and held a position of much influence, being in intimate relations with the leading men of the time. In 1838-1840 he took a leading part in the formation of the Royal Agricultural Society; in 1847-1850 he championed the cause of tenant right in the House of Commons; and was well known as a writer on

philosophy and general subjects as well as on agriculture.

RAYMOND, REV. WILLIAM STERNE (1832-1863).

RICHTER, ANNE (d. 1857).

RINKART, MARTIN (1586-1649), was Archidiaconus of Eilenburg from 1617 to his death, his life there thus practically coinciding with the Thirty Years' War. Eilenburg being a walled town was an asylum for fugitives, and became so overcrowded that a great pestilence broke out in 1637, during which for some time Rinkart was the only clergyman who was left. Immediately after came a famine, when he gave everything to help his people; and twice (in 1637 and 1639) he saved Eilenburg from the Swedes. His name will live as the author of the great hymn, 'Nun danket alle Gott,' which has been called the German Te Deum.

RORISON, GILBERT (1821-1869), a minister of the Scottish Episcopal Church, was editor of *Hymns and Anthems adjusted to the Church Services*.

RUSSELL, REV. ARTHUR TOZER (1806-1874), well known as a writer on theological subjects, was author of *Psalms and Hymns, partly original and partly selected*.

SANDYS, GEORGE (1578-1643), a great traveller, was at one time Treasurer to the British Colony of Virginia (1621), and afterwards a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to Charles I. While in America he made a verse translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and in 1636 he published a *Paraphrase upon the Psalms and upon the Hymns dispersed throughout the Old and New Testaments*.

SANTEUIL, JEAN BAPTISTE DE (1630-1697), was a Canon of St. Victor at Paris, and wrote many Latin hymns, which appeared in the *Paris Breviary* of 1680 and the revision of 1736.

SCHEFFLER, JOHANN (1624-1677), born at Breslau, was educated as a Lutheran, but when at the University of Leyden conceived a leaning towards mysticism, which ended, partly through the influence of the Jesuits, in his joining the Church of Rome and entering the Order of St. Francis. He is known as an ultra-Roman controversialist, and as the author of a cycle of hymns on the person and life of our Lord—'Jesus hymns,' as they were called by the Lutherans, who gladly adopted them.

SCHENK, HEINRICH THEOBALD (1656-1727), was Praeceptor classicus at the Pädagogium at Giessen, and afterwards Town Preacher at the Stadtkirche there.

SCOTT, ELIZABETH (1708-1776).

SCOTT, SIR WALTER (1771-1832), the poet and author of the *Waverley Novels*, was at first apprenticed as a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, and for some years practised at the Bar. His first essays in literature were translations of German ballads, succeeded in 1802 by the *Border Minstrelsy*, and in 1805 by the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, the success of which decided his future career. The other poems followed between 1808 and 1812. In 1814 the *Waverley Novels*, issued at first anonymously, began with *Waverley*, and for the next ten years Scott continued the series with a vigour and imagination perhaps as extraordinary as anything in literature. Alike in poetry and in prose, Scott's work bore the stamp of that splendid patriotism which makes his writings so entirely representative of his country. In 1826 he was involved in money difficulties, with which he was burdened to the end of his life, but wrote heroically for his creditors' sake. Two years before his death the labour told, and he was struck with paralysis, from which he never really recovered.

SEDGWICK, JOHN (b. 1823), Rector of Birdbrook, Essex, 1876.

SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP (1554-1586), soldier, statesman, and poet, after leaving the University (Oxford) in 1571, travelled on the continent from 1572 to 1575. He was in Paris at the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew; at Frankfurt he met Hubert Languet, to whom he attributed all his knowledge of literature and religion; and at Venice, Tintoret and Paul Veronese. On returning to England he appeared at court, and in 1577 was sent by Queen Elizabeth on a mission to the Emperor Rudolf II. His position at court steadily grew, and he had a wide circle of friends among men of art, science, and letters, and had great influence on Spenser's literary development. In 1580 he fell under the displeasure of the Queen, and, excluded for some months from court, joined his sister in composing a Version of the Psalms in metre, the first forty three being his work and the rest hers. At this time also he wrote his *Arcadia*. In 1581 he was elected member for Kent; in 1583 he was knighted and appointed Joint Master of the Ordnance. In 1584 and 1585 he devoted himself to urging the Queen to check the aggressions of Spain; and when in 1585 she decided to help the Protestants in the Low Countries, he was sent to take command at Flushing. From here, in 1586, he joined Leicester as a volunteer in the attack on Zutphen, where he was wounded; and a month later he died. It was at Zutphen, when wounded and parched with thirst, that he gave his water to a dying soldier, saying, 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.'

SIDNEY, MARY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE (1550?-1621), sister of Sir Philip Sidney, joint author with him of a Version of the Psalms.

SPENSER, EDMUND (1552-1599), the poet, was born in London and went up to Cambridge in 1569, where he read widely. In 1578 he entered the service of the Earl

of Leicester, where his friendship with Sir Philip Sidney began, and in the next year *The Shepherds Calender* was finished and the *Faerie Queene* begun. Spenser was thus early recognized as the first of English poets of the day. In 1580 he became secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland, Lord Grey de Wilton, and though he revisited England in 1589-1590, and in 1596, Ireland remained his home till within a month of his death. Here amid anxieties and an uncongenial life he devoted all his leisure to the *Faerie Queene*, the first three books appearing in 1590, and the next three in 1596. In 1598, on the Irish Rebellion breaking out, Spenser was sent with despatches to London, where, overwrought with his hardships, he died within a month of his arrival.

STANLEY, ARTHUR PENRHYN (1815-1881), was educated at Rugby under Dr. Arnold, whose influence upon his early life was incalculable, and at Balliol College, Oxford; and after a brilliant undergraduate career was elected Fellow of University in 1838 and Tutor in 1843. In 1844 he published his *Life of Dr. Arnold*, a work which assured his position in the world of letters; in 1850 he was Secretary of the Oxford University Commission, and in 1851 a Canon of Canterbury. In 1856 he published *Sinai and Palestine*, the literary result of a tour in the Holy Land in 1852; and at the end of the same year became Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church. Here were delivered his *Lectures on the Study of Ecclesiastical History*, and his *History of the Eastern Church* and *History of the Jewish Church* were both based on his professorial lectures. In 1862 he accompanied the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII) on a tour in the East, and thus began his connexion with the court; and in January, 1864, he was installed as Dean of Westminster, in which position, by the

breadth of his charity and the charm of his personality, he exercised a remarkable influence on English life.

STEELE, ANNE (1716-1778), may be considered the chief of the Baptist hymn writers.

STEPHEN THE SABAITE, ST. (725-794), a Greek hymn writer, was the nephew of St. John of Damascus. He is known as the Sabaite from the monastery of St. Sabas near Jerusalem, which he entered at the age of ten, and where he spent the rest of his life.

STERNHOLD, THOMAS (d. 1549), who with John Hopkins is the best known of the contributors to the Old Version, was Groom of the Robes to Henry VIII, and afterwards to Edward VI, to whom the first edition of his Psalms was dedicated. He is the author of the versions of forty of the Psalms, and with one single exception (Ps. cxx) he used only one metre, that of Chevy Chase, the simplest of all ballad metres. This choice has had more influence than his paraphrases; for either in Sternhold's form, with two rhymes, or in that of Hopkins with four, it became the predominant metre ('Common Measure') both of the Old and New Versions, and of countless hymns and paraphrases.

STEVENSON, ISABEL (d. about 1880).

STONE, SAMUEL JOHN (1839-1900), Incumbent of St. Paul's, Haggerston, was the author of a considerable number of hymns, several of which have gained a wide popularity.

TATE, NAHUM (1652-1715), joint author with Nicholas Brady of the New Version of the Psalms, was born in Dublin and educated at Trinity College. His literary career began with a volume of poems in 1677, followed by a number of dramas, 1678-1687; and in 1682, under Dryden's superintendence, he wrote nearly all the second part of *Absalom and Achitophel*. In 1692 he became Poet Laureate, but lost his post apparently on the accession of George I.

THEODULPH OF ORLEANS, ST. (d. 821). See note on p. 133.

THOMAS OF AQUINO, ST. (1227-1274), confessor and doctor, commonly called the Angelical Doctor, was sent at the age of five to the Benedictine monastery at Monte Cassino, where he remained seven years, and then to the University of Naples. He then entered the Dominican Order, and after studying at Cologne and Paris became professor at the Dominican School at Cologne, where he gained great reputation as preacher and teacher. Going again to Paris to take his degree, he gained such influence that Louis IX made him a member of his Council, and referred every subject of deliberation to him. In 1261 Urban IV sent for him to Rome to help his project of uniting the Eastern and Western Churches, and offered him the Patriarchate of Jerusalem and the dignity of cardinal. Both of these he refused, as he did the Archbishopric of Naples, offered him by Clement IV. In 1274 Gregory X summoned him to attend the second Council of Lyons, but on the way thither he died.

THOMAS OF CELANO, a Franciscan friar of the thirteenth century, was the friend and biographer of St. Francis of Assisi; and in all probability the author of the famous 'Dies irae.'

THRING, GODFREY (b. 1823), Prebendary in Wells Cathedral, 1876, is the author of many hymns and the compiler of *The Church of England Hymn Book*, a collection of high literary and poetic merit among modern hymn books.

TOKE, EMMA (1812-1872).

TOPLADY, AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE (1740-1778), was first Vicar of Broadhembury, where in 1776 he published his *Psalms and Hymns*; and then minister of the French Calvinist Chapel in London, where he was known as a violent and impulsive partisan, defending the extremest form

of Calvinism, and a bitter antagonist of John Wesley. But his hymn 'Rock of Ages' has given him a place among English hymn writers second to none but Charles Wesley.

TUTTIETT, LAWRENCE (1825-1897), became Incumbent of the Episcopal Church of St. Andrews in 1870, and Prebendary in St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth, 1880.

TWELLS, HENRY (b. 1823), Hon. Canon of Peterborough, 1884.

VAUGHAN, HENRY, 'Silurist,' (1622-1695), a doctor by profession, was author of two volumes of poetry, written in 1646 and 1647. But he is best known as a religious poet, and as an admirer and follower of George Herbert, under whose influence he published *Silex Scintillans* in 1650, and a second part in 1655. His position as a poet is high, and his 'They are all gone into the world of light' is one of the finest things in the English language. The title 'Silurist' which he assumed, has reference to the county of his birth: 'Silures,' says Aubrey, 'contayned Brecknockshire.'

WATTS, ISAAC (1674-1748), was educated as a Nonconformist, and in 1702 became Pastor of the Independent congregation in Mark Lane. In 1712 his health was broken by a fever, and the last thirty six years of his life were a time of suffering and increasing infirmity. He was remarkable not only as a writer of sacred poetry, but as a theologian; and was a man of great learning, piety, and largeness of heart. But his fame really rests on his hymns. 'The poetry of Watts,' writes Canon Leigh Bennett, 'took the religious world of dissent by storm. It gave an utterance, till then unheard in England, to the spiritual emotions . . . and made hymn-singing a fervid devotional force.' For this reason, and for the manner in which he influenced the structure of hymns, he has justly been called the Father of English Hymnody.

WEISSE, MICHAEL (1480?-1534), was at one time a monk at Breslau, but on reading Luther's early writings he left the convent and joined the Bohemian Brethren, of whose first German hymn book he was the editor.

WESLEY, JOHN (1703-1791), was educated at Charterhouse, and Christ Church, Oxford; he was ordained in 1725, and the next year was a Fellow of Lincoln. From 1727 to 1729 he was his father's curate, but returned to Oxford to take part in the College teaching. Here he found already established the little band of 'Oxford Methodists' (so called because they advocated a *system* of study), who at once took him for their leader. In 1735 he went out as a missionary to the new colony of Georgia, and on his voyage there and on his return came under the influence of the Moravians. From this dates the change in his life. He joined the religious movement known as Methodism, which was then making great progress in the south of England under the influence of Whitefield's preaching, and in 1739 began itinerant preaching himself. In 1740 he broke with the Moravians on points of doctrine, and in the same year dissociated himself from Calvinism by his 'Free Grace' sermon. From that time his life was spent in hard work for his new Society, 'travelling more miles, preaching more sermons, and making more converts than any man of his day, and perhaps of any day; and dying at last in harness at the age of eighty eight.' Though not such a great hymn writer as his brother, he contributed over thirty translations and some original hymns to the *Wesleyan Hymn Book*; but his translations are his best work.

WESLEY, CHARLES (1707-1788), younger brother of John Wesley, was like him at first a College Tutor at Oxford, where he was one of the first band of Oxford Methodists. He went with his brother to Georgia in

1735, having been ordained just before he sailed. He soon returned to England, came, like his brother, under the influence of the Moravians, particularly Count von Zinzendorf and Peter Böhler, and joined John Wesley in his labours and his preaching. Whitsunday, 1738, is the day he fixes as the date of his own conversion. In 1756 he ceased to travel, and settled first in Bristol and then in London in charge of the interests of the Societies there. He died, as he had lived, in the communion of the Church of England. His position as a hymn writer is unparalleled. He published about fifty different hymn books, and is said to have written no less than 6500 individual hymns.

WHATELY, RICHARD (1787-1863), was elected Fellow of Oriel in 1811, and spent the next ten years in Oxford, teaching and writing pamphlets and reviews. In 1822 he took the living of Halesworth, Suffolk, but three years later returned to Oxford as Principal of St. Alban's Hall, where Newman served with him as Vice-Principal, and helped him to give the Hall a reputation for study. To the following years belong Whately's works on Logic and Rhetoric, which did so much to raise the standard of learning in Oxford; he was strongly anti-evangelical, and was credited with the authorship of *Letters on the Church, by an Episcopalian*, which by their influence on Newman were a contributing cause of the Oxford Movement. In 1829 Whately became Professor of Political Economy, and in 1831 Archbishop of Dublin. Here he will be remembered by his efforts, as head of the commission to superintend it, to carry out the system of united national education, in spite of constant opposition and of the hopelessness of the scheme; while he rendered a further service to education by writing simple textbooks on many matters, Reasoning, Morals, and like subjects.

WHITE, HENRY KIRKE (1785-1806), was at first articled in a solicitor's office, where all his spare time was given to literature and writing. Wishing to take orders, he was released from his articles and went to Cambridge, but his extraordinary promise was cut short by his untimely death.

WHITING, WILLIAM (1825-1878), was Master of the Choristers' School at Winchester College.

WHYTEHEAD, REV. THOMAS (1815-1843), went as chaplain to Bishop Selwyn in New Zealand in 1842, and was the first principal of the College the Bishop established there; but his work was prevented by his sudden death very soon after he reached the country.

WILLIAMS, ISAAC (1802-1865), was a pupil of Keble's at Oxford, and a friend of R. H. Froude and Newman. He was Newman's curate at St. Mary's, and was the author of one number in *Tracts for the Times*, which gave great offence. When he stood for the Professorship of Poetry, this cost him his election, and he withdrew altogether from Oxford and public life. He stands high as a devotional writer, but in his dislike of any metrical hymns but the Psalter for congregational use, he made, it is said, his translations from the *Paris Breviary* so rough as to unfit them for such purpose.

WILLIAMS, WILLIAM (1717-1791), the 'Sweet Singer of Wales,' was ordained deacon in 1740, but became a revivalist preacher. For thirty five years he took regular preaching journeys, in which he gained a great repute. He published a number of hymns both in Welsh and English.

WINKWORTH, CATHERINE (1829-1878), was the foremost of modern translators of German hymns, and did more than any one else to revive the use of them in England.

WITHER, GEORGE (1588-1667), was a most voluminous writer.

Of his life it is known that in 1613 he was imprisoned by James I for his *Abuses stript and whipt*, and that after siding with Charles I against the Covenanters in 1639, in 1642 he raised a troop of horse for the Parliament, and was later commander of all the forces in Surrey. At the Restoration he was twice imprisoned for his writings, but was set at liberty before his death. His early reputation was as a lyric poet, but it died out in his own lifetime. His last lyrics were written in 1622, after which he devoted himself to religious and political poems and pamphlets. He had become a Puritan, and made it a point of conscience to write nothing except to further the cause.

WOODFORD, JAMES RUSSELL (1820-1885), was Vicar of Leeds, 1868-1873, and Bishop of Ely, 1873-1885.

WORDSWORTH, CHRISTOPHER (1807-1885), son of Christopher Wordsworth, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and nephew of the poet, was Head Master of Harrow, 1836-1844, Canon of Westminster, 1844, and Bishop of Lincoln, 1869. He was distinguished as scholar, antiquarian, and theologian. His great work was a commentary on the whole Bible, and in his *Holy Year* (his only work in English verse) he attempted to give expression to his idea that it was 'the first duty of a hymn writer to teach sound doctrine and thus to save souls.'

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM (1770-1850), the poet, born in Cumberland, was essentially a product of the Lake District of England. Beginning with an almost mystical love of nature, he developed, after a visit to France in 1790, an eager sympathy with the Revolution and Republican ideas, of which, though shaken by the Reign of Terror, he was not finally disenchanted till the French overthrow of the Swiss Forest Cantons in 1798. From this time the prevailing note in his poetry

(‘the democratic element,’ as it has been called) was sympathy with the simple society in which he had been bred: he threw over all artificiality of language and adopted a simplicity which, though often prosaic, won its way by its pathos. The culmination of his poetry was the *Excursion* in 1814; after this his ideas became more conservative, and his productiveness decreased. He was Poet Laureate from 1843 till his death in 1850 at Grasmere, which had been his home since 1799.

XAVIER, ST. FRANCIS (1506–1552), a Spaniard, the great missionary saint of the Roman Catholic Church, was one of the earliest followers of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits. In 1540 he was selected by John III of Portugal for mission work in India. Landing at Goa in 1542, he laboured in the East with heroism, zeal, and self-abnegation till his death near Canton ten years later.

ZINZENDORF, NICOLAUS LUDWIG, COUNT VON (1700–1760), was a Saxon noble who received on his estate the hidden Protestants of Moravia and Bohemia who emigrated under Christian David between the years 1722 and 1733, and formed the community of Herrnhut. He was in fact the second founder of the Moravians, and became their bishop in 1737. He published five books of hymns between 1725 and 1735, and many others appeared in the Herrnhut and other Moravian collections. He is said to have been the author of over 2000 in all.

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